

England's Reformation

From the Press of

King Henry VIII



Printed by

W. L. G. & Co. Ltd.

P O E M

FOR DARTON

With large Notes

According to the ORIGINAL

BY THOMAS WARD

W. L. G. & Co. Ltd.

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iv *The Publisher to the Reader.*

which runs so much upon the Droll, that hardly any thing else will down with it. *He hoped it might prove useful, by undeceiving many well-minded Readers; it being all matter of Fact, supported by Notes of sufficient Authority, not only from Statutes, Injunctions, Articles, Canons, Liturgies, Homilies, &c. But likewise from the most approved Historians, as Holinshead, Stow, Camden, Speed, Baker, Burnet, Heylin, Clarendon, &c. with other Passages not common, out of both Protestant and Presbyterian Authors, or (to use the more modern Expression now in fashion) of the High and Low-Church. The Designs and Principles of the first Authors of these different Reformations at several times, are clearly laid open in these Verses; and the Methods which have been made use of to carry them on, together with the unhappy Effects, that ever attended them, may easily open the Eyes of all such as are not wilfully Blind, and reconcile them to Peace and Truth. As this was the whole Design of the Author, so it was that of the Publisher.*



England's



ENGLAND's Reformation.

The Argument of the First CANTO.

*I Sing the Deeds of Great King Harry,
Of Ned his Son, and Daughter Mary;
And of a Nine-days Inter-Reign
Of a Mock-Queen, hight Lady Jane.
The true Religion's Alteration,
And Church of England's first Foundation;
And how the King became it's HEAD.
How Abbeyes fell. What Blood was shed.
Whence England's Common-Prayer-Book sprung
What Canticles in Kirks are sung.
Of Rapine, Sacrilege, and Theft,
And of the Protestants that left
The Land (in Mary's Reign) and fled
To Frankfort; and the Feuds they bred.
How Horne and Chambers thence took flight,
And stole their Brethrens Purse by Night.*

CANTO the First.

WHEN old King Harry youthful grew,
As Eagles do, or Hawks in Mew,
And did, in spite of Pope and Fate,
Behcad, Ripp, and Repudiate

Those too-too long-liv'd things his Wives,
 With Axes, Bills, and Midwives Knives:
 When he the Papal Power rejected,
 And from the Church the Realm dissected,
 And, in the great St. *PETER's* stead,
 Proclaim'd himself the Church's Head.
 When he his Ancient *Queen* forsook,
 And Buxom *Anna Bollen* took;
 Then in the *Noddle* of the Nation
 He bred the Maggot *Reformation*.
 So *Jove* himself, as Poets tell us,
 Bred in his *Head* his Daughter *Pallas*,
 Whom *Vulcan* Midwiv'd at a Hole,
 With Hatchet Nuke, clove in his Poll.
 Some think the *Maggot* which he bred,
 Should thus have been took from his Head;
 But Heralds grave report this odd-piece,
That from Old Harry's Monstrous Cod-piece,
It had its Rise, as they do trace
Its Pedigree. A Blessed Race!
 Race like its Parent (*a*), whom we find
 A Man to every Vice inclin'd,
 Revengeful, Cruel, Bloody, Proud,
 Unjust, Unmerciful, and Lewd;
 For in his Wrath he spared no Man,
 Nor in his Lust (*b*) spar'd any Woman.

Was

(*a*) Sir *Wal. Rawley* says of him, That if all the Paterns of a Mercilefs Prince had been lost in the World, they might have been found in this one King. *Heylin*, p. 15.

(*b*) Dr. *Heylin* says he was not able to resist the Assaults of Love. *Heylin* says also that he brought Mrs. *Blunt* and others to be the Subjects of his Lust. He tells you further, that he never spared Woman in his Lust, nor Man in his Anger. *Heylin*, p. 15. But Dr. *Burnet*, above them all, embellishes his Character with most splendid Epithets, as for instance, An ill Man, a cruel Prince, Proud and Impatient, a heinous Violator of the most Sacred Rules of Justice and Government, inconstant, boisterous, impatient, extravagantly Vain, conceited of his own Learning, one of the most unreconcilable Persons in the World, ambitious, severe. He never hated nor

ruined



C A N T O I.

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Was never rul'd by any *Law*,
 Nor *Gospel* valu'd he a *Straw*,
 Unless when Int'rest spurr'd him on,
 And then a Zealot, only then.
 Counsel he scorn'd, Slave to his Will,
 Impenitent of any Ill.
 In short, he was close swaddl'd in
 The whole Black Catalogue of Sin.
 In Sin Confirm'd, and Drown'd in Sense,
 An Impious Sacrilegious Prince,
 As by his Actions will appear,
 Then listen, Sirs, they follow here.
 He had a Virtuous Queen and fair,
 Whose Bed he kept for many a Year.
 Unless by chance that now and then
 He stept aside, few heeded when,
 Nor did the Queen, for her endeavour
 Was to continue in his Favour.
 And so she did while Beauty lasted,
 And Youth stood, maugre Time, unblasted;
 But as her Blooming Years decay'd,
 So did the King's Affection fade,

ruined any Body by halves. There was no Mercy to be expected by any who denyed his being Supreme Head of the Church. *Burnet*, calls him, The Possilion of the Reformation, and says, I do not deny but he is to be numbred among the Ill Princes. See *Burnet's History of the Reformation*, in it's Preface, and many other Places. After all this, *Burnet* has the blasphemous Impudence to tell us, that, If we consider the great things that were done by him, we must acknowledge that there was a signal Providence of God, in raising up a King of his Temper, for clearing the way to that Blessed work that followed; and that could hardly have been done but by a Man of his humour. See his History. Note, *Burnet's* Divinity will have some good things hard for God to do without raising up a wicked Man to work for him. Yet all Men know that God did Convert the Nations of the World to Christianity, without making use of such damn'd Scavengers, as *Harry VIII.* to clear the way to that truly Blessed work.

Till at the last it turn'd to Hate,
 And he must needs be rid of *Kate* (c);
 Under pretence that Conscience grim
 Was every Hour assaulting him,
 At least when he approach'd the Queen,
 It wou'd with sharp Remorse and keen,
 As *Turkish* Scymiter, or Razor,
 Torment his Soul beyond all Measure,
 'Till even weary of his Life
 He grew. Cry-Mercy! of his Wife.

Mov'd thus within, but more without him,
 He falls at last to look about him,
 To see if happily he can
 Find how to still the Inward Man,
 And those external Motions tame
 That set his outward Man on Flame;
 But nought could calm his restless Fancy,
 But changing Queen for Mistress *Nancy*.

(c) He began now after 17 Years Marriage, says *Cambden*, to grow weary of Queen *Katherine* his Wife, and deeply in Love with *Ann Bolen*: See his Introduction to his History of the Life of Queen *Elizabeth*, Edit. 3. The Cardinal's hatred to the Emperor was look'd upon as one of the secret Springs of the King's Aversion to his Aunt. Thus *Burnet* in his Abridgment p. 34. Some thought, says *Baker*, that it was a Plot of *Wolsey*, thereby to make variance between King *Harry* and the Emperor, with whom he was at variance himself, and for Spleen to the Nephew, he revenged upon the Aunt. *Chron.* p. 249. Edit. 1668. *T. B.* in his Book entituled, The Life of *John Fisher* Bishop of *Recheſter*: Relates, that the Cardinal told the King, that there might be a way found out, how he might have plenty of Issue-Male, whereat the King began to thrust his Thumbs under his Girdle, and to cry, Hoh Man, Hoh! Lawfully Begotten! Cardinal, Lawfully Begotten! Yes Lawfully Begotten, reply'd the Cardinal: whereupon he began to tell him in plain Terms, that the Marriage between him and his Wife was not Lawful. *Thomas Wolsey*, says *Cambden*, bearing a Grudge to the Emperor *Charles V.* Queen *Katherine's* Sister's Son, for denying him the Archbishoprick of *Toledo*, and because he had not favour'd him in aspiring to the Popedom, and being now, out of Malice to *Charles*, so devoted to the *French* King, that he designed King *Harry* a Wife out of *France*, he caused a Scruple to be put in the King's Head, that his present Marriage with Queen *Katherine*, who before had been his Brother's Wife, was forbidden by the Law of God. *Cambden* in the Introduction to the Life to Queen *Elizabeth*.

Which

Which if you'll know how't came to pass,
Read on, for thus it Manag'd was.

A Cardinal the King had by him,
One, who if Fame do not bely him,
Was Proud, Aspiring, and Ambitious,
Witty, Revengeful, and Malicious,
And at that time, as pleas'd Fate,
Was the Chief Minister of State.

This Man grew mighty big with Hope
That *Charles* the Fifth would make him Pope.
(First Butcher's Son that 'ere was known
Aspiring to the *Tripple-Crown*.)

And for a step to't, what does he do,
But for the *Mitre* of *Toledo*.

He makes his humble Suit to *Cæsar*;
Charles flights his Suit in great displeasure.

Grieved at this, he seeks Revenge,
And studies how he may unhinge
Th' Imperial Gates, and then let in
The *Gallick* King with all his Kin,
Which was to be by bringing o'er
King *Harry* from the Emperor,
And link him in perpetual League
With *France*: the way of this Intreague,
Was by Displacing of *Queen Kate*,
That *Harry* now begun to Hate,
And getting him to Wed the Sister
Of *France*. (*But God had better Blest-her*.)

Could I, thinks he, bring this to do,
'Twould ruin *Charles* and *Kath'rine* too,
And in requital of my Trouble,
I should procure a Vengeance double,
For I can freely Vengeance take
Upon the *Aunt* for *Nephew's* sake;
By *This*, and other Deeds, this Varlet
Basely Profan'd the Sacred Scarlet.

To this same Man, in hopes of Ease,
The King reveals his Grievances:

For

For you must know King *Harry's* Lust
 Jump't with the time of his Disgust,

So was the matter easily broke;
 And thus one may suppose they spoke.

King. You know my Lord, I must the Crown,
 Leave to a *Girl*, when I am gone,
 Because I have no Issue-Male,

So will the House of *Tudors* fail,
 And our fam'd Line of Kings will be
 Brought to a Period in *Me*.

Card. Despair not, Sir, you're not so Old
 But may have Sons. *K.* I prithee hold,
 I cannot have a Son by *Kate*.

Card. Well, tho' the Queen be out of date,
 There many Younger are than she.

King. I know there are: What's that to *Me*?

Card. Yes, Sir, leave *Kate* and take a Fair
 Young Dame, whose brisk attractive Air,
 Whose Person, Features, Beauty, Mein,
 Proclaim her fit to be a Queen.

King. If this could Legally be done,
 I might have hopes to have a Son;
 But while the Queen lives that can't be,
 And she, perhaps, may bury *Me*.

Card. Sir, if you'll follow my Advice,
 You shall be eas'd in a Trice.

King. What's that? *C.* My Liege your only Course
 Is to Solicit a Divorce

From her, whom you have had too long;
 Then may you Wed one Brisk and Young.

King. I have no just pretence of Strife.

Card. Yes Sir, she was your Brother's Wife.

King. But *Arthur* never with her Laid,
 And Dying, left her still a Maid,
 And Marriage sure unfinish'd lyes,
 Till *Hymen* bind the Nuptial Tyes.

Arthur was Weak and Impotent,
 And by a deadly Sicknes spent,

And

C A N T O I.

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And for Maturity, ye know
He never fifteen Winters saw;
This is not all: For *I am Sure*;
She came to me a Virgin Pure.

Card. But that's not known to any, Sir,
Save only to yourself and her,
So your own Counsel keep in that,
Or else, by *Jove*, you'll spoil the Plot.

King. I shall be secret, and if you
Can bring't about, I prithee do.

But I would fain know how you mean,
That we must Act this Wanton Scene?

Card. I'll do it thus, Maugre the Right
Of *Kate*, or *Charles* the Fifth's Despite.

The first thing, that you have to do,
Is to make *Conscience* plead for you;

Conscience to all Men does appear
So Stern, Impartial, and Severe,

That even it's *Whisp'rings* are Awful,
Pretend it *CRYES*, it is Unlawful

To Wed the Relict of your Brother.
It's Pangs you can no longer smother,

And therefore do desire to be
From this Remorse (and *Kate*) set free.

King. But yet again, I say, *A Maid*
She was when first with her I laid,

And *Conscience* tells me this is True.
Card. *Conscience!* my Liege, what if it do?

Conscience and *Truth* are silly things
To shackle up the *Wills* of *Kings*.

They may Inferior People bind,
But *Kings* their Checks must never mind.

But by the force of Powerful Will,
Make *Conscience* stoop to any Ill.

Ill! nothing's Ill that *Princes* do.
'Tis to the People things are so,

For what the *King* *Forbids*, or *Wills*,
To do the contrary are *Ills*.

When

When Subjects therefore Di obey
 'Tis Sin in them: But Kings, I say,
 Are Subjects to no Power, whereby
 They are oblig'd in any Tye.

King. Yes, God commands, and Sovereigns must
 Obey in Acting what is *Just*.

Card. 'Tis true: But God to Kings has put
 To judge what's just, and what is not.

And therefore, Sir, no more but this,
 Say you it's just, and just it is,
 Which said, let Conscience not dispute,
 For Kings, like Gods, are Absolute.

King. Proceed, my Lord, for I, see plain
 What sort of Conscience 'tis you mean.

Card. You may find *Sophists* in the Land
 Who for a Piece of Gold in Hand
 Will Sell their Souls, provided that
 Immediately they 'Liver not;

Bribe these, Sir, to maintain your Cause
 Against *Divine*, and *Human* Laws;

Set them a Preaching up and down,
 Some in the Country, some in Town,
 That for these twenty Years, your Life,
 You've led with an Unlawful Wife,
 And therefore 'tis but just you Sever.

'Tis better late repent than never,
 Thus they the Nation may divide
 From *Cather'n's* Int'rest, to *Your* side;
 So that there will be few t'oppose

The matter, saving only those
 That can discern the depth of things,
 And value *Conscience* more than Kings.

For One of these the *Cynick* may
 Seek with his Lanthorn a whole Day,
 Perhaps a Year and yet complain
 That he has Burnt his *Lamp* in vain.

King. In Foreign parts all will be found
 To my Dishonour to redound,

And

And such unworthy wicked things
Will scandalize my Brother Kings.
And will to my Eternal shame,
Be a foul Blot upon my Name.
Such great Disgrace we must prevent.

Card. Leave that to me, and rest content.

Here's an Embassador (*d*) from France

By whom the Duke of Orleance

Proposes to your Daughter Mary

A Marriage. What o' that (quoth Harry.)

Card. To him, let me insinuate

Your Marriage Null with Madam Kate,

And Mary Illegitimate. }

I'll tell him this Design is new,

And never yet disclos'd to you

I'll bid him Move it, as if he

Had never heard a word from me,

But that it is his own Reflection,

In which he would have Satisfaction;

And from his prudent Doubt be freed,

'Ere in the Marriage he proceed.

'Tis certain that he will not rest

'Ere he has brought it to the Test.

But you, Sir, in this great affair

Must act with Cunning; when you hear

(*d*) The Bishop of Tarbe the French Embassador, made a great demurr about the Princess Mary's being Illegitimate, &c. How far this was secretly concerted between the Cardinal and the Embassador is not known. It is surmised that the King or the Cardinal set on the French to make this Exception publicly, that so the King might have a better Colour to justify his Suit of Divorce. Burnet's Hist. l. 1. p. 33. Burnet adds, That other Princes were already questioning it. Among the rest he impudently affirms, That the Emperor himself and his Council imputed Illegitimacy to the Lady Mary. This is one of Burnet's Fictions, and so unlikely and incredible, that no body can believe it. On the contrary, the Emperor always defended the Queen's Marriage with the King lawful; and so far asserted the Legitimacy of the Lady Mary, that he married his own Son Philip of Spain, to her.

The matter mention'd in this wise,
 Start! as amazed with Surprise,
 Stand like a Statue without Life,
 Or that Salt Pillar of *Lor's* Wife,
 Cast down your Eyes, as in deep thought,
 Then Curl your Brows, and bluster out,
 Like *Æolus*, when he discharges
 His Piper Cheeks on *Neptune's* Barges.
 Ask him how he dares, or his King,
 Call into question such a thing?
 Then with a little milder Brow,
 Encourage him to Answer you.
 Thus may the Marriage into doubt
 By *him*, and not by *you*, be brought.
 Beside I'll put into his Head
 How this may stand you both in stead.
King. What way can that be? Tell me first.
Card. When he the matter has Discours'd,
 Till, by the Power of his Dispute,
 You of your Marriage seem to doubt.
 I'll bid him then propose another;
 Will faster link both Crowns together;
 And closer rivet you to *France*
 Than *Mary's* Match with *Orleanse*.

The *French* King's Sister, Sir, you know,
 In Birth is little short of you,
 Young, fair, and is as fine a Piece
 As that which *Paris* stole from *Greece*.
 When *France* and you conclude the Bed
 Of *Kate* Unlawful, her you'll Wed.
 All which I'll *Whisper* in his Ear,
 And sure 'twill please the *Gallick* Peer,
 And as to you, if *Her* you Wed
 When *Kate's* Divorced from your Bed,
 Then if the *Emperor* contend,
 Y' have a Potent King your Friend.
 Thus you secure yourself and State,
 'Gainst all the Kin of *Madam Kate*.

Besides

Besides the *French*, in Policy,
To your Divorce, Sir, will agree,
And what against it *Charles* can say
They'll strongly Byass t'other way.

King. Perhaps the *French* may side with *Kate*,
And such a mad Proposal Hate.

Card. No, No! You'll see the *Gallick King*
Will readily promote the thing,
Because the *Emperor* and *He*
Could never in their lives agree,
But have together by the Ears
Been tugging now these twenty Years.
And against him *You* now and then
Assisted *Cæsar* with your Men.

No doubt but therefore that wise Nation
Will readily embrace th' occasion
Of bringing *England* to their side,
By Marriage of the *Gallick* Bride;
Where Int'rest moves, 'tis sure the things,
Will take, from Beggar unto Kings,
State Policy will stick at nought.

King. I'm troubled with another thought,
The *Pope* will never yield to this.

Card. If represented as it is,
I grant ye, neither *He* nor *Rome*
Will 'ere allow your parting from
Her whom they Judge your lawful Queen,
The Marriage has Confirmed been
By *Julius* a former Pope.

King. Why then there's no pretence of Hope.

Card. Despair not, for I do not doubt it,
If we go Dext'rously about it,
But so to have the Matter stated,
As when at *Rome* it is debated,
'Twill take Effect as you desire.

King. Then half my Realm shall be thy Hire.

Card.

Card. Send to the Universities^(e),
 And move the Schools beyond the Seas,
 To give their Judgment in the Case,
 Whether to keep or to displace
 Her who has been your Brother's Wife?
 But this keep secret on your Life,
 And never let it once be said
 Your Brother left his Wife a Maid;
 And if it come into Debate
 The contrary Insinuate,
 And carry't in the Negative,
 Then will your Undertaking thrive;
 And they'll declare without Dispute,
 Your Marriage Null. *King.* Of this I doubt.
Card. Doubt not: For if the Case be stated
 Of *Arthur's* Marriage Consummated,
 Nor Law nor Gospel will allow
 That she's a Lawful Wife for you.

(e) In the Book entituled, The Determinations of the most famous and most excellent Universities of *Italy* and *France*, Printed in *London*, Anno 1533. *Cum Privilegio*. you will find that the Propositions or Queries to the Universities turn all upon the Point of the Marriage Consummated. For instance, The Question to the Faculty of Decrees of the University of *Paris*, was of, whether the Pope might Dispense that the Brother might marry the Wife that his Brother had left, if Marriage between his Brother dead and his Wife were once Consummate? *Quest.* To the Rector and Doctors in Law Canon and Civil, of the University of *Angewer*: Whether it is lawful, by the Law of God and the Law of Nature, for a Man to marry the Wife that is left of his Brother, and that departed without Children, but so that the Marriage was Consummated? To the Faculty of Divinity of the University of *Paris*. *Query*, Whether to marry her that our Brother, dead without Children, had left; and marriage between her and her former Husband Consummate, and finished by carnal intermeddling, be prohibited? To the Faculty of Divinity of the University of *Padua* in *Italy*. *Query*, Whether that to marry the Wife of our Brother, departed without Children, is forbidden? The Question so proposed and stated to the Universities, without their knowledge that the first Marriage was never Consummate, their Answers could not be otherwise than they were; whereas had they understood that the Marriage had never been Consummated, their Answer had been quite contrary.

• Next,

Next, to the gaining of your End,
To *Rome* all their Opinions send,

And to the Pope your Scruples tell,

King. I like the Project passing well.

Card. Let subtle Agents be employ'd,
That he may make your Marriage void,
And license you to Wed another,
And leave the Relict of your Brother.

King. The Pope is Prudent, Sage and Just;

He never takes a thing on Trust,

Till thoroughly he understands,

And hath its Circumstances scan'd;

He all things to the Bottom sifts,

Nor can he soften'd be by Gifts;

And being in a higher Sphere,

By much, than other Mortals are,

He looks Impartially on things,

Nor winks he at the Faults of Kings;

Doubtless he'll therefore penetrate

Into the Justice of *Queen Kate*.

And therefore what if he deny

With these our Wishes to comply?

Card. Well, if it happen so, when Death
(Which will be soon) has stopt his Breath,

Use all Endeavours, Foul or Fair,

To get me seated in his *Chair*.

When I am Pope, I will consent

To all your Highness can invent.

Or, if the Pope his *Legate* send

Get me in the Commission joyn'd,

The Pope will never dare deny

What you desire, *K*. Well, I comply.

Thus having laid their whole Design,

The Pious Queen to undermine,

To Action forthwith they proceed,

In Form and Manner as agreed.

King Harry feigns his tender Breast

With a huge load of *Conscience* prest,

B

Especially

Especially if *Kate* come nigh hand,
 It's *Ætna* on the paunch of Gyant.
 To ease his Conscience *Kate* must part
 From Bed, and Board, and Cruel Heart.
 Preachers are Brib'd thro' all the Nation
 To spread the Right of Separation.
 The *French* Embassador, and Schools
 Are Work'd upon, and made the Tools,
 To move, define and authorise,
 As *Wolfey* and the King devise.

They try the Pope, but all in vain,
 Their Orators return again,
 Without effecting what they went for;
 To end it here a Legat's sent for,
 Who is (upon the King's Petition)
 Conjoin'd with *Wolfey* in Commission.
Campejus was the Legat sent,
 One Just, who had a good Intent,
 Not to be Byass'd any way
 From that side where the Justice lay.

Whilst *Wolfey* thus contrives his Plot,
 And thinks that he has surely got
 What he design'd, his trusty Trojan,
 Who had for Name Sir *Francis Bryan*,
 Informs him of th' Intrigue with *Nancy*,
 And how she was the King's sole Fancy.
 Enrag'd at this, *Wolfey* replies,
Card. It cannot be no otherwise
 Than only to make her his Whore,
 The *ne plus ultra* of his score.

Bry. No, by your leave he means to Wed her.
Card. May Hell confound them both together,
 Says *Wolfey* (f), if that this be true,
 And may they both their Project rue,
 Is this th' effect of my Endeavour
 In his Divorce? *He shall not have her.*

(f) We will have none of this *Ann Bolen*, says the Cardinal.
 See *T. B's* Life of *John Fisher*, Bishop of *Rocheſter*.

Bry.

Bry. My Lord let's with Respect and Duty
Speak of the King. He likes her Beauty,
Better than the *French* King's Sister,
Tho' he give never so much with her.

Card. Have I been plodding all this while,
And tir'd myself with anxious Toil,
To undermine the Right of *Mary*,
And drive poor injur'd *Kate* from *Harry*,
And set him and the *Emperor*

At deadly Feud, and endless War,
By joining him and *France* in League:
Is this the End of my Intreague?

But yet things are not gone so far
But I may Cross 'em. *B.* Have a care,
You must not cross the King's Design.

Card. No! But I will, if he cross mine.

Bry. Strive not, my Lord, I know his Fancy,
In spite of Honour, 's fixt on *Nancy*.

Card. A vengeance take her wanton Fetches,
Which thus his Majesty bewitches.

That Monster, not of Nature's making,
Has nothing in her that is taking:

Her Hair, black as the Plume of Crow,
Encroaches on each side of Brow.

She's colour'd like one in Green-sickness,
When free from Paint an inch in thickness,

Large Balls of Cheeks, Taper to Chin,
From Ear to Ear she's Mouth'd, and in

Her upper Gum there sticks a Tooth,
That wants room for it in her Mouth.

Above her Breast, beneath her Chin,
There grows an ugly sort of Wen,

As Apple round, large as a Wall-nut,
Of dusky brown like that of Small-nut,

Clad with soft Down, and here and there
It bristles out a sort of Hair,

That there in threes or fours do stand;
She has Six Fingers on a Hand.

All this consider'd can a King
 Affect so hideous a thing?
 What sees he in her, he's so wood for?
 The Murrain on her, what's she good for?
 Sir *Francis*, carry nought away,
 For ev'ry Syllable I say,
 Is the effect of Love and Duty.

Bry. My Lord you have no skill in Beauty.
 What seem to you Deformities,
 Are Marks of Beauty to the Wise,
 Or nat'ral *Foils*, proper enough
 To set her other Beauties off.

Consider but those little swatches,
 Us'd by the Fair Sex called Patches,
 With which they sprinkle here and there
 The Face, to make it seem more Fair.
 If Beauty rise from Arts black spots,
 What must it do from Nature's Blots?
 How glad we see that pretty Soul
 Who has the blessing of a *Mole*
 Upon her Cheeks, or Chin? what care
 She takes to Nurse the double Hair,
 That from the midst of Wart arises?
 Another her black Eye-brows prizes.
 If small Warts are of so much value,
 By nat'ral Consequence 'twill follow,
 That larger and of deeper Sable
 Are yet the much more valuable;
 Provided, when too big for Face,
 They take a more convenient place;
 So prudent Nature saw it best,
 That *Nan's* shou'd stand above her Breast,
 And as a Foil has fixt it there
 To render Face above more fair.
 Thus by good Argument 'tis plain
 Her Beauty's height'ned by the Wen.

As to her *Teeth* 'tis better far,
 Than want one, to have one to spare.

So that *odd* Finger which does stand
In super-number on her Hand,
Is Prince, and Regent placed o'er
The Thumb itself, and t'other four,
Hence in her very frame you see
The emblem of Supremacy.

As to her *Yellow-hue* behold
No Colour's like to that of Gold;
And Gold's a Royal Metal, so
It's Colour must be Royal too,
Thus friendly Nature has her Blest
With what it deign'd not to the rest
Of the Fair Sex: For she's alone

An extraordinary one.

Card. Hold, hold Sir *Francis!* Here's enough
Of Nonsense, and insipid Stuff;
So let us our Discourse give o'er
With this Conclusion (*g*), *She's a Whore.*
The Knight took leave and said no more.

Campejus (as is said) being come,
Concerning the Divorce, from *Rome*,
The King commands his Carpenter
To frame an Amphitheatre,
Of Oaken-Boards, in some large Room,
For all to see that pleas'd to come;
For he, good King, wou'd have it seen
How *Just* he would be to his Queen.
In a Religious (*h*) House that stood
On the East-side the (*i*) *Stygian Flood*,
Over against the Palace *Bride-well*,
A Bench was rais'd (*k*) nigh to a side-wall,

(*g*) Cum 15 esset annorum *Anna Bolena*, ab eo qui *Thoma Bolena* a Poculis, atque etiam ab altero, qui eidem a *Sacello* fuit Sese Deflorari passâ, Mox in *Gallia* mittitur, ibi tam Impudice Vixit, ut vulgo a Gallis appellaretur *Hacnea* seu *Equa Anglicana*, vid. Sand. lib. de Schism. *Anglicano*. p. 47.

(*h*) *Black-fryars.*

(*i*) *Fleet-Ditch.*

(*k*) There was a Court (says *Stow*) platted in Tables and Benches, in manner of a Consistory, fol. 151.

On which the *Legate-Judges* sat;
 And for the *King* and *Madam Kate*,
 Without the Bar two Chairs there stood,
 Carv'd in old times from solid Wood.
 Behind the Chairs for the Spectators
 (As *Harry* thought of mighty Matters)
 Benches were set half round the House;
 In five or six Ascending rows.
 The *Grandeess* sat o'th' lowest Benches,
 And on the highest Boys and Wenches.

The Court is Form'd, to which repair
 The *King* and *Queen*; and at the Bar
 The Royal Crown'd Head ready stands,
 To hold up one or both his Hands;
 Or both, I say, for rather then
 He'd lose his Point he'd hold up Ten,
 Or Ten times ten, if he had had 'em,
 Rather than not be quit of *Madam*.
 Whoever knew a Royal Fancy
 Stood thus to such a Pug as *Nancy*?

The Cryer, *Cerb'rus*-like, a Tripple
 O-YES, barks out as loud as able,
 And Cries, *King Harry*; now appear.
 The *King* as loudly Answers, *HERE*.

The *Queen*, when call'd, regarded not
 The Cryer or the Court a jot,
 But falling on her bended Knees,
 Speaks to the *King*. *Her words are these*,

“ Sir, I beseech you do me Justice and Right
 “ for I am a Stranger, born out of your Domini
 “ ons, and have no Friend but you, who now be
 “ ing become my Adversary, alas! what Friend
 “ ship or Assurance of Indifferency in any Court
 “ could I hope to find amongst your Subjects
 “ Will you put me from you in this sort?
 “ God to be my Judge I have been a true
 “ humble and faithful Wife unto you, alway
 “ Cor

“ Conformable to your Will and Pleasure. Where-
 “ in did I ever Contradict or Gain-say whatever
 “ you said? When was I discontented at the thing
 “ that pleased you? Whom did I Love but those
 “ whom you loved, whether I had cause or not?
 “ I have been your Wife these Twenty Years,
 “ you have had divers Children by me. When
 “ you took me first into your Bed, I take God to
 “ be my Witness I was a Virgin, and whether
 “ that be true or no, I put it to your Conscience.
 “ Now if there is any just Cause that you can al-
 “ ledge against me, either of Dishonesty, or the
 “ like, I am contented to depart the Realm and
 “ you with Shame and Infamy; but if there be
 “ no such Cause, then I pray you let me have
 “ Justice at your Hands. The King your Father
 “ was in his time of such an excellent Wit, as
 “ that for his Wisdom sake he was counted a se-
 “ cond *Solomon*. And *Ferdinand* my Father was
 “ reckon’d to be one of the wisest Princes that
 “ had Reigned in *Spain* for many Years before his
 “ Days: These being both so wise Princes, it is
 “ not to be doubted but they had gathered unto
 “ them as wise Counsellors of both Realms as
 “ they in their Wisdom thought most meet; and
 “ as I take it, there were in those Days as wise
 “ and learned Men in both Kingdoms as there’s
 “ now to be found in these our times, who
 “ thought the Marriage between you and I to be
 “ good and lawful (then she speaks to the Cardi-
 “ nal). But, for this I may thank you, my Lord
 “ Cardinal of *York*, who have sought to make
 “ this Dissention between my Lord the King and
 “ me, because I have so often found fault with
 “ your pompous Vanity, and aspiring Mind:
 “ Yet I do not think that this your Malice pro-
 “ ceeds from you merely in respect of myself, but
 “ your chief Displeasure is against my Nephew

“ the Emperor, because you cou’d not at his
 “ Hands attain unto the Bishoprick of *Toledo*,
 “ which greedily you desir’d: And, after that was
 “ by his means put by, the Chief and High Bi-
 “ shoprick of *Rome*, whereunto you most ambiti-
 “ ously aspir’d; whereat, being fore offended,
 “ and yet not able to Revenge your Quarrel upon
 “ him, the heavy burthen of your Indignation
 “ must be laid upon a Female weakness, for no
 “ other Reason but because she is his Aunt, and
 “ these are the Manly ways you take to ease your
 “ Mind: But God forgive you (now she speaks to
 “ the King). Wherefore, Sir, it seems to me to
 “ be no Justice that I shou’d stand to the Order
 “ of this Court, seeing one of my Judges to be
 “ so partial. And if I shou’d agree to stand to the
 “ Judgment of this Court, what Counsellors have
 “ I, but such as are your own Subjects, taken from
 “ your own Council, to which they are privy and
 “ perhaps dare not go against it? Wherefore I
 “ refuse to stand to their Advice or Plea, or any
 “ Judgment that is here; and do Appeal unto the
 “ *See Apostolick*, before our Holy Father the Pope:
 “ Humbly beseeching you, by the way of Charity,
 “ to spare me, till I may know what further
 “ Course my Friends in *Spain* will advise me to;
 “ and if this may not be granted, then your
 “ pleasure be fulfilled.” This Speech of the
 Queen’s you will find at large in *T. B.* who wrote
 the Life of *John Fisher*, Bishop of *Rochester*.

Thus the poor injur’d Queen gave o’er,
 And never appear’d before ’em more;
 But left the King in Court alone,
 Who thus breaths out, in Pious tone,
 Her Virtues, and his Grief to leave her,
 If Conscience would but let him have her.

She’s

She's Virtuous and Good, quoth he (1),
 As ever Man a-live did see,
 And has to me as Faithful been
 As Chaste *Lucrece* to *Collatin*.
 In all her Carriage meek and humble,
 You'll never once perceive her grumble
 As other Curfed Queens will do,
 Beshrew my-heart gin she's a Shrew.
 Her Looks Majestick, and possesses
 What's Great and Good in *Emperesses*.
 All which, poor heart, when I consider,
 I dye to think of parting with her;
 But *Conscience*, *Conscience*, who can bide it!
 Few know it, Sirs, but I have try'd it.
Conscience is such an Awful thing,
 'Twill scare a *Turk* or *Persian* King,
 'Tis *Sting* all o'er, and when't begins
 To Check a Sinner for his Sins,
 'Twill ne're give o'er till he Repent him,
 It's one of the greatest Troubles sent him
 Next to the *Rib* that *Adam* lent him.

The Queen, good Woman, has till now
 My Wife been: *Hence these Tears do Flow*,
 And must I leave her who my Heart has?
 I Swear a Kingdom should not part us,
 If *Conscience* would but let me rest,
 Free from it's gnawing in my Breast;
 But to be always pull'd a-pieces,
 As Sheep in Brambles have their Fleeces,
 No Horse is able to endure it;
 Cou'd I but know what way to Cure it.

(1) Seeing now the Queen is gone, I will declare, before you
 all, That she has ever been to me a true, obedient and dutiful Wife.
 Having all the virtuous Qualities, &c. And therefore how willing
 I would, if it were lawful, continue her to be my Wife you may all
 guess. But *Conscience*, *Conscience*, is such a thing, who can en-
 dure the Prick and Sting of *Conscience*? always stinging and prick-
 ing within his Breast. Wherefore my Lords, &c. See this Speech
 at large, in the said Life of *John Fisher*, Bishop of *Rockester*, p. 71.

Consider

Consider on't my Lords, I pra-ye,
If you have any Pity in ye,
And free me from *Queen Kate my Wife*,
Or *Conscience* sure will end my Life.

When first this Scruple mov'd (m) within,
And that I fear'd it was a Sin
To live with her, who tho' my Queen,
Yet once my Brother's Wife had been,
I got your *Leaves*, my Lords, to state,
And bring the Question in debate,
As very plainly does appear
Under your Hands and Seals: Lo here.

That's true, my Liege, quoth *Canterbury*.
True? Marry is it True quoth *Harry*.
Nay hold, my Liege, quoth *Rocheſter*,
My Hand I'm ſure came never there,
Nor did my Seal come ever at it.
Quoth *Wharram*, yes my Lord, you ſet it
Amongſt the other Biſhops Hands.
Look! Look! Cries *Harry*, where it ſtands.

(m) I moved you, my Lord of *Canterbury*, ſays the King, firſt to have your Licence to put this matter in Queſtion, as I did to all the reſt, which you all have granted under your Seals, which I have here to ſhew. That is true, ſaid the Biſhop of *Canterbury*, and I doubt not but my Brethren here will acknowledge the ſame. No, my Lord, ſays the Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, not ſo, by your favour, for to that Inſtrument you have neither my Hand nor Seal. No, Ho! ſaid the King, is not this your Hand and Seal? No, ſaid the Biſhop, it is none of my Hand nor Seal. How ſay you to that? ſaid the King to my Lord of *Canterbury*. Sir, ſaid he, it is his Hand and Seal. No my Lord, ſaid *Rocheſter*, indeed you were in hand with me often for my Hand and Seal, but I always told you I would in no wiſe Conſent to any ſuch Act. And my Hand and Seal ſhould never be put to any ſuch Inſtruments. Indeed, ſaid *Canterbury*, it is true you had ſuch words with me; but you were at laſt contented that I ſhould ſubſcribe your Name, and put your Seal thereto, and you would allow the ſame as if it had been your Act. No, no! ſaid the Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, that which you charge me with is not true. Well, well, ſays the King, you are but one if the Worſt fall out. The reſt of the Biſhops (ſays my Author) that had been dealt with in like manner, ſaid not a word, ſo that the firſt Excounter on the Queen's ſide, was not ſo well performed, for want of Seconds. Life of *John Fiſher*, Biſhop of *Rocheſter*.

Says

Says *Rochester*, what's ever there
Is none of mine, I do Declare,
My *Hand* and *Seal* I never set,
And my *Consent* you ne're shall get;
I know you prest me for the same,
But I deny'd both *Seal* and *Name*.

Says *Wharram*, yes my Lord, you know,
That at the last you did allow,
I thereunto should write your *Name*.
And set your Signet to the same;
No! no! my Lord, says he, the *Truth*
Comes not at present from your Mouth,
I utterly deny the thing:
Well, well, no matter, says the King
Argue no more, you are but one.
One Swallow makes no Summer, John.

Where's *Conscience* now, that was of late
So tender in the Cause of *Kate*?

'Tis now, by frequent using made
Blunt as an Egg, and Dull as Lead.
Tho' *Hands* and *Seals* they *Counterfeit*,
It never Checks them for the Cheat.
Oh! Powerful Will! That has so soon,
Mauger its *Sting*, Conjur'd it down.

Now enter *Harry's* Evidences (n),
With Suppositions and Pretences,
That sickly *Arthur* might have then
As potent been as able Men.

(n) *George* Earl of *Shaftsbury*, deposed, That he believed Prince *Arthur* knew his Wife carnally, and was able so to do, because he himself knew his before he was sixteen; *Thomas* Marquess of *Dorset* supposed him able for the Business. *Robert* Viscount *Fitzwalter*, he said, he heard Prince *Arthur* say, I have been in *Spain* the last night. *Charles* Brandon Duke of *Suffolk* spoke to the same Effect; so did also *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk*, and added, we believed that the Prince carnally knew her, because himself had performed the like at the same Age. *Sir Anthony* Willoughby said, he had heard the Prince say, give me a Cup of Ale, for I have been in the midst of *Spain* the last night.

But

But let themselves their stuff rehearse,
 For I'll not have it stain my Verse.
 And therefore in the Margent read it,
 If so ye list, or never heed it.

Against their Evidence (c), in Reply
 Comes in Lord Bishop of *Ely*,
 Who the *Director* late had been,
 And *Confessarius* to the Queen,
 This Priest she *Licenc'd* to Declare
 All that he knew in this Affair,

(c) Against these, the Bishop of *Ely* deposed, That he had heard the Queen often say (*sub testimonio Conscientiæ suæ*) that she was never carnally known by Prince *Arthur*. Then speaks the Bishop of *Rocheſter*, all this, says he, is no more than what hath formerly been deposed, examined thoroughly, debated by the best and most learned Divines and Lawyers, &c. All the Allegations against the Marriage were judged vain and frivolous, whereupon the Marriage was concluded, approved and ratified by the See Apostolick, and that in such large and ample manner, as that I think it a very hard matter now again to call the same before another Judge. Then spoke Dr. *Ridley*, another of the Queen's Council, saying, My Lords the Cardinals, we have heard the Queen herself, here in the Face of the whole Court, and in the presence and hearing of the King himself, call the great God of Heaven and Earth to Witness, that she was a Pure Virgin when she first came into the King's Bed, and how she put it to the King's Conscience, speaking unto him Face to Face, and if it were otherwise, we cannot imagine that either the Queen durst so appeal unto him, or the King so spoke unto, if unworthily, would not have contradicted her; besides, we have here the Testimony of the Bishop of *Ely*, who hath deposed upon his Oath how the Queen had often *Sub Testimonio Conscientiæ suæ*, said unto him that she never had any carnal knowledge of Prince *Arthur*. Now, my Lords, that such a Frolick or a Jest as that about a sup of Ale, or the midst of *Spain*, which, together with all the rest that has been said, are but meer Conjectures and Presumptions, should stand in Competition with so great a Testimony as a Sovereign Princess's solemn Attestation of her Cause upon the King's Conscience; and that Conscience clearing her from such Presumption by its own Silence, should cause us to lay aside all Reverence which we owe to former Power and Authority, as that of even the Sea Apostolick itself, should become Void by your calling this Matter into Question, is a thing in my conceit most detestable, &c. See both this Speech, and that of the Bishop of *Rocheſter*'s at large, in *T. B. Life of John Fisher*, Bishop of *Rocheſter*.

He

He did so, having her Commission,
Observe, in short, his Deposition.

*The Queen to me has often said
She to the King's Bed came a Maid,
And this upon her Conscience tender
She did Declare, so God Defend-her.*

You may suppose King Harry knew
That which this Prelate said was True,
Because the matter he deny'd not,
And to Queen Kath'rine he reply'd not,
When, in a very Solemn sort,
She this affirm'd in public Court,
Nor had the Confidence to blame
Her Affirmation of the same,
And certainly he would have done it,
If for a Truth he had not known it,
Seeing on this, he knew Depended
The matter of Divorce pretended,
And only could by this be ended.

The rest of those Immodest Fancies,
Advanc'd by Harry's Evidences,
Seem'd to the Council of the Queen,
Foolish Conjectures and obscene:
They Nullified 'em, and in short,
Made them appear to all the Court
Vain Stuff, a Frolick, or at best
But meer Surmises, from a Jest.

The sage Campejus understanding
The Justice of the Cause Depending
To be on Kath'rin's side, who from
The Legat's Court Appeal'd to Rome;
Resolv'd with *Wolfey*, there to send it,
That by the Pope it might be ended.

At this the King grew desperate hot,
And *Brandon* at the Table smote,
His Eyes struck Fire, he breathed Smoak,
And a most Bloody Oath he took,

That

*That Cardinals did never good
In England, since the Nation stood.
This struck the Courtiers with Fear,
Till one by one they disappear,
Not liking such unwelcome Sport,
And so Dissolved was the Court.*

*To Rome, in haste, Campejus goes
And tells Pope Clement all he knows.
The King on his side also sent
His Orators, to represent
The Matter in another sort,
Than what Campejus would report;
And differently the Cause was stated,
And *pro* and *con* it was debated,
Which when his Holiness had heard,
And saw on what side Right appear'd,
The King's Pretences, he denies
And with the Queen's Suit he complies.*

*King Harry finding it was so,
Was at his Wits-end what to do,
And for Advice he runs me streight
To an old Bar-whom Cranmer hight,
Cranmer could tune his Reverend Song
To Harry's Fancy, right or wrong,
Swallow huge Oaths, and when he Swore,
Protest his Oaths should bind no more
Than Sampson's Cords. Could Conscience loose
From Sacred Tyes of Solemn Vows;
Could break his Faith and plighted Troth,
And Sacrifice to Int'rest both.
Could play the Hypocrite, and Lie,
A Sinner of the deepest dye;
Stain to his Character and Coat,
Lustful he was as any Goat,
And wherefoe'er he went, they say,
With him he did his Miss Convey (p),*

(p) Mr. Mason in his Book of the Consecrations of *English Bishops*, says *Cranmer*, kept his Wife secret, for fear of the Law, and that they reported she was carried up and down in a Chest; and that at *Graves-end* the wrong end of the Chest was set upward.

Yet in close manner: For the Man
 Contriv'd for her a strange Sedan,
 Yclep'd a Chest, made fit for flowing
 That precious Stuff his German Frow in.
 (It was in *Dutchland* he trapan'd her
 She was Niece to *Oziander*.)

Such in his youth, were *Cranmer's Crimes*,
 But he had worse in after times.
 So that King had scarce a Sin
 But *Cranmer* had a share therein,
 Nor was a Sin by *T^e one* Invented,
 But what the *Other* so contented,
 That readily he would allow it,
 And frequently add something to it,
 By which 'twould daily greater grow,
 As Snow-balls do, when row'd in Snow.

With every Vice they flock'd the Region,
 To fit it for a New Religion.
 From Lufts of both, from both their Sins,
 The *English* Heresie begins,
 The Lewdest, and the Groffest one,
 In all the Reformation.

The King with this Arch-Villain meeting,
 After Salute and Friendly Greeting,
 Lays open Case of Conscience tender,
 As *Saul* did once to th' Witch of *Endor*,
 And from the first to him relates
 His whole Concern and Madam *Kate's*,
 Then his Advice demanded, who
 Having directions from below,
 Does thus advise him what to do.

Cran. Sir, if the Pope will not comply
 With you, do you his Power deny,
 And banish his *Supremacy*.

King. Could I the Papal Power unhinge?
 I durst not take that sweet Revenge.

Cran. Why so Sir? Follow my direction,
 Affirm he has no Jurisdiction

Over

Over your Realm, or any in it.

Sir, if you think there's any Sin in't
Charge that on me: I'll answer for't
To God, the Pope and *Roman Court*.
When this is done Proclaim yourself
The Church's Head. *K.* Thou damn'd Elf,
Dost thou suppose me such a *Turk*,
To make a *Schism* in the Kirk?

Cran. But, Sir, to this you must be forc'd,
Before the Queen can be Divorc'd.

King. Is there no other way but that
For me to free myself from *Kate*?
The Cure is worse than the Disease.

Cran. Vain Scruples! Vain such thoughts as these!
The Pope, as I can make appear,
Can Claim no *Jurisdiction* here
By any Law Divine or Human.

King. I doubt thy Doctrine is not True, Man;
Yet since it fits our Case so well,
I'll take't for once, as Oracle.

Ann hence I'll thy Directions follow
For, *Thou shalt be my great Apollo.*

Cran. As soon as *Wharram* dies, King Harry,
Get me install'd in *Canterbury*,
Which, as the times are, must be done
By Papal Approbation.

King. But this you know, we cannot do
Without the Oath, and how can you
Obedience Swear unto the Pope,
And I for Church's Headship hope?

Cran. Yes, Swear I must, but O' my Troth,
I Swear I'll never keep my Oath.
In Oaths of disagreeing kinds,
The first, and not the second, Binds.

King. Well, when you are in Primate's Chair,
Then what's the next? *Cran.* Take you no care.
I, so to pass, will Matters bring,
You shall be Pope as well as King,

And

And then do you, by Pow'r Supream,
Commiffion me, and I'll proclaim
Your Marriage Null, and give a Bill
For *Kate's* Divorce: Ay, that I will.

King. And Wed me to my Daughter *Nan*?

Cran. Yes that I will. *King.* O *Blessed Man*!

But prithee *Cranmer* how can't be
That thou shouldst make a Pope of me
That am a Lay-Man, I protest one
Not fit at all to make a Priest on?

I'll ne're pretend to fuch a thing.

Cran. Great Sir, you are Anointed (*q*) *King*,
By Virtue of the Regal Unction
You may perform the Priestly Function.

King. What, tho' no Consecrated Priest?

Cran. Sir, Consecration's but a Jest,
One that's Elected needs no more,
And Kings have *Patriarchal* Power,
They may Ordain, and Consecrate,
Absolve, and Excommunicate,

(*q*) The Clergy placed the King's Supremacy in some extraordinary grace, conferred on the King by the anointing in the Coronation. Burnet in his Abridg. li. 2. p. 56. Dr. Burnet in his Hist. In his collection of Records, Record 21. entitled, The Resolution of several Bishops and Divines of some Questions concerning the Sacraments upon the Sacrament of Holy Order. Cranmer in answer to the Question, says, all Christian Princes have committed unto them immediately of God the whole care of all the Subjects, as well concerning the Administration of God's Word for the cure of Souls, as concerning the Ministration of things political and civil, &c. Barlow agrees with him, both affirming, that the Apostles, lacking a Christian King among them, made Bishops by that necessity; not by Authority given by God. In Answer to the 10th Question. Cranmer, Barlow, Cox, &c. say, that at the beginning, Bishops and Priests were all one. To the 11th Question Cranmer says, Princes and Governors may make Priests. He, Barlow and Cox, &c. affirm that Lay-men may make Priests by Election. To the 12th Question, says Cranmer, in the New Testament, he that is appointed to be a Bishop or a Priest, needeth no Consecration by the Scripture; for Election or appointing thereto, is sufficient. Barlow says, only appointing with imposition of Hands is sufficient without Consecration.

May Teach, and Preach, and may Dispense,
As well as Pope, all Sacraments,
And so may any elected Lay-man.

King. By Crown and Globe thou art a Gay-Man!
But yet I fear this Doctrine's new.

Cran. No matter, so it seems but true,
And in the Bible it is said,
You are an Holy Priesthood made,
Which being spoke to *All*, 'tis plain,
That *All* are Priests. *King.* Only the Men,
I hope you mean not Women too?

Cran. Not Women? Yes, Sir, but I do,
They're part o'th' *All*, as well as we.

King. Oh, *Tom!* If you'll be rul'd by me,
Put not the Women into Pulpits,
For they'll deride our Sex for dull-pates,
And every one Aspire as high
As I do, to *Supremacy*.

They'll Murther with Eternal din
Both one another, and us Men.

But to be serious, for 'tis now
Time to consider what we do.
Our *English* Clergy never will
Consent that we the Pope Expel.
Nor will our Spiritual Lords allow us,
Nor pay their Ghostly Homage to us.

Cran. Doubt not, great Sir, I know a way;
If you'll proceed in't, how you may
Oblige the Bishops to proclaim
The King, the Church's Head Supream.

King. I doubt the Task will be as hard,
As great *Mogul* to take by Beard.

Cran. No Sir, I read a while ago,
An Ancient Book of Statute Law,
In which I find a Statute extant,
That was Recorded in good Text-hand,
When *Dick* the second Rul'd this Land,
Which on our *Clergy* laid Command,

In penalty of *Præmunire*,
Not to own any Legate here
Without Commission from the Prince.

King. And what can you Infer from thence?

Cran. Wolfey, you know, has Acted here,
From *Rome*, as *Legate*, many a year,
Without your Majesties Consent,
(I mean by public Instrument
Under your Hand and Seal) beside,
The Bishops too with him comply'd,
For doing which, I'll make appear,
They've all incurr'd a *Præmunire*,

King. Nay hold, for I a while ago,
Commission'd *Wolfey* so to do,
And what was done without Consent
Of me, or of our Parliament,
Is pardon'd him (*r*), as he can shew.

Cran. Well, then I'll tell you what we'll do.
I am acquainted with his Man,
As arch a Rogue as ever ran,
One who, I know, for Gold will sell
His, and his Master's Souls, to Hell.
Let's Bribe with Gold the cunning Knave,
To get the Patent back you gave;
For where the Cardinal did lay it,
He knows, and can from thence convey it.

(*r*) The Author of Church Government Part 5. p. 22. The Cardinal pleaded, That it was well known to his Majesty that he would not presume to execute his Power Legatine before the King had been pleased to ratify it with his Royal Assent, given under his Seal. See Godwin's Annals, p. 107. & 119. he says, It was certain that Wolfey was licensed to exercise his Authority Legatine. T. B. in the Life of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, says, that the Cardinal procured a Confirmation (of his Legatine Authority) under the Great Seal, as well for that which was past, as that which was to come: which the King remembering thought the Cardinal too hard for him, but he so deals with a Servant then belonging to the Cardinal, and in great Trust about him, that by his Means he regained the said Ratifications under the Great Seal into his hands, and then to work he went.

When you have got that Buckler from 'em,
 Then fall with Tooth and Nail upon 'em,
 Convict them every Mother's Son,
 By *Richard's* Statute; when that's done,
 Threaten to put 'em all in Hold,
 As close as Misers do their Gold;
 E're they'll endure such Walls of Stone,
 As Holy *Anchorets* have done,
 They'll yield to all you can require,
 And Pardon on their Knees desire,
 But Pardon *Not*, till they agree
 To grant your Grace *Supremacy*.

Thus was the subtle Project laid,
 And *Wolfey* by his Man betray'd,
 His Pardon and Commission lost,
 All are in *Præmunire* cast.

At *Harry's* Mercy now they stand
 With bended Knee and Cap in hand,
 While over them he falls to Hector,
 Like *Sultan*, or a *Noll-Protektor*,
 And positively tells 'em, they
 Must every Man Consent to lay
 The Pope's Supremacy aside,
 (As he had done his former Bride)
 And Church's Head acknowledge him;
 Or else, by Royal *Diadem*
 He swore, they must expect no Pardon.
 To soften this, for 'twas a hard one,
 They must for Ransom to the Crown,
 An hundred thousand Pounds pay down.

Nor must you grumble at it, Sirs,
 (Says he) or make the least demurs.
Deny the Pope, *Proclaim* you me
Head of the Church: for *Head* I'll be,
 I swear, I will by good Battoon,
 By Scepter, Globe, by Sword, and Crown,
 Tho' all the Powers above resist it,
 And *Christ* and *Holy-Church* detest it.

He said, and with an angry Brow,
Left them Consulting what to do.

At this Schismatical Request
Wife *Rocheſter* ſpoke to the reſt,
His learn'd Oration (*s*) was ſo clear
It ſatisfy'd all that were there.

This learned and profound Oration
So byaſſed the Convocation,
That, *Vna Voce*, all deny,
To grant the King Supremacy.

At which, quoth he, my Lords, I pray,
Be not ſo ſtiff, mind what I ſay,
I Solemnly on Word of King,
Proteſt, that if you'll grant the thing,
I will not in the leaſt abuſe it,
But as *Coaſtive* only uſe it.
Nor will I ever touch the *Helm*,
Of *Peter's* Ship, for all my Realm.
Nor Order, Judge, nor Change, nor Meddle
In Spirituals. Oh! that's a Riddle,
Quoth *Rocheſter*, I'll therefore tell
My Lords a certain Parable.

The *HEART* deſir'd to be *HEAD*,
And to the other Members ſaid,
Make *Me* your *Head*, and I declare,
I'll neither Speak, Smell, See, nor Hear;

(*s*) You will find the Biſhop of Rocheſter's Speech at large, in T. B. Life of John Fiſher, Biſhop of Rocheſter, p. 116. This Speech, ſays my Author, ſo wrought upon the whole Convocation, that the King's purpoſe, for that time was clearly fruſtrated. He proteſts unto them, in the Word of a King, that if they would acknowledge and confeſs him for Supreme Head of the Church of England, he would never by virtue of that Grant aſſume unto himſelf any more Power, Jurisdiction, or Authority over them than all other the Kings of England had formerly aſſumed; neither would he take upon him to Promulge or make any new Spiritual Law, or exerciſe any Spiritual Jurisdiction, &c. See T. B. Life of John Fiſher, Biſhop of Rocheſter; in which you will find this at large, and abundance of excellent Speeches, as alſo this Parable, p. 120.

Nor Act as *Heads* are wont to do,
 But play the Heart, as I do now.
 They all Consent. The *Heart* be'ng made,
 The *Head*, it forthwith Acts the *Head*.
 And having got Mouth, Nose, Eyes, Ears,
 It Speaks, Tastes, Smells, Sees, and Hears.
 The Members finding this, complain
 Of Breach of Promise. But in vain.
 This Parable mov'd all the rest
 Still to deny the King's request.

The King displeased went his ways,
 And said no more for several Days.
 But bid Sir *Audley*, go and try,
 If they but thus far would comply,
 To give the Title that he sought,
 With this restrictive Clause put to't (1),
As far as God's Law will allow.
 This they were willing all to do,
 Not minding that it was a step,
 When granted, for a further leap,
 Which he design'd, at fitter Season,
 Over the Bounds of Law and Reason.

Now grown Impatient, in short while,
 He tempts 'em in a rougher stile.
 What tho' my Lords, you granted me
 The Title of *Supremacy*,
 Yet what is added to the same
 Restrains it to an empty Name;
 And therefore take away that Clause,
 For I'll not bounded be by Laws:
 See that no longer you Dispute,
 For *Head* I'll be, and *Absolute*,
 I'll at my pleasure Rule at large,
 And Stear at will St. *Peter's* Barge.

The Bishops, urged thus severely,
 Expect no good from further Parly,

(1) Quantum per Legem Dei licet. Life of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.

Assume a Christian Courage, and
By *Audley* let him understand
That he in short must either want it,
Or take it as it had been granted.

While this was doing, comes-me home
The King's Embassadors from *Rome*,
And the unwelcome tydings bring
That *Kath'rin's* Marriage with the King
The Pope Confirm'd and Ratify'd
By Bull, and the Divorce deny'd.

His Majesty now out of hope
Of being Divorc'd by the Pope,
And in despair of e're prevailing
Upon the Bishops, for entailing
On him and on his Diadem,
Over the Church a Power Supream,
Into most desperate Madnes fell:
Don, who with Windmills under sail
Engag'd in Battel, never had
A Brain so furiously mad.

Groans Ecchoing from grieved Soul,
About his fiery Eye-balls rowl,
And sparkle from their scalded holes,
In luster like two glowing Coals;
His Brow in rowling Tempests furls,
It self into ill boading Curles,
Out sulph'rous Smoak flies when he speaks,
A flaming Scarlet stains his Cheeks,
But sits not long upon his Face,
E're dreadful Paleness takes its place,
All Tokens of a desperate Rage,
The Church's Ruin do presage.
With trembling Tongue his Words at thrice,
He flutters out, his dreadful Voice
He seems to check, and then to force,
'Tis hollow now, now shrill, now hoarse;
So that his Rage in divers Tones,
Like *Cerb'rus* from his triple Sconce,

Thus

Thus Vents he. Am not I a King?
 And shall I stoop to any thing?
 Shall I be rul'd by Good or Ill,
 Contrary to my boundless Will?
 Shall I to *Prelate* cringe, or *Priest*,
 To *Council*, *Peter*, *Pope*, or *Christ*
 Contrary to my Inclinations?
 No! E're I'll do't, I'll damn my Nations,
 I'll tear *Christ's* Seamless Coat in two,
 Thou, *Peter's* Great Successor! know
 Thy *Jurisdiction* hence I'll Chase,
 And seat myself i'th' *Holy Place*.
 And you, my Bishops, I will be
 Revenged on your Prelacy,
 I'll grind you all as small as Dust,
 For daring thus to Cross my Lust,
 The *English* Church, without Controul
 Of Pope or Christ, I mean to Rule,
 And with my Kingdoms damn my Soul. }

Come, you infernal Powers, and join,
 All your united Force with mine;
 Come, thou black Prince of sulph'rous *Styx*,
 Come, Spirits of Eastern Schismatics,
 Come *Arius*, *Nestor*', *Ebion's* Ghost,
 From Hell as swift as Swallows Post,
 Come *Simon Magnus*, *Judas*, come-on!
 All you old Hereticks I summon,
 That so like *Salamanders* roam,
 In fire Eternal; rise and come!
 Leave your Vulcanian Grottos, and
 Bask your broil'd Limbs on cooler Land;
 New Bodies take in this my Nation,
 By *Pythagorean* Transmigration;
 What Heresies you ever knew,
 Bring in, and broach 'em here anew.

Yet whilst my Reign lasts if you please,
 Forbear; because to live at ease
 Is my desire, and all Men know,
 Disturbances attend on you,

As

As Factions, dire Debates, and Jarrs,
Rebellions, Treasons, Blood, and Wars;
For *SCHISM* only is the thing
That I'll be for, whilst I am King;
But soon as ever I am gone,
And my Successor on the Throne,
Flock hither *Thick-and-threefold*, and
Bring all your Plagues upon the Land,
I in the mean while will prepare
All things for your Reception here,
And by a damned *Schism* will
Make way for all the Heresies in Hell.
And now behold, I do begin,
He said, and call'd each deadly Sin,
Pride, Wrath, Lust, Envy, Avarice,
Sloth, Gluttony, and all Excess,
To which he both his States gave up,
Who greedily quaff off the Cup
Of base Delights, till in a Trice
They drunk became with every Vice;
And *Fear* and *Cowardise* took place
Of Christian *Fortitude* and *Grace*,
Thus they prepar'd with Vice and Fear,
Ease, Idleness, and little Prayer,
He sets upon 'em once again
Unbounded Headship to obtain,
Supposing, if he closely prest it,
They would want Courage to resist it.
And thus he speaks; My Lords, no ill is
In my Demand, and this my Will is,
To be chief *Vicar* in Christ's stead,
And Church of *England's Supreme Head*.
This you, I say must not dispute,
For *Head* I'll be and Absolute.
This is the last time I'll demand it;
Who e're he be that dares withstand it,
Shall in close Dungeon be immur'd,
Till by an Ax, or Halter cur'd.

This

This said, the Tyrant turns about,
And with a haughty pace struts out,
To shew that he was Resolute.

Thus Planet-struck amaz'd they stood^(u),
Like Block-heads hewn from Logs of Wood,
Threaten'd without, and check'd within,
By the approach of deadly Sin,
Were seised with a pannick Terror,
Which shock'd their very Souls with Horror;
Till *Cranmer*, who was Steel within,
And Brass against all Checks of sin,
Taught all of them, how they might be,
Just like himself, from Conscience free.

I tell ye, Sir, says he, 'tis Nonsense
To talk of such a thing as *Conscience* ^(x),
When Kings command, unless you'll say
Conscience forbids to disobey,
And then indeed the Scruple must
Be held for Righteous and Just;
Do not those Consciences of yours
Bid you submit to higher Powers?
The Scripture does, I'm sure, and therefore
If Conscience do not, tell me wherefore
You plead Religion; that pretence
Is vain when't contradicts the Prince.
Our Faith is only sound so far
As with the King's it does not Jarr,
Nor can it ever be amiss,
So long as it agrees with his.
For my part, solemnly I swear it,
Nor care I if a Thousand hear it,

^(u) See what excellent Speeches were spoke against it. In *Historical Collections*, p. 17.

^(x) When Sir Thomas More pleaded before *Cranmer*, that he could not in Conscience take the Oath of Supremacy. *Cranmer* replied that seeing he was not certain of his Conscience, but that was a thing certain he must obey his Prince, therefore he was content that doubtful Conscience of his, and stick to the latter, which was undoubted. *Winstanley* in his *Book of the Worthies of England*, p. 316.

If *Harry* were *Mahometan*,
 I would not be a Christian;
 Nor would I hold the Primate's Place,
 But as chief *Mufty* to his Grace.

Nice Consciences, my Lords, ye-ken
 Belong to Women, not to Men;
 Ours, free as Fancy, large as Thought,
 And unrestrain'd, must stick at nought,
 But have the Liberty of Ranging
 Through all Religions, and of Changing,
 As often as the King sees Cause
 To alter *Faith*, and *Caurch's Laws*.

Thus irreligious *Cranmer* pleaded,
 And laid before 'em all they dreaded;
 And might have talk'd till he were weary,
 Had there not been a *Præmunire*.

After a long Debate (y), at last,
 This damn'd Determination past,
 The King shall have *Supremacy*,
 Tho' we, Pope, Faith, and Christ deny.

Good *Rocheſter*, with Grace endu'd,
 With Reason, Truth, and Fortitude,
 Did openly the thing detest,
 And contradicted all the rest;
 But all he said could not prevail
 With those new Worshippers of *Baal*.

The King perceiving their Compliance,
 Sets 'em the further at defiance,
 Rejects with scorn their base Submission,
 Until they Court him by *Petition* (z),
 To take them to his gracious Favour,
 And pardon all their bad Behaviour.

(y) The Lord Fitzherbert Records an admirable Speech against the Supremacy. It is in *Hist. Collect.* p. 17.

(z) They in their Convocation concluded an humble Petition in writing, and offered the King 100000*l.* to have their Pardon by Parliament, which after some labour was accepted, in which Submission the Clergy called the King Supreme Head of the Church. *Baker's Hist.* p. 299. See *Heylyn's Hist.* p. 19. He says, This Instrument bears date the 12th of March 1530.

In which *Petition* there was writ
 His new got *Title*: This was it,
Protector and Supreme Head
Of the English Church and Clergy.
 To that *Petition* all their Names
 They did subscribe, to all their shames;
 To shew Submission more profound,
 They pay an hundred thousand pound
 For Ransom to the King, and he
 Receives 'em into Clemency;
 At which with Tears, and Thanks, and Praise,
 They kiss his Hand, and go their ways.

A Parliament his Highness Summons,
 Pack'd of a Crew of servile Commons,
 Such as he knew would ready be
 To fix on him Supremacy.
 This in the space of fifteen Days
 Brought forth a few stout Statute Laws.

It first votes lawful every thing
 That had been acted by the King,
 As sending *Rochester* and *More*
 Prisoners unjustly to the *Tower*.
 Next it enacts the King Supreme
 O'er *English Church*, as well as Realm,
 And gives him Power to *detect*,
 To *Censure*, *Judge*, *Damn*, and *Correct*,
 And when he pleased to *Neglect*
 All Errors, Heresies, and what
 Might hurt the Church (as well as State)
 For to the Prince alone it gave
 Authority to *Damn* or *Save*.

Nor can the Bishops use the Keys,
 But when and how their *Lay-Head* please; (a)

(a) 15. H. 8. 129. The Convocation shall be assembled by the King's Writ, and shall not enact any Constitutions or Ordinances without the King's Assent. See Wingate's Abridgments of Statutes. The Convocation promised upon the Words of Priests, never to make, nor constitute any Canons without the King's Assent. Burn. Abridg. p. 112.

The further to Corroborate
The Headship of the Magistrate,
It makes it *Treason* to deny,
His *Spiritual Supremacy*.

Another Act was also made,
Which a strict Prohibition laid
On all the Bishops in the Nation,
Never to meet in Convocation,
Till they were Summon'd by his *Writ*.
For thus the Church's *Head* thought fit
To license Body when to fit.

That Statute also (at their meeting
And in full Convocation sitting)
Prohibits taking ought in hand
But what the *Head* shall first command;
Nor *Canons* make, nor sign *Decrees*,
But such as shall the Lay-Head please,
Neither promulge nor execute 'em;
In short, they must do nought without him.
Since that; those *Cyphers* of the Gown
Have nought to do but fit 'em down
In Synod House, and there remain
Till Lay-Head sends 'em home again,
To make a gay, grave, empty show,
Is all their *Head* will have them do.

Nor can they Multiply their kind,
Unless their Lay-Pope have a mind,
For he must License each to this,
In his respective Diocess;
And give them Power to *Ordain* (b)
And *Consecrate* new Clergy-men.
Nor does their sacred Mission spring
From other Fountain than the King;

(b) The King did empower the Bishops in his stead, to Ordain, give Institution, and do all other Parts of the episcopal Function; which was to last during his Pleasure. Burnet's Abridg. p. 228. Cranmer held, that Ecclesiastical Offices were derived from that ordination was only a ceremony that might be used or laid aside, but that the Authority was conveyed to Churchmen, only by the King's Commission. See Burnet's Abridg. l. 1.

Unless a Woman have the Crown,
 Then from a She-pope it's brought down,
 And at her hand they must receive it,
 As kindly as if *Peter* gave it;
 And own themselves beholden to her,
 As Mistress of all Ghostly Power;
 As by this strange Oath will appear
 Which *Bess* obliged them to Swear(c);

I, *A. B.* Swear by Wounds, and Blood,
 By Gospel, God and all that's Good,
 That He, or She, Prince is Supreme,
 A Child that bears the Diadem
 Is so too, and the Head in all
 Matters Ecclesiastical;
 And whatsoever Foreign Power
 Or Jurisdiction heretofore
 In *English* Church, as well as State,
 By Council, Pope, or Potentate,
 Was had, or held, or exercis'd,
 I do renounce. As when Baptiz'd
 I did renounce three fatal Evils,
Pomps of the World, the *Flesh* and *Devils*,
 Yet with this Diff'rence, I protest
 'Gainst those in Earnest, these in Jest.

Thus was the Church of *England* broke
 By Schism from it's native Stock,
 And since has wither'd and decay'd,
 As Branches rent from Tree do fade,
 And thus it was our King became
 The Church's Head, with power Supreme;

(c) The Oath. I, *A. B.* do utterly testify and declare in my Conscience that the D's Highness is the only Supreme Governor of this Realm, &c. as well in all Spiritual or Ecclesiastical Things or Causes as Temporal: and that no Foreign Prince, Prelate, State or Potentate, hath or ought to have any Jurisdiction, Power, Superiority, Preheminence or Authority, Ecclesiastical or Spiritual within this Realm. And therefore I do utterly renounce and forsake all Foreign Jurisdiction, Powers, Superiorities and Authorities, &c. See the Book entituled, The Form of consecrating Bishops, Priests and Deacons, Printed for Chr. Barker, Anno 1596.

A Power

A Power Ecclesiastical,
O'er Bishops, Councils, Popes, and all
The Powers on Earth Ecclesiastic,
Whether Foreign or Domestic.

A Power so vast and so egregious,
As turn'd to Laicks, vow'd Religious,
Judg'd whom they pleas'd for Hereticks,
Then burned them with Faggot-sticks;
Th' Ancient Canons it abrogated,
And points of Faith annihilated,
Alter'd the Church's Liturgies,
And did her Rituals suppress.
It fram'd new Forms of *Ordination*,
Such as before were ne'er in fashion.
It Holy Sacraments abolish'd,
And Consecrated Kirks demolish'd;
Transform'd the Quires into Stables,
And Altars into Fuddling Tables;
The *MASS* abolish'd and the Mass-days,
Turn'd Fasts to Feasts, and Feasts to Fast-days.
In place of all which they devise
New Creeds, new Prayers, new Homilies;
Harry the eighth set out the first Creed,
Ned made the second, *Bess* the worst Creed.
Of common Prayer-Books *Ned* made two,
And Homilies compos'd a few.
Bess mends his Prayer-Books, and made more
New Homilies, above a score.
Each Prince thus, as he gets the Crown,
Makes a Religion of his own.

By this new Power, the new Pope *Harry*
Made *Cranmer* Lord of *Canterbury*,
And gave him, by this boundless Power
A Liberty to Wed his Whore,
And free her from her Coffin-Bed,
In which poor Girl so long she'd laid,
And *Cranmer*, who was grateful ever,
Requites him with as kind a Favour;

To

To *Anna Bullen* Weds him first (*d*),
 And afterwards *Queen Kate* Divorc'd,
 And a Commission had for this
 From Supreme High and Mightiness.

Should *Jove* set *Vulcan* o'er the Gods
 To rule them with his Nail-string Rods,
 And dictate, from his Bellows hollow,
 Sage Sentences to wise *Apollo*,
 And send away the Steel-wing'd Post
 With his Commands to every Coast,
 To charge Lord *Phæbus* for his Ears,
 Not to distinguish Days and Years;
 Or bid him at dark Midnight shine,
 And *Bacchus* leave off drinking Wine;
 And *Æolus* to cease from breathing;
 And *Neptune's* Belly t' leave off heaving,
 And *Mars* no more to huff and swagger,
 But keep in Sheath his rusty Dagger;
 And *Chronus* t' leave his *Spanish* pace,
 To trip the Twelve in three Days space;
 And *Phæbe* with full face to run,
 When in Conjunction with the *Sun*;
 Sure such Disorder in the Skies
 Wou'd argue *Jove* no longer wise;
 And to allow such work as this is,
 Wou'd speak him mad amongst his Misses,
 And strike the whole World into wonder,
 At trusting *Vulcan* with his Thunder.

(*d*) The King's Marriage with Anna Bullen was performed by Dr. Rowland Lee, on the first of November 1532. None present at the Nuptials but Archbishop Cranmer, the Duke of Norfolk, the Father, Mother and Brother of the new Queen, but long it could not be concealed, for being with Child on Easter-Eve, the 12th of April, she shewed herself openly as Queen, and an Order issued from the Parliament then sitting, that Katherine should no longer be called Queen, but Princess Dowager; Cranmer, the new Archbishop, cites Katherine, fifteen days after to appear before him, and in default of her Appearance proceedeth judicially to Sentence (of Divorce) and caused it to be openly published on Friday the 23d of May 1533. See Stow fol. 563. and Heylyn p. 161.

Yet

Yet *Harry* acts as far amiss;
His Deed runs parallel to this.

No sooner was King *Harry* made
Of *English* Church the Supreme Head ^(e),
But he a Black-smith's Son appointed
Head in his place; one, who *Anointed*
Had never been, unless his Dad
Had in the fleck-trough wash'd the Lad,
With an intent that that shou'd do
For Christ'ning and for Priest-hood too.
This *Cyclops*, as Historians tell us,
Leaving his Anvil, Forge and Bellows,
Lifted himself in *Bourbon's* Wars,
Whence flying for avoiding Scars,
Kind fate ordain'd his Lot shou'd fall,
To serve my Lord the Cardinal;
Where he gain'd credit with the King,
For dext'rous handling every thing;
And at the last was look'd upon,
As for his Turn a fitting one ^(f);
And by degrees was by his Grace
Exalted to *Vicegerent's* place,
Made Vicar-General in all
Affairs Ecclesiastical.
And now the *Blacksmith* sits at Helm,
O'er all the Bishops in the Realm,
Makes them submit to his *Injunctions*;
Prescribes them Methods for their Functions.
And sets them Bounds how far to go,
Both in Divine and Canon Law.

(e) Thomas Cromwell sat in the Convocation House amongst the Bishops as Head over them. Baker p. 303.

(f) In the Convocation House, at his coming in, all the Bishops did obeysance unto him, as to their Vicar-General, and he saluted them, and sat down in the highest place. Thomas Mason's Abstract out of Fox his Martyrs, entituled, Christ's Victory over Satan's Tyranny, p. 197. He sent forth Injunctions to all the Bishops and Curates throughout the Realm, charging them, &c. See Stow, p. 574.

Base was his Carriage to the rest,
 The Poor and Helpless he oppress,
 Was deaf to Orphans Cries and Pray'rs,
 Laugh'd at afflicted Widows Tears;
 Look'd on the Gentry with disdain,
 Contemn'd the Peers and Noble-men,
 Insulted o'er the Clergy, and
 Griev'd all the honest in the Land.
 Errors in Faith the Fool commended,
 And impious Hereticks defended.
 None worse than he in Pagan Times,
 For Sacrilege, the worst of Crimes,
 What can I add? The impious Thief
 Did never good in all his Life;
 And here it is I mean to tell
 How the Religious Houses fell,
 For 'twas this Monster mov'd the Crown,
 To seize their Lands and pull them down.

The King convenes a Parliament,
 Well chosen for his good Intent;
 The first thing that the House begun with,
 And what he prest their going on with,
 Was to examine Misdemeanors,
 And post up Monks and Nuns for Sinners,
 And make the Clergy's Lives as black
 As were the Gowns upon their back;
 And Cromwel, the chief Stickler there,
 Is made the Master Visitor,
 Who presently picks up a Crew
 Of all the greatest Rogues he knew,
 And, with Commission, sends 'em in
 To ev'ry Cell to search for Sin.
 And find out all the least Abuses,
 That might be in Religious Houses,
 And these to magnify (g), as far
 As Sol in Light out-shines a Star.

(g) They represented their offences in such Multiplying Glasses,
 as made them seem both greater in Number and more horrid in Na-
 ture than indeed they were. Hey. p. 262.

They Authorize the *Mob* to bring in
 Complaints against the Clergy's Sinning,
 And lay Commands on ev'ry *Brother*
 To charge with Vices one another,
 And bitter Grievances t' express
 With Exclamations for Redress;
 Which the base Scoundrels gladly do,
 Regardless whether false or true;
 Nor did the Visitor care whether
 'Twas true or false, took all together.
 For when it chanc'd they found no more,
 Than one or two in twenty Score,
 That they for Vice, or Sin could blame,
 On the whole House they charg'd the same (*h*),
 And for the Failings of a few,
 Charg'd all with Sins, which they ne'er knew;
 Now all those Crimes imaginary,
 Were sent to *Cromwell* and King *Harry*,
 By a Black Not'ry, whom they took,
 To write them in their Dooms-day-Book.
 And by this Scandal, made the People
 Wish for the Downfal of the Steeple,
 And shake their Heads at the Religious,
 As Criminals the most Prodigious.

Thus having clear'd the way to what
 The King designed to be at;
 He moves the Parliament to grant
 Relief for past and present Want,
 And give him *Cash* to pay the Score,
 He had been at to gain his *Whore*.
 The way that he wou'd have it done
 Was by a *Dissolution*

(*h*) The Commissioners threatened the Canons of Leicester, that they would charge them with Adultery and Buggery, unless they would submit (to give up their House). See Hist. Collect. from 52 to 36. Burnet owns that there were great Complaints made of the Violences and Briberies of the Visitors and perhaps (says he) not without Reason. Abrid. p. 182. It was complained (says Burnet) that Doctor London had corrupted many Nuns. Supr.

Of such small Abbeyes, as were found
 In annual Rents two hundred Pound
 Or under: And t' join as his own,
 Their Lands and Livings to the Crown.
 But *Rocheſter* diſlik'd the thing (*i*),
 And vigorously oppos'd the King,
 Foretelling ſuch a Grant wou'd ſoon
 Bring all the greater Abbeyes down,
 And in a very little while,
 Not leave one ſtanding in the Iſle;
 Which after came to paſs: But now
 All his Endeavours would not do;
Cromwell prevails. The Parliament,
 To pleaſe the King, gave their Conſent,
 And down the *Leſſer* Houſes went,
 Which were in Number at this Fall
 Three hundred ſeventy-fix in all,
 Their yearly Rent was that Day found
 Upward of thirty thouſand Pound
 In ancient Rents; which would be more
 Than that, at this Day ten times o'er.
 He ſeiz'd their Jewels, took their Gold,
 And at half Price their Goods were ſold;
 Sent the Religious up and down (*k*),
 With forty Shillings and a Gown.
 Thus the ſmall Houſes. Now the Great
 Come next, and ſhare the ſelf-ſame Fate.
Abbeyes ſix hundred forty-five (*l*),
 If we may Hiſtory believe,

(*i*) See *Rocheſter's* Speech in *Hiſt. Collect.*

(*k*) Ten Thouſand of the Religious were ſent to ſeek their Livings with forty Shillings, and a Gown a Man; their Goods and Plate were eſteemed at 100,000*l.* and the valued Rents of their Houſes at 32,000*l.* but was really above ten times ſo much. It was thought ſtrange to ſee the King devour what his Anceſtors had dedicated to the Honour of God and his Saints. See *Burnet's Abridg.*

(*l*) *Baker* tells us that the number of Monasteries ſuppreſt were 645 beſides 90 Colleges, 100 Hospitals, and of Chauntries and Free-Chappels 2374. p. 305.

They

They levell'd to Foundations, and
 Unjustly seized all their Land.
Chauntries and Chappels they threw o'er,
 Twenty three hundred sev'nty four.
 Good *Hospitals* an hundred ten,
 Which long had kept poor pious Men,
 They seiz'd into their impious Hands,
 And turn'd *poor* Saints to Vagabonds;
 And *Colleges* almost an hundred
 Into their ancient Chaos turned.
 Scarce Stone on Stone, or Brick on Brick
 Was left of any one Fabrick,
 Save here and there a bit of Wall,
 To shew a glorious Abbey's Fall,
 And the old Footsteps yet of Stones
 To meet the Ground it cover'd once.

The Revenues of Abbey-lands
 Seiz'd by the Kings and Nobles Hands,
 Were then in yearly Value found
 An hundred fixty thousand Pound,
 In good old Rents, such as might be
 At this Day treble'd three times three,
 The *Treasure* seiz'd on by the Prince,
 In Gold and Jewels was immense.
 Pride, Gluttony, and Drunkenness,
 Rebellion, Lust, and all Excess (*m*),
 Is now maintain'd by that, which then
 Was the Support of Holy Men,
 And Dedicated to God's Honour,
 By the Intention of the Donor.

(*m*) The Acts and Statutes made by Parliament concerning the Reformation, are more fit to compose a Volume than for a Margent; as those relating, first, to the Divorce of Queen Katherine, Anna Bullen, to Cranmer, to the Division from Rome, to the death of Sir Thomas More, and the Holy Bishop of Rochester (with many others) to the Supremacy, the fall of Abbeys, with many other Acts relating to those Affairs, I therefore refer the kind Reader to the Statute Books and Records themselves, the Books are more public among Attorneys and Petty-foggers, than Bibles among Parsons.

Where once the *Lark* on fluttering Wing
 Call'd drowsy Brothers up to sing
Lauds, Mattins, Thanks to God above,
 Now, not a Tongue is heard to move,
 Unless of *Owls*, and Birds of Night,
 Or dismal Shrieks of haunting Sprite.
 Those sacred *Cells*, where *Vot'ries* were
 In peaceful contemplative Pray'r,
 Are lurking Dens of wild Beasts made,
 And Foxes howl where Hermits pray'd.

Oh! Lofty Towers, and sacred Piles,
 That once adorn'd our happy Isles,
 Who can record your *Overturning*
 But in deep Sighs and bitter Mourning;
 Besides the Lines my Papers bear,
 Let injur'd Justice take her Share,
 And sigh thro' all the Liquid Air;
 Till the whole World perceives *the* Noise,
 And falls to listen to the Voice.
 Then let it *Form* such Words that *All*
 May understand, and weep your Fall,
 And the sad Fate of all your Saints,
 And innocent Inhabitants,
 Who were so violently hurl'd
 From blest Abodes, to cursed World.

This Thunder-clap was scarcely o'er,
 When in his Brow a bloody Show'r,
 Contracts itself, and hence a Flood
 Is poured down of Martyr's Blood;
 The Deluge flow'd o'er all the Land,
 Swept *all* away that durst withstand
 His late usurped Supreme Pow'r,
 Of which were *Rochester* and *More*,
 Two Martyrs *pious, wise* and *learn'd*
 As any Age has since discern'd.

Fam'd *Avalonia*, where 'tis said
Aremathea's Bones are laid (*n*),

(*n*) Glastenbury where St. Joseph of Aremathea's Body lies, and
 the two Viols that he brought with him filled with Water and Blood
 that

Was moisten'd with a Purple stream,
That from its martyr'd Abbot came.
The greedy Earth drank up the Flood,
And gave free Passage to the Blood,
Which sunk as if it gladly fought
To honour that which *Joseph* brought.

This holy Abbot's Head they nail'd
Upon his Gate, his Limbs impal'd,
In Cities four adjoining near,
Bath, Wells, Bridgwater, Ilchester.

The learned Abbot *Farrington*,
And Commissary *Peterson*,
John Beak Abbot of *Colchester*,
And *Jennison* (o) renown'd in War;
Were put to death; and *Richardson*,
Powel, *Owen* and *Fetherston*,
Rug, *Abell*, *Bolhelm*, and the Prior
Of *Doncaster*; in short there were
Two Cardinals condemn'd to Death,
And thirteen Abbots lost their Breath;
Archdeacons, *Canons*, seventy four;
Priests, *Priors*, *Monks* five hundred more;
And fifty learned *Doctors* dy'd,
Dukes, *Marquesses*, and *Earls* were try'd,
Of which a Dozen suffered,
To satiate this Bloody Head (p):
Twenty nine *Knights* and *Barons* fell
Sad Victims to his Headship's Will;
Of *Gentlemen* were eighteen Score,
Towns-Men an hundred thirty four,
And *Ladies*, full an hundred more.

that he washed from the Sacred Wounds and Body of our Saviour, after he took him down from the Cross. See the Records of *Glastenbury* and *Capgrave*.

(o) A Knight of *Malta*.

(p) England sat sighing and groaning (says *Cambden*) to see her Wealth exhausted, her Money embass'd and mingled with Copper; Abbeys demolished, which were the Monuments of Ancient Piety; the Blood of her Nobility, Prelates, Papists, and Protestants promiscuously spill'd, and the Land embroiled in a War with Scotland.—
Hist. Eliz. Introd.

The weak Sex here no Mercy found,
 More than the Hare before the Hound.
 In all, King *Harry* sent to Heaven,
 About twelve hundred eighty seven;
 And more, if more had still deny'd
 His Power Supreme, had surely dy'd,
 For ne'er was Heathen Prince before
 More prodigal of Christian Gore.

And here was laid the deep Foundation
 For *Ned's* and *Bess's* Reformation.
 As on this basis up they rear'd,
 Their Church of *England*, they besmear'd
 It still with Blood: With Blood each Stone
 Cemented was, as 'twas laid on;
 And Blood her Builders to this Day
 Make use of for their Lime and Clay.

Astrea, as wise Poets say,
 Left Earth and took the Milky Way,
 To the blest Palace of the *Gods*,
 Where resting in secure Abodes,
 On Mortals sometimes from on high
 Looks down, with an all-seeing Eye,
 That all their darkeſt Secrets heeds,
 She wink'd not long at thoſe black Deeds,
 But pour'd on each Reformer's Skull,
 Revenging Wrath whole Viols full.

First on that Girl (*q*), who caus'd the Strife,
 Between King *Harry* and his Wife,

(*q*) Anna Bullen, tryed by her Peers and found guilty, and had Judgment pronounced by the Duke of Norfolk. Baker: Immediately the Lord Rochford her Brother, was condemn'd; who, together with Henry Norris, Mark Smeeton, Will. Brereton and Francis Weston, about matters touching the Queen, were Beheaded. Queen Anne herself was Beheaded within the Tower: The crimes for which she died were Adultery and Incest. See Baker. This Author and some others are inclined to believe her Innocent, nor do I judge her. But, I say, if she was Innocent, what were the King and her Judges? If the King scrupled not to shed her innocent Blood, can we believe it was a scruple of Conscience that forced him to divorce Katherine? The very day after Queen Anne's death
 the

Ann Bullen; she, so dear of late,
 Is now the Object of his hate,
 And has her Veins by him quite drain'd
 Of the black Blood which he had stain'd,
 Stern fate in prime of blooming Years,
 Turn'd all her Laughter into Tears,
 And when she thought herself secure,
 Sent her from *Greenwich* to the Tower,
 In which for Incest she was cast,
 Condemn'd, Divorc'd, and her Head lost.
Rochford, her Brother, lost his Head,
 For his Acquaintance with her Bed.
Weston and *Brereton* grim Death
 Pack'd hence, to wait on her beneath;
 And *Smeeton* too, another Rival,
 These were her Lovers when alive-all.
 And therefore *Harry* kindly sent her
 All four, lest three should not content her.
 This was the wicked Wench's fate,
 Thus Heaven reveng'd poor injur'd *Kate*.

New Hereticks, as *Fox* confesses,
 Lost one of their chief Patronesses:
 For while she liv'd the King conniv'd
 At *Lutherans*, and *Zuinglians* thriv'd,
 And strange Religions prospered,
 For she was Head o'er Church's Head.

Here *Cranmer's* Death cannot come in,
 Till he his Measure fills with Sin;
 But Vengeance, still the Rogue pursues,
 Till *Mary* paid him all his Dues.

That impious Minister of State (*r*),
 The wicked *Cromwell*, had the fate

the King married Mrs. Jane Seymour. See Hevlyn, p. 5. For her Religion (says Baker) she was an earnest Professor, and one of the first Countenancers of the Gospel. Supr.

(*r*) The Lord Cromwell, sitting in the Council Chamber, was suddenly apprehended and committed to the Tower, was attainted by Parliament; and never came to his Answer, by a Law, as some reported, he himself had caused to be made, he was beheaded for Heresy and Treason. See Baker.

First of an unexpected Prison,
 And then to lose his Head for Treason;
 Not suffer'd for his Innocence
 To plead, or make the least Defence;
 But by a Law condemn'd unheard,
 That he himself had just prepar'd;
 A Law the Villain did invent
 For Murthering the Innocent;
 But was himself the first was try'd by't,
 And, as just Heav'n would have it, dy'd by't;
 Like wicked *Haman* on his Gallows,
 Or in his burning Bull *Perillus*.

Next of the *Zuinglian* Crue we hear on,
 Was old *Hob Barns*, *Gerrard*, and *Hieron*,
 Three Rogues about Reforming busy,
 And with strange Faiths made all uneasy;
 And would have Folk esteem 'em, when
 They preach'd, for Apostolic Men;
 But Faith and Mission being wanting,
 And *Harry* liking not their canting,
 At last with Fire and *Smith-field* Faggots
 He burn'd all three, to roast their Maggots.

Tyndal, another of the Gang,
 That *Harry* meant to burn or hang,
 By help of Heels escap'd his Hand,
 Yet dy'd by Fire in foreign Land.

Some *Anabaptists* hither came
 From *Dutchland*, each one with his Dream,
 And between every two a Woman,
 For all, but Faith, they held in common.
 They preach'd and pray'd by inward light,
 Not caring when wrong, or when right.
 Nor did King *Harry* value whether,
 But broil'd 'em all, by threes, together,
 And that because the Sex is frail,
 On each side of 'em he plac'd a Male.

But at the last the Spirit of Preaching,
 Inspires the King, and he'll be teaching,

And

And boldly falls to act th' Apostles,
 And in converting stoutly bustles (s).
 In Hall of *Westminster* the Sage
 And grave King-Preacher mounts a Stage,
 That all about might see and hear him,
 That ever pleased to come near him,
 And see the Stock he did Inherit
 Of *Peter's* Apostolick Spirit,
 As being fit, all Men shou'd know
 That with the *Keys* he had the Virtues too,
 He calls one *Lambert* to appear,
 And to his Gospel t' give good Ear,
 That *Harry* might before their parting,
 Obtain the Honour of Converting
 A *Zuinglian*, as *Lambert* was; -
 But things came otherwise to pass:
 For after, that he falls to prate,
Lambert becomes more obstinate,
 And where he seem'd to have before
 But one false Point, has now a score.

(s) Another time he, as Head of the Church, preached a Sermon to his Parliament, set down by Stow at large. He acknowledged their love to himself, but found fault with their want of love to one another: For, says he, what love where there is not concord? what concord where one calleth another Heretick and Anabaptist, he again calleth him Papist and Hypocrite? And this not only amongst the Temporality, but the Clergy themselves preach one against another, without Charity or Discretion: Some be so stiff in their old Mumpsimus, and others so curious in their new Sumpsimus, that few or none preacheth truly and sincerely the Word of God: now therefore let this be amended, fear and serve God, be in Charity amongst yourselves, to the which I, as your Supreme *HEAD* and Sovereign Lord, exhort and require you. Baker, p. 312. One Nicholson, alias Lambert, being accused for denying the real Presence in the Sacrament, appealed to the King, who was content to hear him; whereupon a Throne was set up in the Hall of the King's Palace at Westminster, for the King to sit: And when the Bishops had urged their Arguments, and could not prevail, then the King took him in hand, hoping perhaps to have the honour of converting an Heretick, when the Bishops could not do it, and withal, promised him Pardon if he would recant. But all would not do, Lambert remained obstinate, the King missed his Honour, the Delinquent his Pardon, and shortly after was drawn to Smithfield, and there burnt. Baker Chron. p. 305.

The Apostle disappointed thus,
 From temper calm turns furious,
 And breaths out Fire and Faggot-stick,
 If he persist an Heretick;
 But *Lambert* laughs at all his Threats,
 And *Harry* mift of doing Feats;
 But over to *Jack-Catch* he turns him,
 Who quickly goes away and burns him.
John Frith and *Hewart* were also fry'd
 In the same Fire, where *Lambert* dy'd.
 Thus Schismatics agreed together,
 And Hereticks burn'd one another.

Nor scap'd the King, Kirk's supreme Head,
 Just Punishment for what he did.
 For after he his Queen divorc'd,
 And from the *Chair St. Peter* forc'd
 His *Issue*, *Life*, and *Death* were *Curst*.
 He had, in twice six Years, six Wives,
 Four he divorc'd, from three their Lives
 He took; the last, design'd for death,
 Had luck to see him out of breath;
 Good Authors also further tell ye,
 He ript up poor *Jane Seymour's* Belly.
Anne Cleve, the fourth Wife whom he wedded,
 He soon got quit of, tho' she was bedded,
 And only under this Pretence,
 Because *she pleas'd not any Sense*.

The Lady *Howard*, in her stead,
 He wedded, but soon cut off her Head.
 And *Kath'rine Parr*, the last of Six,
 Because she favour'd Hereticks,
 He to the *Tower* had confin'd,
 But that th' *Mittimus*, which he sign'd,
 She chanc'd to find before its date
 Commenc'd for her intended fate;
 At which, by humble sweet Behaviour,
 She got again into his Favour.
 In fine this *Lewd Adult'rous* Prince
 Had *Thrice*, *Two* wedded Wives at once.

Curst in his *Issue*: Little *Ned*
 At six Years Reign was poisoned.
Mary the Queen his *lawful* Daughter,
 Expir'd of Grief but five Years after:
 Queen *Bess*, sprung from incestuous Blood,
 Dy'd *Mad*. Thus ended *Harry's* Brood.

His Life was *curst*, since the Divorce.
 It seems but one continued *Curse*;
 What e're he undertook or did,
 Set sin aside, nought prospered;
 Unhappy was he in his Pleasures;
 And, Maugre all his ill-got Treasures,
 Involv'd in Debt, by Lust and Pride,
 At last, he a wretched Beggar dy'd.

But e're his Soul from Carcass fled,
 And left its huge unwieldy Bed,
 He sent for *Cranmer*, that Arch-knave,
 Who told him *only* Faith would save,
 But neither bid him *Love*, nor *Hope*,
 Nor *reconcil'd* be to the *Pope*.

Now drawing near his *curst* end,
 Black Sacrilege, Blood spilt, Blood stain'd,
 And Schism brought into his Nation,
 Stern Conscience, and black Desperation,
 Affrighted his expiring *Ghost*,
 And his last words were, *ALL IS LOST*.
 A fearful exit. Exit *Dad*
 And enter now the puny *Lad*.

Edward, that from his Mother's Womb
 Came not the way that others come,
 But as is said of *Vipers*, he
 Broke out at Navel of the she,
 For when he could no longer stay,
 The Midwife's *Gully* hack his way.

Ill *Omen* 'twas, and did portend
 Mischievous Life, and wretched End.
 And so it hap't. I sigh to sing,
 The *curst* Reign of this *Boy-King*.

At nine Years old he took the Crown,
 And at Fifteen he laid it down;
 For Age he was not *short* nor *tall*,
 Nor very thick, nor very *small*,
 But had for Brains, the Devil-and-all.

All Arts and Sciences he knew,
 As skill'd in Tongues as wand'ring Jew;
 In subtle lore deep learn'd as *Cardan*,
 Could solve a Riddle tho' an hard-one,
 And by a Sympathetick play
 Heal Venom of *Tarantula*;
 For Manners, some think, who have seen him,
 He had no Vice nor Virtues in him,
 Unless his Zeal: For he'd pretend
 The *Faith* and *Church* of Christ to mend.

The first Work that this little *Thing*,
 Took under hand, when crowned King,
 Was to reform (poor Child) the Kirk,
 Whom *Cranmer* taught them how to work.
Seymour and *Dudley* lik'd the Sport,
 And so did all his greedy Court;
 They long'd to practice sacred Theft
 Upon what things old *Harry* left.

Those Acts, which his Grandfire had made
 'Gainst Hereticks, aside he laid,
 And Hereſie does now begin
 To be no longer counted Sin.
Conſcience and *Law* no longer tye,
 But *Faiths* increaſe and multiply
 And thoſe who pleaſe may all deny.

The Tares, that choak the better Seed,
 Began o'er all the Land to ſpread,
 And in a very little while
 Was every Corner of the Iſle
 With ſtrange Opinions overſpread,
 And by new Doctrines peſtered (1).

(1) Injunctions were prepared and Commissioners ſent down with them into all parts of the Kingdom. They were accompanied with certain learned Preachers to inſtruct the People. They were to leave ſome

Commissioners the *Babe* prepares,
 To look into all Church-affairs,
 To whom he fitting Preachers joins,
 To cry down Images, and Shrines,
Mafs, Altar, Crucifix, and Prayers said
 To Saints above, and for the Dead.
 Now these he sends thro' all the Nation,
 To propagate the Reformation.
 And well they manag'd, without doubt,
 The great Affair they went about,
 For Images in every Town,
 And Altars too were broken down,
 Upon which Spoil, and chantry Lands,
 His Courtiers laid rapacious Hands;
Vestments, and *Copes of Cloth of Gold*,
 Adorn'd with Pearl, rich to behold,
 And richer *Antependiums* fold,
Plate, *Candlesticks*, and *Silver Flaggons*
 Were turn'd to Brass and Pewter Noggins,
 And *Silver Chalice*s to Tin;
 Nor did they look upon't as Sin,
 When pleas'd to take their Merry-sups,
 To turn them into Fuddling Cups,
 On Beds they *Antependiums* laid,
 Of sacred *Vestments* Cushions made;
 And *Albs* the Parsons Wives convert
 To Smock of Wife, to Parson's Shirt.

some Homilies with the Parish Priest which Cranmer composed.
 The Preachers were instructed particularly to persuade People from
 praying to Saints from making Prayers for the dead, from adoring
 Images, Beads, *Mafs*, &c. See this at large in Heylyn, Hist. p. 33.
 34. The Injunctions are entituled, Injunctions by the most excel-
 lent Prince Edw. VI. &c. to all and singular his loving Subjects, as
 well of the Clergy as of the Laity (a fine young Pope to pretend so
 peremptorily to enjoin such hard Rules to his Laity and Clergy).
 First they are enjoyned to observe and keep all Laws and Statutes
 made for abolishing the Power and Jurisdiction of the Bishop of
 Rome; as also for the Establishment and Confirmation of the King's
 Authority, Jurisdictions, and Supremacy. They are also to open
 four times in the Year against the Pope's Power and for the King's
 Supremacy.

'Twas

'Twas noted for a Papist-House
 Where nought appear'd for profane use.
 The very Bodies of the Dead,
 That many a hundred Years had laid,
 Intomb'd in silent Beds of *Lead*,
 Naked as they were born, they left,
 And of their leaden Shirts bereft.
 Who ever saw a Town in Plund'ring,
 What ruffling, tugging, tearing, thund'ring
 Among rude Soldiers is, till they
 Are each one glutted with his Prey;
 Such work or worse, if worse could be,
 In *English* Churches might you see.
 Their Sacrilege was without measure,
 Till they got Temple clean of Treasure,
 For 'twas it's Riches rais'd the Storm,
 And set those Heathens to reform.
 This done they fall, by cunning Tricks,
 T' expose Church Lands and Bishopricks (*u*),
 To the Rapacity and Rage
 Of the Court *Harpies* of that Age.
 And thus it was, they fell to work
 In kicking Bishop out of Kirk.

(*u*) It was ordained (says Heylyn) that Bishops should be made by the King's Letters Patents, and not by Election of the Deans and Chapters, that all their Processes and Writings should be made in the King's Name, only with the Bishop's Teste added to it, and sealed with no other Seal but the King's. The intent of the contrivers of this Act (says Heylyn) was by degrees to weaken the Episcopal Order, by forcing them from their strong hold of Divine Institution, and making them no other than the King's Ministers, only his Ecclesiastical Sheriffs to execute his Will and disperse his Mandates. Of this Act, such use was made that the Bishops of those times were not in a capacity of conferring Orders, but as they were thereunto impowered by special Licence: The Tenure whereof was in these Words following; The King to such a Bishop Greeting, whereas all and all manner of Jurisdiction, as well Ecclesiastical as Civil, flows from the King, as from the Supreme Head of all the Body, &c. We therefore, give and grant to thee full Power and Licence to continue during our good Pleasure, for holding Ordination within thy Diocese of N. and for promoting fit Persons unto Holy Orders, even to that of Priesthood. See Heylyn, p. 51, 52.

The

The first step was to undermine
 The Bishops claim to right Divine;
 And thus 'twas done, an Act was sign'd,
 In which the little Lad ordain'd,

That Bishops shall be (so it said)

By the King's Letters-Patents made,
 And in *His* Name their Holinesses
 Must make their *Warrants* and *Processes*,
 And not their own Seals set, but *His*,
 And write their Names as *Witnesses*,
 And Dean and Chapter shou'd no more
 Exist, but give their Office o'er.
 Nor might the Bishops *Orders* give,
 Till *Licence*, and especial Leave,
 The Post or Paritor should bring
Seal'd and *Subscribed* by the King,
 T' impower them to confer the same,
 By Virtue of his Power Supreme.

Besides, the Sacred Character
 With which the Clergy stamped are,
 When they're *Ordain'd* and *Consecrated*,
 Was by a *Statute* Abrogated,
 That is, the *Forms* by which they're made
 Was by an *Act* abolished.

'Twas made the third Year of his Reign,
 And in the sixth, but not till then
 New Forms were by twelve Men devis'd
 Six *Laicks*, six were Canonis'd;
 I do not mean, for *Saints*: For then
 I'd wrong 'em; They were Clergy-Men,
 Such as their Reformation brought forth, (worth
 Fall'n Priests, whom all Men know for nought

For then, sway'd by the *Zuinglian* Faction,
 King *Edward's* Clergy held *Election*
 Sufficient for 'em, therefore sought
 No *Form*, or one that's next to nought,
 To wit, a Form which they affected
 To shew them solemnly Elected.

Not to give Priests a Character,
 Or Grace Episcopal confer:
 For, then a *Bishop* or a *Priest*,
 Were held for Limbs of *Antichrist*.
 And it was then they thought it best,
 T' obliterate the name of *Priest*,
 And *Bishop*, and not once to Name,
 In either of their *Forms* the same,
 As may be seen for thus they run,
 If't please ye, Read 'em, then go on;

The Form of Ordaining Priests,
 DEVISED (for this is the word) by King Edw. 6th.

Receive the Holy Ghost, whose Sins thou dost Forgive, they are Forgiven: And whose thou dost Retain, they are Retained. And be thou a faithful Dispenser of the Word of God, and of his Holy Sacraments: in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; Amen.

The Form of Consecrating Bishops,
 DEVISED by King Edward 6th.

Take the Holy Ghost and Remember that thou stir up the Grace of God which is in thee by the Imposition of Hands. For God hath not given us the Spirit of Fear, but of Power, and Love, and Soberness.

Th' first *Form* is that by which their Sect
 Their preaching *Elders* did Elect,
 And this the second *Form* they use
 When they *Superintendents* chuse.

From these blank *Forms* 'tis evident
 Ned's Church of *England* never meant
 To have a *Priest* or *Bishop* in't.

The *Bishops* from *Jure-Divino*
 Thus brought (what cannot *Kings* and *Queens* do,
 Are now become no other thing,
 Than simple *Vassals* to the King;

And,

And, as such, he from Seas ejects
 As often as he finds defects,
 That he's not willing to endure,
 And all this he do's by Pope-like Pow'r.

And now the Game begins at Court,
 And Bishopricks make noble sport,
 The stake put down, each Courtier plays
 With all the Cunning that he has,
 But *Seymour* and *Northumberland*
 Were always on the winning hand.

Good Bishop *Tonstal*, Lord of *Durham*,
 They fell upon full bent to worry him,
 And got his Bishoprick, by Act
 On purpose made, dissolv'd and wrack'd,
 And all his Revenues and Lands
 Were taken into th' Prince's Hands,
 Which *Dudley* would have hindered,
 From being parcell'd out by *Ned*,
 He aiming, you must understand,
 To join 'em to *Northumberland*,
 So that his Dukedom might by these
 Extend itself from *Tweed* to *Tees*.

The Bishopricks of *Winchester*,
York, *Westminster* (a), and *Rochester*
 Scap'd not the fury of the Storm.
 A godly Method to Reform.

They tore from *Coventry* and *Litchfield*
 Whole Limbs; *Lincoln* lost many a Rich-field,
 For in the Months that it lay vacant
 So many hands there were to take from't.
 That when the last new Bishop came,
 Of all the Manors in the same
 But only *one* the Thieves had left,
 'Twas *Bugden* call'd that scap'd their Theft.

And now comes in great *Somerset*,
 With whom *all's Fish that comes to Net*,

(a) The Bishoprick of Westminster was dissolved by the King's Letters Patents. Heylyn.

Uncle to *Edward*, Infant-King,
 The Scum of all his Mam's Off-spring,
 One Drunken with his Brother's Blood,
 An impious Atheist own'd no God:
 Yet chief Reformer of his Days.
 Wicked as *Nero's* were his ways,
 Most Sacrilegious and Profane,
 Proud, and extravagantly Vain.
 Blood-thirsty, cruel and unjust,
 A Traytor to his King and Trust.
 Ambitious, avaritious, and
 A plaguy Griper after Land,
 Greedy of gain as mouth of Hell's,
 A Wolf that eat up *Bath* and *Wells*,
 Which by what slight he seiz'd upon
 We'll tell ye here; and then go on
 From this discourse of Bishopricks
 To other of his impious Tricks.

He with one *Barlow* scrapes acquaintance,
 A hungry Dog that wanted Maint'nance,
 And ready now to eat his Nails,
 Starv'd by a Bishoprick in *Wales*,
 Which old King *Harry* gave his Worship
 To serve a Turn with, tho' no Bishop(*b*);
 And there he liv'd as long as't lasted,
 But left it then, when all was wasted.

(*b*) Master Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, p. 807. says, That King Harry, to strengthen himself against the Pope, &c. procured Cranmer's advancement to the See of Canterbury, and more of the Protestant Clergy to other Bishopricks and high Places. Now, we may not without reason, suppose, that this Barlow was one of those Protestant Clergy so promoted, because, though King Harry put him into a Bishoprick in Wales, yet it cannot be found either in the Records of that place or any where else in the World, that ever he was consecrated Bishop. 'Tis very probable that the King promoted him a Zuinglian Protestant, for the said ends would never require him to be consecrated. Consecration being against the Zuinglian Protestants in general, and Barlow in particular, as is shewn above. I note this because, this Barlow was the pretended Consecrator of Dr. Matthew Parker, Queen Elizabeth's first Bishop, though no Bishop himself.

This

This *Barlow*, was a *Zuinglian*,
 Yet was for him the fitter Man
 That he from twenty Score could pick,
 With whom to share a Bishoprick.
 To him th' *Duke* sends, and in short Space
Barlow appears before his Grace,
 Where after he had made a bow,
 And roughly scrap'd a Leg or two,
 Without much further Compliment,
 Demands the Reason why he sent.
 To whom the Duke in friendly wise
 Bids him sit down, and thus replies;

Come Master *Barlow*, you I hear,
 Wou'd gladly have a Bishop's Chair.
 If you'll be grateful to the giver,
 I'll either fit you now, or never.

Grateful, my Lord, yes marry will I,
 Quoth *Barlow*; for my Lord, I tell ye,
 If you'll do this, I will not stand
 To give you two-thirds of its Land.

You shall my help have, quoth the *Duke*,
 For like an honest Man you look;
 Here's *Bath* and *Wells* lies vacant now,
 I'll bid King *Edward* give 'em you,
 And make you Lord of Diocess
 Provided when you this possesse,
 You'll me remember as the Actor,
 And well reward your Benefactor.

Doubt not, says *Barlow*, for my Lord,
 I'm always better than my Word,
 As for Reward you need not crave it,
 Hint what you'll have, and you shall have it,
 Provided that you leave behind,
 As much as will this Carcass find,
 Clapping his Hand upon his Belly;
 And pointing to his Wife, I tell ye
 I would not want Support of *Life*,
 Nor what is fitting for my Wife,

And pretty Babes, for we have five,
 That must ye know be kept alive.
 Pish, Pish, quoth *Seymour*, in a huff,
 Doubt not but I shall leave ye enough,
 Turn me but nineteen *Manors* o'er
 ('Tis strange he made 'em not a Score)
 And on my Soul I'll ask no more.
 Yes that I will, my Lord, quoth *Barlow*,
 So both are pleas'd, and end the Parley.
 Thus *Barlow* got a Diocess,
 And *Somerset* but little less.

For both perform'd what was agreed on.

The next thing that we are to Read on,
 Is a large Palace, which the Peer
 Fitting his Greatness, meant to rear
 From falling Temples sacred Stone,
 And *Westminster* it pitch'd upon:
 The *Minster Close* he also chuses
 In which to build his lofty Houses.

Abbot-Dean *Benson* (c) hearing tell
 That *Seymour* lik'd his Kirk too well,
 And dreading he would quickly seize on't,
 Steps to his Brother with a Present,
 Begging of him to keep the Peace
 Between St. *Peter* and his Grace;
 And he, to gratify his Honour (d),
 Would add unto his *Sudley* Manor
 Seventeen sufficient Tenements,
 And Manor-Houses, with their Rents,
 By Lease of nine and ninety Years,
 This founded well in *Seymour's* Ears.
 And seventeen more, for the same Reason,
 He does present to Sir *John Mason* (e),
 For his great Master's use: But's *Grace*
 Unwilling was to take the Lease,
 Till he had *Islip's* joyn'd to these;

(c) Benson was the last Abbot and first Dean of Westminster.

(d) Sir Thomas Seymour the Duke's Brother Lord Admiral.

(e) The Duke's great Favourite and Minister.

For yet an hundred Years to come
 Save one; and for their annual Sum,
 Or Rent, was tax'd one Corn of Pepper.
 Thus in a Storm the prudent *Skipper*,
 Tho' richly laden, thinks it best
 To heave out part, to save the rest.

The Builder thus prevail'd upon
 To let *St. Peter's Church* alone,
 It was not long before his Grace
 Bethinks him on another Place.

About the Middle of the *Strand*
 Did three old Bishops Houses stand,
 And a large Church was by them seated,
 T' our Blessed Lady dedicated;
 Which four great Fabricks he pull'd down;
 And built his House with *Holland Stone*;
 But not sufficient were they all,
 So makes bold with good *St. Paul*,
 And *By-your-leave* was scarcely said,
 When level with the Ground he laid
 The *Cloister* joining to the Kirk,
 Encompass'd with curious Work;
 Two Chapels he demolish'd, and
 The Charnel-House fell by his Hand,
 Which to the *Strand* were all convey'd
 And into *Finsbury field* the Dead.
 For thither all the Bones were sent
 That in the Charnel-house were pent.

St. John's Church of Jerusalem
 Unwilling was to go with him,
 Till by a blast of Powder laid
 Flat with the Ground, it then obey'd,
 And *Smithfield* left its ancient stand,
 To wait upon him in the *Strand*.

Besides, there follow'd other four,
 As *Barkin's Chapel* by the Tower,
St. Ewen's, *St. Martin le Grand*,
St. Nicholas. All to the *Strand*

Were

Were led away, for *Seymour's* use,
In building of his sumptuous House.

In short, the *Theban* Stones ne're flew
So fast, when great *Amphion* blew
His Bagpipes, or his Lyra strung,
As did those Kirks when *Seymour* sung;
For all, I say, at his Command
Fled from Foundations to the *Strand*.
Thus from the hallowed Stones of those
Old Churches, this new Palace rose.

Scarce was this Fabrick finished
When *Edward* sent, without his Head,
The Duke (*f*) to lodge among the dead
In a dark Vault, in Bed of Lead.
As with his Brother he had dealt (*g*),
Whose Blood not long before he'd spilt,
Mov'd by their disagreeing Wives,
The Church's Land sav'd not their Lives.
Nor was for them, in Holy-ground,
From Death a Sanctuary found;
Where let us leave them, and prepare
To entertain the *Common-Prayer*.

As *Prodromus* to it's intrusion,
A *Babylonian* Confusion,
Under pretence of Reformation,
Invades all Churches in the Nation.
At *Windsor* *Ned*, and *Somerſet*,
With *Latimer*, and *Cranmer* met;
Where into deep Consult they fell,
How to amend things that were well,
On purpose that it might be said,
They had a Reformation made;
At least, that now they had begun,
What they design'd to carry on,
And perfect after at their pleasure,
As time allow'd 'em better leisure,

(*f*) The Duke of *Somerſet* beheaded for Felony.

(*g*) He had cut off his Brother's Head (*Sir Thomas Seymour*) a
while before for Treason.

And

And bring't at least to such a pass,
 As to be void of Faith and Mass.
 Now with the Mass they first begin,
 Turn inside out, and outside in;
 Leave part in Latin, th' other part
 They into *English* do Convert.
 And a new Form fall on inventing
 To celebrate the Sacrament in;
 Which being done, they set it out,
 To all the Churches round about,
 Or else it wou'd have serv'd for nought.

By this their new Form of Communion,
 Breaking the Tyes of ancient Union,
 The Stream. that kept before in one,
 Now into hundred Channels run.
 Some would not leave the ancient way,
 Others would by the new Form pray,
 Some were for both, and some for neither,
 Some half the one, and half the other,
 Some would in *English* mutter o'er
 Psalms, Lessons and *Confiteor*,
 Some others would in *English* read
 Th' Epistle, Gospel, and the Creed;
 But wou'd keep th' Canon of the Mass
 In Latin, as before it was;
 And in the Latin Tongue go on,
 Till at the Benediction,
 Which they pronounc'd in Mother-Tongue,
 Making a Medley all along:
 Some who would not imitate
 The Church, refus'd to Consecrate
 In words Divine, which Christ had taught,
 But at the Institution laugh'd,
 They of their own, new Forms invent,
 To Consecrate their Sacrament;
 More strange and uncouth, Lord blefs all,
 Than all the Ministers of *Baal*
 Could have devised in their cries
 For Fire, to roast their Sacrifice,

Some,

Some, that they might not miss the true one,
 Wou'd to the old Form join their new one;
 As Country Houfewives do their Spinning,
 When Woollen-yarn they mix with Linen;
 And some took Wine, some Water fingle,
 Some would their Wine with Water mingle,
 Some, yet preciser, would for fear
 Of Superstition, blest strong Beer;
 So not long since a *Welch* Divine
 Blest *Weobly-Ale* instead of Wine.
 Some would not use unleaven'd Bread,
 But lumps of Leaven in it's stead,
 And Doctor *Horneck*(*h*) at this day
 Affirms, where there's no Bread, you may
 Make use of any other Meat,
 That in the place of Bread you eat;
 Yea tho' 'tis made of Roots of Trees,
 Or even of a good Cow's Cheese;
 For Milk and Millet, he'll allow,
 And Cheese is made of Milk, you know,
 But if you think it is not Bread,
 Cast in a little Millet Seed
 Among the Curd, when first 'tis made,
 So have you Milk and Millet-Bread;
 And this, he does assure you, may
 Be us'd when other Bread's away.
 Yet this fam'd Doctor cannot grant,
 That you may use, when Bread you want,
 Turnips, and Carrots, or Potatoes;
 Tho' Seamen say that in *Barbadoes*,
 The last of these was all the Bread
 That the first *English* Planters made.
 Apples and Pears he'll not allow,
 Nor Cocoe, tho' the *Indians* know
 No other Bread but of Cocoe.
 The reason he admits not these,
 Is, 'cause they are the Fruits of Trees;

(*h*) See Dr. Horneck's Book, entitled, *The Crucified Jesus*.
 Printed 1686. p. 112.

But why he shou'd reject the Fruit,
None knows, when he admits the Root,
Unless it be the Fool's so wise,
T' expose his damn'd Absurdities.
But leave we *Horneck*, and again
Return to blessed *Edward's* Reign.

Some would admit the Elevation;
When such as us'd right Consecration,
Held up the Host to be adored,
Some would not bend their Knee before it,
And others turn'd their Head awry,
And some would leave the Kirk, and cry
Idolatry! Idolatry!

Thus at that time the giddy Rabble,
Run like the builders of old *Babel*,
And more distracted they were then
Than *Nimrod's* Tongue-divided Men,
During the two first Years of *Ned*,
No other Form the Chaos had,
But indigested, rude, confus'd
Were all Religious Rites they us'd,
Til't pleas'd th' Almighty Lord Protector,
That Spring of Motion and Director,
T' inspire with Zeal *Cranmer* and *Ridley*,
And *Latimer*, to patch a Medley
Of Sentences, pluck'd here and there
From *Roman-Missal* and *Breviar*,
Which soon as't was in shape of Book
For Title (Common-Prayer) it took.
Which name 't has holden ever since
Tho' often alter'd by the Prince.

When News was to *Geneva* brought,
(For Fame will fly as fast as Thought)
That *English* Sophies were about
A Liturgy; grave *Calvin* thought
'Twas meet he shou'd his Service offer
To *Cranmer* (tho' he slights his Proffer)
To help him in Composing Pray'r;
John itch'd to be a doing there;

But

But *Cranmer* scorn'd it shou'd be said,
 That *England's* Common-Prayer was made
 By Foreign Workmen; and therefore
Ridley and he and *Latimore*,
 Their cunning Sculls together laid,
 And by themselves their Pray'r-Book made.

Tho' by the King, and Parliament,
 'Twas authoriz'd, approv'd and sent
 To all the Churches that were there,
 As Code of Universal Prayer;
 Yet scarce three Years it did remain
 Before 'twas called-in again.
 For Catholicks, none could abide it;
 The *Zuinglians* did all deride it;
 Nor did the *Lutherans* care for it;
 And *Calvinists* did all abhor it:
 So that King *Edward's* Church was then,
 Like none o'th Kirks of other Men,
 For at this day if you'll but mind it,
 A Monster of a Kirk you'll find it.

Those who this Liturgy compil'd
 Affirm'd (but they were beguil'd)
 That then they saw the Holy Ghost,
 Close at their Elbows take his Post,
 And heard him help 'em to extract,
 From Antichrist, an Holy Tract;
 Which if 'twas true, who help'd 'em when
 'Twas, three years after, made again?
 But *Bucer*, as his Books relate,
 Believ'd it no Divine dictate.

This *Bucer*, was at first a Monk,
 But left his Order for a Punk,
 A lewd, inconstant Hypocrite,
 Who did teach Heresy in spite
 When he at *Zuinglians* was offended,
 Then *Luther's* Errors he commended,
 And so *e contra*, when again
 At *Luther* vex'd, he chang'd his strain;

Till

'Till four times, e'er the Man had done,
He chang'd his Judgment off and on.
Yet his blasphemous Doctrine he
Held always most tenaciously,
To wit, " That God has ever been
" The Author of all sorts of Sin."

This *Bucer*, and one *Peter Martyr*,
At that time kept an heavy quarter,
About inventing new Religions,
With which to fit those giddy Widgeons,
That had a mind to Preach and Pray
Themselves to Heaven some other way,
Than that which Christ himself had brought 'em,
And by his Holy Church had taught 'em.
Those two, and one call'd *Bernard Ochin*,
A busy Fellow always Botching
His Faith, it seems with an Intention
It shou'd appear his own Invention,
For nothing was with him less taking,
Than what was of another's making.
Ochin, than whom *Calvin* himself
Was not a more blasphemous Elf,
Deny'd the Blessed Trinity,
Impugn'd Christ's Divinity;
Taught it for lawful to have two
Wives at a time, died a *Jew*.
Those three, I say, and several more
Were by Duke *Seymour* sent for o'er,
To help him in his Reformation
And fit Religions for the Nation ;
But *Bucer*, 'mongst all that were there,
Was busiest with the Common-Prayer,
Which *Cranmer* had so very late,
With all his skill, been hammering at,
And which, as *Bucer* thought, from hand
He'd sent, ill-polish'd o'er the Land.
Hopper and *Rogers* also storm,
Two that came over to Reform,

With

With *Peter Martyr*, and *Orchinus*,
 Zealots as eager, and as keen as
Bucer, for Prayer-Book's Reformation,
 But each would have't in his own fashion.
 For all were perfect in Religion
 As *Mahomet's* Ass and his Pidgeon.

John Calvin and his Agents sought
 To stop this Prayer-Book's coming out,
 Till they had lick'd it very near
 To th' ugly shape of *Calvin's* Bear.
 But *Cranmer* scorned to submit,
 To them; and therefore publish'd it.
 Nor wou'd the Duke have time delay'd
 In getting new Corrections made,
 But needs must have it, good or bad,
 To hinder People's running mad,
 And uniform the Multitude
 In Prayer, and join the jarring Crowd.
 For now the Mob had all begun,
 As mad as Hares in *March*, to run,
 For scarce a private Man was known
 But had a strange Prayer of his own,
 Quite different from his Neighbour's Prayer,
 But when in Church, that all might hear,
 They wou'd, in disagreeing Tone,
 Bawl out their Prayers, each Man his own,
 So that the hideous Din of *Babel*
 Was less confus'd than that o' th' Rabble.

The Book being publish'd, as is said,
 A horrid bustle *Bucer* made;
 For growing lavish of his Sweat,
 And moved with Reforming Heat,
 And furious Zeal, but more with Drink,
 Sits down and calls for Pen and Ink,
 You must suppose, for Paper too,
 For Ink without it would not do.
 Pen, Ink, and Paper having got,
 He drinks a draught of spritely pot,

Which

Which wise Reformers take delight in,
When Preaching, Arguing or Writing:
For as the greatest Prophets think,
The truest Spirit's in the Drink.
Then he with peevish Pen begins
To censure all the Prayer-Book's Sins.

He held it for a sinful matter
In Baptism to bless the Water.
The Holy Oil and Exorcism
He took for Antichristianism.
'Gainst Prayer to Saints, and for the Dead
A doleful racket *Martin* made,
And not a little fault he found
With Sacramental Bread's being round,
For yet they us'd Communion Bread
In form as formerly 'twas made;
Yet thicker, and thereon no prints.
He quarrels with Priests Ornaments,
As Albs, Copes, Vestments; wishing they
Wou'd throw Canonick Gowns away,
That long Gown, says he, I'll not trouble it,
Go *German*-like in four-lapt Doublet,
And for your Breeches let them be,
As *Calvin* wears 'em bound at knee,
And wide like the *Geneva* cut,
Or if that fashion you like not,
Use *German* shape your mid-leg reaching,
With knees unbound, like those I preach in;
And use short Cloak, for the De'il-a-bit
Of Superstition is in it.
And pray-ye never shame to wear
That Ornament of Beard and Hair;
For look not I a deal more grave,
Than those that ne'er a Whisker have?
Now tho' he was thus mad at small things,
Yet what vex'd him the worst of all things,
Was Prayers, that at the Consecration
Imply'd a Transubstantiation.

For

For in the Book did still remain
 Prayers, that the Missal did contain,
 And most o' th' time, that *Edward* Reign'd
 The Real Presence they retain'd,
 And still reserv'd the Sacred Host,
 While that first Prayer-Book kept its post;
 And to sick People they thought fit,
 With Rev'rence great, to carry it.
 Water with Wine, in the Oblation,
 They mixed for the Consecration,
 These Customs *Bucer* rudely handles;
 Nor will allow of lighted Candles,
 Their use, says he, for Ornament
 On God's Board, may be Innocent,
 But do not light 'em, as on Stages,
 So may two Candles last for Ages,
 Yet better 'twere you used none,
 For shunning Superstition:
 The Godly must with Satan fight
 By inward, not by outward Light.
 Thus in his Censure, 'gainst all these
 Fell *Bucer* bitterly inveighs;
Hooper and *Rogers* also blam'd
 This first Pray'r-Book; being thus defam'd.
 They sent it hot-foot to *John Calvin*
 Who curst it, even beyond Absolving,
 And sends it back again to *Ned*,
 To have it utterly forbid.

This made the huge-wise little King
 Take Cognizance of every thing;
 Calling old *Cranmer* Fool and Ass
 For having made his Book half Mass,
 And charging him by strict *Mandatum*,
 To call in's Prayer-Books: For I hate 'um,
 Says he, and am resolv'd, that you
 Shall model Common-prayer anew,
 And publish such a Book as shall,
 Not have one word of Mass at all.

Nay soft, my Leige, quoth *Cranmer's* Grace,
 Some bits of Mass may keep their place,
 Epistles, Gospels, bits of Pray'r
 We yet may use as they stand there;
 But what may seem in any wise
 To favour daily Sacrifice,
 All such we'll take a care to pull out,
 And from our Book contraries Cull out.
 Odds-life, my Leige, and now I think on't,
 Here is a Gulph, we're just at brink on't,
 So that if *Scylla* we escape,
 We shall into *Charybdis* leap:
 You and the Parliament, and we
 Who first compos'd this Liturgy,
 Have told the World that Heaven did aid
 Our Synod, when the same was made,
 The Holy Ghost we say was there,
 And help'd to frame this Common-Prayer;
 Conceive ye this? Wise Sir, I fear
 We shall come off but blewly here:
 For if 'twas true the Holy Ghost
 Was present, as we boldly boast,
 Then God and Man will us condemn,
 For changing what was done by him;
 But chiefly, if we go about
 To make one quite contrary to't;
 But if he was not present, when
 We made this Book; 'tis certain then,
 That's but a human work at most,
 And falsely charg'd on th' Holy Ghost,
 And all the Land has cause to cry
 That we abus'd them with a Lie:
 But if then present, pray he how
 Can folk believe he helps us now?
 Nor can hereafter any tell
 That either Book is framed well,
 Besides, says he, and fell a Storming;
 We shall till Dooms-day be reforming.

Well, well, quoth *Edward*, this I know
 Without your telling, that I do,
 And must confess 'tis very true, Sir,
 But yet this busy-body *Bucer*,
 By *Calvin* put, it seems, upon't,
 Makes all the Land so eager on't,
 That I had better fairly yield,
 Than be constrain'd to quit the Field;
 Our nearest Friends are for it, and
 Who dare oppose *Northumberland*?
 And I must tell ye, none more keen,
 Than he this pretty while has been:
 Yea all our Court says (sie upon 'em)
 We palm the Mass in *English* on 'em;
 Till I am deafened with their Clamours,
 That beat my Brain-pan worse than Hammers.
 But that's not all, one Reason hear,
 Which most convincing does appear,
 And moves me more than all the rest,
 They say, if this Book be suppress'd,
 'Twill open easy ways to bring,
 Vast heaps of Treasure to the King,
 Which is well known, we stand in need on,
 My Dad left but small Stock to breed on;
 He being forc'd to coin his Boot-tops,
 And ride in black Jack-legs, without tops:
 His sending out of coined Leather,
 Shews Gold and Silver he left neither
 To his poor Son; and what a Pox is
 A Coin worth, made of Hides of Oxes?
 Or what avails our Coffers full
 Of Patches, stamp'd from Pelt of Bull?
 I therefore say, if putting down,
 This Prayer-Book, will enrich the Crown,
 It is but fitting that we do it;
 And therefore, *Cranmer*, buckle to it;
 Call *Ridley* to ye, and prepare
 Another sort of Common-Prayer;

With

With *Calvin* too do you advise,
 And see that neither *Sacrifice*,
 Nor *Real Presence*, nor a Prayer
 For Souls that hence departed are,
 Nor any Saint be named there.
 For those put out, we may with ease
 The *Riches* of the *Altars* seize;
 And Golden Shrines, and Chantry Lands,
 Will fall by course into our Hands,
 So that quickly you'll behold,
 Your leathern Prince, a King of Gold.

}

Nay then, quoth *Cranmer*, if it be so,
 You shall have my Vote for it too,
 For when the State may gain by it,
 'Tis Reason that the Church submit;
 And so it shall, I promise ye,
 While I hold *England's* Primacy;
 Nor shou'd I scruple't as a Sin
 To bring old *Paganism* in,
 Provided that the King desire it,
 Or private Interest require it.

He thus consenting, all went well,
 And to Reform again they fell,
 Yet never after durst pretend
 The Holy Ghost his Aid did send.
 Now *Cranmer*, *Ridley* and King *Ned*,
 And *Latimer*, who had a Head
 As full of Brain as a Bag-pudding
 Took out of boiling Pot it stood in.
 Falling to work with Pen and Ink,
 With little Wit and store of Drink,
 In twinkling of an Eye they made,
 (For things were done as soon as said,)
 Their second Common-Prayer-Book, and
 Gave to the first a Countermand;
 Yet tho' they did Abolish it,
 Oh! wonderful! Reformers Wit!

They did declare the same to be,
 " A very Godly Liturgy,
 " And with the Word of God agreeing."
 The Act itself is worth your seeing;
 'Tis in the Margent here (*i*), O strange!
 How they extol the thing they change;
 They own't a very Godly Order
 " Agreeing with God's Word; nay further,
 " Fitted to th' Ancient Church's fashion,
 " And profitable for the Nation;
 " And Comfortable to all that use it,
 " And Hell to all that do refuse it."
 Yet, for all this, even they reject it,
 And as Erroneous detect it,
 And use another quite contrary;
 And thus in Point of Faith they vary.
 Let no Man take this for a Fiction,
 But know, eternal Contradiction,
 Was the first ground for a Foundation,
 On which to settle this Reformation.
 The Real Presence now, which they
 Had held till then, they cast away.
 Placing a Rubrick at the Door,
 That Christ may never enter more,

(*i*) The Act of Parliament for establishing the second Common-Prayer-Book, entituled, An Act for the Uniformity of Service. See in Stat. 5 & 6 Edw. 6. Whereas there has been a very Godly Order set forth by the Authority of Parliament for Common-Prayer, and Administration of Sacraments, &c. agreeable to the word of God and the Primitive Church, very comfortable to all good People desiring to live in Christian Conversation, and most profitable to the Estate of the Realm, upon which the Mercy, Favour, and Blessing of Almighty God is in none so readily and plentifully poured as by the Common-Prayers, the use of the Sacraments, &c. and yet this, notwithstanding a great number of People do wilfully and damnably before Almighty God abstain, and refuse to come to their Parish-Churches, where Common-Prayer, &c. is used upon Sundays, &c. And therefore the King's most Excellent Majesty, with the Assent of the Lords and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the Authority of the same, hath caused the aforesaid Order of Common-Service, entituled the Book of Common-Prayer to be faithfully and godly perused, explained and made fully perfect, &c.

Nor Adoration e'er be given
To him on Earth, 'cause he's in Heaven;
For this they made the Reason why
They did his Presence here deny.

This second Book, in other Rubricks,
Had also many pretty new tricks,
As turning Altar into Table,
And setting Minister to gabble
At the North-side, and on the South
Communicants with open Mouth,
To take in lumps of Leaven'd Bread,
On Trencher in square goblets laid;
And, none being stinted to their parts,
Drink hearty Draughts of Wine in Quarts,
And what escapes their greedy Throttles
The drunken Parson puts in Bottles;
What blest Communion Bread remains,
It falls to th' Sexton for his pains,
Where waiting for't, the hungry Gull
Crams both his Leathern Pockets full,
Water with Wine they do not now
Mix, as before they wont to do,
Nor do they Sacrament reserve,
The Sick for Ghostly Food may starve;
Some kneeling take Communion, which
Another sort receive on Breech.
Vestments and Copes they cast away,
And Hoods and Croffes, when they Pray;
Only the Surplice is put on,
That Men may know who is *Sir-John*,
Commemoration of the Saints,
And Extream Unction this Book wants;
Unction of Infants in Baptism;
Blessing the Font, and Exorcism,
And Pray'rs for th' Dead are now giv'n o're,
And Purgatory is no more.
In fine, all these old Customs were
Retain'd i' th' first, but wanting here.

What ever *Bucer* deem'd amifs
 In that firft Book, was chang'd in this;
 As far as they could well imagine,
 They did abolifh all Religion.
 But Reader, prithee lend thine Ear
 To *Hopkins* Pfalms, that follow here;
 Jiggs by thofe Godly Fidlars made,
 As fung to *Ned* the fixth; and play'd
 On Bagpipe, Sackbut, Violin,
 And when infpired, made a din
 On Hautboy, Guelders-Horn, and Shaulm,
 And Living-voice in Meeter-Pfalm;
 As charming as that Piper play'd,
 Who all the *Hammel* Rats betray'd
 To dance Morifcoe to his found,
 Without regarding Feet or Ground,
 'Till they were in the *Weafer* drown'd;
 Then fix fcore *Hammel* Children led
 Into a Hill that opened,
 To Dance unto his Pipe below,
 What Tune or where, no Mortals know.
 What kind of Canticles they were
 By two or three inferted here,
 Guefs at the reft, like him who drew
 Whole *Hercules* from print of Shoe.

Meeter. Pfalm 16. v 9, 10.
 Wherefore my Heart and Tongue
 Do both Rejoice together, (alfo
 My Flefh and Body reft in Hope
 When I this thing confider:
 Thou wilt not leave my Soul in
 (Grave,
 For Lord thou loveft me, &c.

*Profe, as in the Proteftant Tran-
 flation.*

Therefore my Heart is glad
 and my Glory rejoiceth; my
 Flefh alfo fhall reft in Hope, for
 thou wilt not leave my Soul in
 Hell.

REFLECTION.

As into Rhyme he turns the Story,
 That is a *Tongue* which Profe call *Glory*.
 And for the want of one poor foot,
 On which the third Verfe ought to strut,

He

He thrusts whole *Body* in for prop;
My Flesh and Body rest in hope.
 And to shun *Limbus*, thus the Knave
 For *Hell* in Prose, in Rhyme writes *Grave*;
 But this is Nonsense of the Noddy,
 Unless he buries Soul with Body.

Psal. 119. v. 130.

When Men first enter into thy
 (word
 They find a Light more clear,
 And every Ideots understand
 When they it read or hear.

Prose.

The entrance of thy Word
 giveth Light, giveth Understand-
 ing unto the simple.

REFLECTION.

By Paraphrasing thus they mean
 To make the simple People keen
 Of Bibles; as if every Clown,
 Or whistling Cobler in the Town,
 Young Girls, old Wives of eighty Year,
 When they the Scripture read or hear,
 Can every one the Sense on't tell,
 And every Text expound as well
 As *Austin*, *Hierom*, or *Aquine*;
 Thus every Fool must turn Divine,
 And judge of all the Scripture faith,
 And pick from thence what they call Faith.

Psal. 120. v. 5.

Alas too long I slack
 Within these Tents so Black,
 Which *Kedars* are by Name,
 By whom the Flock Elect,
 And all of *Isaac's* Sect,
 Are put to open Shame.

Prose.

Woe is me, that I sojourn in
Mesech, that I dwell in the Tents
 of *Kedar*.

REFLECTION.

'Tis for the fake of this word *slack*
 He's forc'd to make his Tents so *Black*,
 Whereas, for ought he knew, they might
 Be of some other Dye, or White.

And

And for a word to rhyme to *Name*
 Three Lines he adds to bring in *Shame*;
 And *Isaac's* Offspring for a *Sect*
 Must pass in *Hopkins* Dialect.
 As if the Holy *Isaac* were
 An Heretick or Sect-Master.
John wanted one to Authorize
 His Sect, and therefore boldly flies
 To *Isaac* to supply the want;
 So brings him in a Protestant.
 Thus the Psalm-Singer does abuse,
 And robs of Patriarch, the *Jews*.
 Likewise in this that follows next
 Two lines are added to the Text,
 To justify their breaking from
 The Doctrine, and the Laws of *Rome*,
 Which they about that time forsook
 That they compos'd this Meeter-Book.

Psal. 2. v. 3.

Shall we be bound to them, say

(they

Let all our Bonds be broke,

And of their Doctrine and their

Let us reject the Yoke. (Law

Prose.

Let us break their Bonds asunder, and cast away their Cords from us.

REFLECTION.

The Ignorant for Gospel take,
 That *David* bids 'em here forsake
Rome's yoke, her Doctrines and her Law,
 And off her Jurisdiction throw.
 Whereas in Prose th' inspired King,
 Is treating of another thing,
 To wit, how Captive *Jews* might free
 Themselves from their Captivity.

Psal. 129. v. 5, 6, 7, 8.

They that hate me shall be ashamed

And turned back also,

And made as grass upon the House

Which withereth ere it grow.

Whereof the Mower cannot find

Enough to fill his Hand,

Nor can he fill his Lap that goeth

To glean upon the Land.

Prose.

Let them be as Grass upon the House-Top, which withered afore it groweth up; wherewith the Mower filleth not his Hand, nor he that gleaneth sheaves his Bosom.

REFLECTION.

Deep Intellectuals they had that knew
 How Grass could *wither e're it grew*;
 Or how one can a handful Mow
 Of *wither'd Grass, before it grow*.
 But easy it is to understand
 That he who glean'd *upon the Land*,
 Is never like to fill his Lap
 With Grass *ungrown* on Houses top.

Psal. 22. v. 2.

I am persuaded thus to say
 To him with pure Pretence,
 O Lord thou art my guide and
 My Rock and sure Defence. (stay,

Prose.

I will say unto God, my Rock,
 why hast thou forgotten me.

REFLECTION.

In God they have small Confidence,
 For when they call him their *Defence*,
 'Tis but, you see, a *pure Pretence*.

Psal. 51. v. 5.

It is too manifest alas!
 That first I was conceiv'd in Sin,
 And of my Mother, so born was
 And yet vile wretch remain there-
 (in.

Prose.

Behold I was shapen in Ini-
 quity, and in Sin did my Mother
 Conceive me.

REFLECTION.

The Sin that into th' World he brought,
 It seems the Poet carried out.
 An Argument he has devis'd
 To shew he never was Baptiz'd;
 But as by Birth, the Child of Wrath,
 Void of Hope, Charity, and Faith,
 So he remain'd without ever mending,
 Which shews he made a hopeful ending;
 And that he was a Blessed Man,
 To make a Church-Reformer on.

Well,

Well, Sirs, if yet you are not weary,
 With singing Psalms, nor mad, nor merry,
 Go on; for you shall have enough
 Of *Sternhold's* precious Meeter-stuff.

Why dost thou draw thy hand a-back,
 And hide it in thy Lap?
 O pluck it out and be not slack
 To give thy Foes a Rapp. [*Psal.* 74. v. 12.]

So I suppress and wound my Foes
 That they can rise no more?
 For at my Feet they fell down flat,
 I strike them all so sore. [*Psal.* 18. v. 37.]

The Man is Blest, whose Wickedness
 The Lord hath clean remitted;
 And he, whose Sin and Wickedness
 Is hid and also covered. [*Psal.* 99. v. 1.]

O God break thou their Teeth at once
 Within their Jaws throughout,
 Their Tusks that in their great Jaw-Bones
 Like Lions Whelps hang out. [*Psal.* 58. v. 6.]

And now, Sirs, 'twill not be amiss,
 If here we give you *more-or-less*,
 With a *for-ever-and-for-ay*,
 Or a *for-ever-and-a-day*.
 Nor let it grieve ye, if we come
 To *least-and-most*, and *all-and-some*.
 And to the *great-and-eke the small*,
 And also to, *also-withal*,
Evermore-daily, ever-still,
 We'll come to: And at last we will
 Shew what good use the Psalmist made,
 Especially of the word *Trade*.

For every Wicked Man will God
 Destroy both *more and less*. [*Psal.* 37. v. 9.]

All Kings, both *more and less*,
 With all their Pompous Train. [*Psal.* 148. v. 11.]

The Children of *Israel*,
Each one both *more and less*.

The Lord was set above the Floods
Ruling the Raging Sea,
So shall he Reign as Lord and King,
For ever and for ay. [*Psal.* 29. v. 10.]

What is his Goodness clean decay'd,
For ever and a Day? [*Psal.* 77. v. 8.]

All Men on Earth, both *least and most*,
Fear God and keep his Law. [*Psal.* 33. v. 8.]

But of his Folk the Time and Age
Should flourish *ever still.* [*Psal.* 81. v. 17.]

And likewise Laws, both *all and some*,
For Gain are Sold and Bought. [*Psal.* 82. v. 6.]

Them that be Fearers of the Lord,
The Lord will Bless them all,
Even he will Bless them every one,
The *Great and eke the Small.* [*Psal.* 115. v. 13.]

For why they did not keep with God
The Covenant that was made,
Nor yet would walk or lead their Lives
According to his *Trade.* [*Psal.* 78. v. 10.]

For why their Hearts were nothing bent
To him, nor to his *Trade.* [*Psal.* 81.]

And set all my Commandments light,
And will not keep my *Trade.* [*Psal.* 89. v. 72.]

For this is unto *Israel*
A Statute and a *Trade.* [*Psal.* 81. v. 4.]

To them he made
A Law and *Trade.* [*Psal.* 148.]

To these another Psalm we'll add
By *Robin*, not by *David* made,
One time when *Wisdom* was afraid
That *Turk* and *Pope* should have undone him,
And Antichrist have over-run him.

Robin

Robin Wisdom's Psalm.

Preserve us Lord by thy dear Word,
 From Turk and Pope, defend us Lord,
 Which both would thrust out of his Throne
 Our Lord Jesus Christ, thy dear Son (*k*).

When Dr. *Corbet* (*l*) had the Parts
 The Pains, the Zeal, and the Deserts,
 Of this *Bob Wisdom* seen, tho' 'twere
 After his Death an hundred Year,
 He could not chuse but thus accost,
 In modest terms his naked Ghost.

" Thou, once a Body. now but Air,
 " Arch-Botcher of a Psalm or Prayer,
 From *Carfax* (*m*) come;
 " And patch us up a Zealous Lay,
 " With an old *ever-and-for-ay*,
 Or *all and some*;
 " Or such a Spirit lend me,
 (*n*) " As may an Hymn *down* send me,
 To purge my Brain:
 " Then *Robin* look behind thee,
 " Lest *Turk* or *Pope* do find thee,
 And go to Bed again.

Thus Common-Prayer-Book made complete,
 And Psalms in Meeter bound up with't,
 The next Work that they went about,
 Was turning Churches in-side-out,
 Thereby to make room for the same,
 Against it from the Printer came.

Had you in being that day been,
 You would have blest ye, to have seen

(*k*) In the Back end of their Meeter Psalms.

(*l*) Dr. Corbet, Bishop of Norwich, his Address to the Ghost of Robin Wisdom, the Psalm Poet.

(*m*) The Place where he is Buried in Oxford.

(*n*) He names an Hymn that's downward sent from Wind in hypochondria pent. Or, an Hymn composed of Half-farthings. Measure the word Farthings; and, by that time you come to the middle, you'll find the value of an Half-farthing and it's fitness to purge the Brain.

How every one about 'em laid,
O horrible! what work they made;
There might you see an impious Clown
Breaking our Saviour's Image down;
And there you might behold another
Tearing the Picture of Christ's Mother.
Here might you see another stand
Hacking, with Axe in cruel hand,
The Infant in our Lady's Lap;
Others as busy at clambering up
To break down all the painted Glass,
That in the Churches Windows was.
And others trampling in the Street
The Twelve Apostles under Feet.
The peaceful Tombs in which were laid
The Sacred Ashes of the Dead,
Might now be seen in Pieces broke,
And thence the Holy Bodies took.
Blest Martyrs now you might behold,
Who dy'd for Christ in days of old,
Torn from their Tombs, and made to come
T' endure a second Martrydom.
If here and there a Church remain'd
Which yet the sacred Mass retain'd,
Streight thither would the Rabble hurry,
And ruin all things in their fury.

The sacred Ornaments they tore,
Trampled Christ's Body on the floor,
Rent Corporals, and Missals burn'd,
And Chalices to Bullion turn'd.
Here Altar-Cloths lie scatter'd; and
There does a broken Altar stand;
Some steal away the Crucifix,
And some the Silver Candlesticks,
Rich Vestments others some convey,
And Antependiums bear away;
And what they thought not fit to steal,
They burn'd, as an effect of Zeal:

Some

Some of the Rabble might you meet
 In Vestments stalking in the Street,
 Who bitter Execrations vent,
 Against the Holy Sacrament.
 And wickedly blaspheme the same,
 By many hideous ugly Name,
 At which a *Jew*, to hear exprest,
 Would tremble, and a *Turk* detest.
 For me to write, or you to read
 Their Blasphemies, our hearts would bleed,
 Our Eyes would in salt streams be drown'd,
 And Ears shut out the wicked sound.
 The Holy *Altar* of our Lord
 They'll not call *Atar*, but *God's-board*;
 Nor must it now stand any more
 In East of Quire, as heretofore,
 But from the East must move to West,
 To South, to North and never rest;
 For to what Quarter e'er it went,
 They still found Superstition in't;
 Nor could the Parson solve the case,
 On which side he should chuse his Place;
 Whether Eastern or Western end,
 Or North, or South, should be his stand;
 Or whether Folk must kneel or sit,
 And at what side, or end of it.

As Altar, so they Priesthood scorn,
 And name of Priest to *Elder* turn;
 Which uncouth Names they did devise
 T' extingui^{sh} thoughts of Sacrifice;
 For while the ancient Names remain'd,
 People the Memory retain'd
 Of what they signify'd before,
 So Mass, Priest, Altar, are no more.

Kirks thus prepar'd for Common-Prayer,
 In new-erected Closets there
 They sit 'em down, I mean in Pews;
 As close as Hawks are pen'd in Mews,

And

And the *Young Elder* takes his way,
 Into his Desk, and falls to pray,
 Or reads his *Common-Prayer-Book* o'er;
 A Form ne'er read in Kirks before.
 Prayer done, and Elder growing calm,
 Our Sexton sets a Meeter-Pfalm,
 Well-tim'd to make those in Pews merry,
 That are with th' Elders praying weary,
 Or from the drowsy Nap to free 'em,
 That haunts the Pews, where none can see 'em.
 The Pfalm fet out from stretched Throat
 By *Hem*; well tun'd as Stags at Rut;
 They of all Sexes, Sizes, Ages,
 Warble from Pews like Birds from Cages,
 The Rhymes that dreaming *Sternold* gave 'em,
 And *Robin Wisdom* deign'd to leave 'em:
 Chanting their notes in artful turnings,
 Like those of Rooks in *April* mornings:
 Till deafened with each other's din,
 They cease, that th' Elder may begin:
 Who is by this time from his Desk
 To Pulpit got: Where taking Text,
 Be the Words of it, what they will.
 He falls a damning, deep as Hell,
 The Church and Faith of former times,
 And cites his Text to prove its crimes,
 Crying to list'ning Auditory,
 Beloved, I shall lay before ye
 From Scripture-writ in Reign of *Saul*,
 How Antichristian *Rome* did fall;
 And bring from *Exodus* a score
 Pat Texts that she's the scarlet Whore.
 This railing Nonsense thus he vents,
 Large stock of which he never wants,
 Till Dinner Glas is empty run,
 And then his *Sunday Sermon's* done,
 For Belly, Glas and Elder's Head,
 All at a time are emptyed;

Which

Which must, ye know, be fill'd again,
 The Glass with Sand, the Head with Brain.
 The Sermon done he prays for King,
 As fit he shou'd, and then they sing
Hob Wisdom's Psalm 'gainst *Pope* and *Turk*,
 Then Congregation leaves the Kirk.

'Twas thus King *Edward* carry'd on
 His Hodge-podge Reformation;
 But Death in season did appear,
 And stopt him in his full career:
 For, from the moment that we breath
 That ugly ghastly goblin, Death,
 That thin-fac'd, bare-bon'd Skeleton,
 That fatal Enemy to Man,
 Attends us with unwinking eye,
 Till catching opportunity,
 Snatches us one by one away,
 Or mows us down as we do Hay;
 And, when he has a mind to kill,
 Can use what Instrument he will:
 So Poison was, 'tis said, the Tool
 Which drove out little *Edward's* Soul,
 Hid in a venom'd new-year's Rose,
 Into his Blood it pass'd thro' Nose,
 Some Authors say it enter'd in,
 By poison'd Shirt, thro' pores of Skin.
 For washing it, as story tells (o),
 Depriv'd his Laundress of her Nails.
 In short he dwindl'd fast away
 After the *Dudleys* near him lay;
 The just effects of Reformation.
 And dying, left his Crown and Nation
 To *Suffolk's* Daughter, called *Jane*,
 By Will: Mark now her nine days Reign;
 But in the first place I shall tell
 What mov'd the King to make his Will.

Ned having cut his (p) Uncles Weasons
 For their ill Management and Treasons,

(o) See Baker's History, page 810. &c.

(p) The Lord Protector Seymour and his Brother Sir Thomas Seymour Lord Admiral.

And after them had sent a Train
 Of Traitors, *Arundel* and *Vane*,
 And *Stanhope*, and *Miles Partridge* fell.
 This last was hang'd (in Rope of Bell
 Perhaps) for he, as *Heylyn* tells,
 Cast Dice with old King *Hall* for Bells,
 And by the Sacrilegious fling
 Won *Jesus* Bells, the finest Ring
 That ever *England* had before;
 The Dev'lish throw no sooner o'er,
 But *Partridge* goes and melts 'em down,
 And sells the Metal as his own.

The King's two Uncles gone, I say,
 And their best Friends thus sent away,
Ned fell of course into the hand
 Of *Dudley* of *Northumberland*,
 A zealous biggot Protestant,
 Who cunningly, in godly cant,
 Cloak'd his designs and pass'd for Saint;
 Seeking his End in Scripture phrase,
 After the manner of those days;
 When Texts of Bibles were brought in
 To authorize all sorts of Sin.

We read, quoth he, in sacred Writ(*q*),
 How holy *David* thought it fit,
 To make Successor to the Throne
 The wise Religious *Solomon*,
 And not the Hair-brain'd *Absolom*.
 Now his design, as we may guess,
 Was to secure the Church by this;
 I therefore take upon me now,
 O pious King, to Counsel you
 To imitate the good King *David*,
 That Congregation may be saved.
 My Bowels in my Belly bleed
 To think that *Mary* should succeed,

(*q*) See Baker's History, page 311.

She'll spoil the Vineyard you ha' been
 These live long Years a toiling in:
 Our Kirk I mean, Heav'n blest the Founder,
 Must fall as flat as any Flounder;
 Our Common-Prayer-Books neatly bound up
 With Meeter-Psalms by *Hopkin's* tun'd up,
 Must be laid by to take their rest
 In some old musty fusty Chest:
 Tho' *Mall's* your Sister, and the Heir
 Of Crown; yet godly King take care
 Of this our blessed Reformation,
 And rivet Gospel in your Nation
 So thoroughly, that after Ages
 Shall not remov't with Maul and Wedges.
 But this cannot be done, ye know,
 If *Mall* the Throne mount after you:
 Consider't therefore, and contrive it
 For Gospel's good, while you're alive yet.
 So 'twill in after times be said,
 You left secure the Faith you made;
 Which mighty Deed in Godly Rhimes,
 Upon Record, for future times,
 Shall be engross'd by zealous Poet;
 And *Hopkins*, and *Sternhold* shall do it,
 And *Robert Wisdom*, th' best of these,
 Shall put it in your Elegies;
 And with our Singing Psalms we'll bind 'em,
 That Folks in after times may find 'em,
 For great and small and all and some,
 To sing your Praise till day of Doom.
 And tell how you our Faith invented:
 And safe to future Ages sent it,
 By leaving Crown secure from Papist,
 And Church of *England* void of a Priest.

This likes me well, quoth little *Ned*,
 And were I up, as I'm in bed,
 I'd go and fight, as Sick as I am,
 My Sister *Mall*, like Son of *Priam*,

And

And kill her out-right, for I mean,
That she shall never come to Reign.

Nay, quoth Sir *Dudley*, if you please,
Things may be done with greater ease;
This is a better way I think,
Call *Cecil* in, with Pen and Ink,
To draw your Will, he'll quickly write it,
And you b'ing sick, Sir, I'll indite it,
The Lard he knows, there is no way,
But t' give your Crown to Lady *Gray*:
The King consented, Will was made,
And *Edward* turn'd about and pray'd
For Holy Flock, and future Reign
Of Queen Elect, the Lady *Jane*.
Nor was he heedless of Religion,
Less than the pious famed *Trojan*,
Who carried thro' the Flames a Pack
Of wooden Gods upon his Back.
He pray'd that it, as Authors say,
Might last *for-ever-and-a-day*,
Just as he left it at his ending,
Except that, when it wanted mending,
That then some godly Men would clout it,
Or some Convention fit about it;
Having concluded thus his Pray'r,
His Soul departed, God knows where.
The Crown is offer'd to poor *Jane*,
Who very faintly falls to Reign.
Queen they Proclaim her, and for Honour,
They put the Royal Robes upon her,
Scepter and Globe she takes in hand,
As Regal Badges of Command;
And humbly they kneel down before her,
And in the usual way Adore her,
Invoking her, and then the Lord;
And sit 'em down at Council-Board,
And fall a Pumping each his Brain
For Sage Advice, but Pump in vain,

How to support Queen *Jenny's* Station,
 Against Queen *Mary's* Indignation.
 Scarce was this Senate set together,
 When *Mary's* Letters were brought thither,
 In which she Claims the Crown by right
 To her belonging, this they slight,
 And having got their Reasons penn'd
 In black and white to her they send
 Their Letter, sign'd by all their hands,
 With wholesome Counsel, and Commands
 To cease her Claim, and haste amain
 To make Submission to Queen *Jane*.
 Old *Cranmer* first did set his hand to't,
 And bloodily did swear to stand to't,
 Contrary to the Oath, he swore,
 To *Harry*, but six years before.
 The Perjur'd Villain never minding
 That Vows are Sacred, Oaths are Binding.

Soon after this comes news of Forces
 By *Mary* rais'd, of Men and Horses,
 As if she were resolv'd to Fight,
 And by the Sword to try her Right,
 This put them in a plaguy pickle,
 Made *Cranmer* stir, and *Ridley* stickle:
 The rest who whilst th' Amazement lasted,
 Sat as if Planet-struck, or blasted,
 Till *Cranmer's* words began to fall,
 Out of the wickett of his Belly.

What mean ye, Sirs, quoth he, to sit
 Like wooden Block-heads, void of Wit;
 And not endeavour to prevent,
 What threatens thus our Government?
 How can ye suffer poor Queen *Jane*,
 To lose the Crown, and *Mary* Reign?
 When you are certain, it'll fall out so,
 That she will rattle us about so,
 That not a Man nor Mother's Son
 But will be utterly undone,

And

And our Religion go to pot,
 By which our Riches we have got;
 And Articles, and Common-Pray'r,
 And three times fifty Psalms, that are
 Than Honey-comb or Sugar sweeter,
 Since *Hopkins* turn'd em into Meeter,
 Must be put down; and which is worse,
 What from the Kirk we took by force
 We must restore, and this ye know
 Will leave us nak'd as *Æsop's* Crow.
 Bestir ye therefore Gentlemen,
 Defend yourselves and good Queen *Jane*,
 You who are Sword-Men, to your Sword,
 We who are Word-Men, we'll to th' Word.
 Get up and Fight in Blood to knee,
 We'll Preach and Pray for Victory:
 Rouse ye, great *Dudley*, our Protector,
 And lay about ye like *Troy's* Hector:
 Duke *Suffolk*, and your Kinsman *Gray*,
 Call all to Arms 'tween *Thames* and *Tay*,
 Fight like old *Goths*, or *Moscow's* *Cæsars*,
Zorobabels, or *Shezbussazars*;
 Till all your Foes lie dead before ye
 Thus you'll Triumph, and we'll adore ye.
 This said, they bid *Northumberland*
 Of th' Army take the chief Command,
 And lead to Battle; soft, quoth *John*,
 There's something else must first be done;
 I ought to have, before I go,
 Commission for what I do;
 That what I undertake may be
 By *Jane's* and your Authority.

That's true, quoth *Cranmer*, and I'll draw
 A full Commission without flaw,
 Which I and all the rest will sign,
 And the great Seal we'll to it join;
 So that for all the Blood you spill,
 You're autoriz'd by Hand and Seal.

Go therefore boldly to the Wars,
 And shield ye Heaven from Wounds and Scars.
 And now the tall Gigantick *John*
 Puts Back and Breast, and Head-piece on,
 And trusty Blade with Basket Hilt,
 Which Foes in former Fights had felt;
 Puts into Pocket his Commission,
 Then piously makes his Petition
 That *Cranmer* would draw from the Skies
 A Blessing on his Enterprize:
 And tho' in Armour stiffly buckel'd,
 On knees he down to *Cranmer* truckl'd:
 At which *Baal's* High-Priest takes upon him
 To call down *Astral* Blessings on him,
 Laying both hands upon his Crown,
 To keep him on his knees while down,
 Turns up the whites of both his Eyes,
 And Blesses thus in Canting wise:

May you, Sir, Prosper where you go,
 And may your look affright your Foe.
 May killing Rays dart from your Eyes,
 Mortal as those of Cock-a-trice.
 May one Man of your Army chace
 A thousand, and may ten displace
 Ten thousand, when they come to Fight,
 Scare as with Goblins in the night:
 May all your Men be fierce as Lions,
 And Mastiffs fell, and stout as Giants;
 And when engag'd, for ever fight on
 Till all are kill'd that e're ye light on:
 And may you, when you come again,
 Bring back as many Heads of Men,
 That by your own Hand have been slain,
 As may for every Day you March
 Build up a large Triumphal Arch:
 Take now your Sword and gird it to ye,
 Go on, you have my Blessing wi'ye,
 Thus ends he what he had to say;
Dudley gets up and goes his way.

While

While things at Court were acted thus,
Ridley (r) was canting at *Paul's* Cross.
 This *Ridley* was, as most agree,
 The Picture of a *Pharisee*,
 In *Calvinism* most deeply learn'd,
 His Living by his Preaching earn'd;
 Could hold forth, when the Spirit prest him,
 From Morn to Night and never rest him;
 A fawning flatt'ring Hypocrite,
 That canted Gospel out of spite;
 Had at Command his Tears, and could
 His Face into strange Figures mould,
 And in his Eyes could make appear
 Love, Hatred, Joy, Grief, Zeal, and Fear
 Successively, one after t'other,
 And when he pleas'd shew all together,
 Or any one, or all, dissemble,
 And had a Tongue as glib and nimble
 As tail of Eel; and for his Treason
 Pretended Scripture still and Reason.

This wicked canting Counterfeit
 Gets him into his Pulpit Seat,
 With all the Rabble gaping round it
 To swallow that which he expounded;
 Where having three times of his Eyes
 Turned the white to blue of Skies,
 Th' Enthusiastick Spirit moves him
 To utter what he thinks behoves him;
Mary's a Papist, O beloved,
 You know, and so I need not prove it,
 I've told ye thousand times e're this
 What frightful thing a Papist is,
 And have to you explain'd the word,
 As reveal'd to me by the Lord,

(r) Dr. Ridley, Bishop of London (says Baker) on the 16th of July, at St. Paul's-Cross, preached a Sermon, wherein he invited the People to stand firm to Queen Jane, whose cause he affirmed to be most just. Baker's Hist. page 215.

From

From *Genesis* to *Revelations*,
 Against the Papish Faith and Fashions;
 By which I've shewn that *Rome's* a Beast
 With six or seven Heads at least,
 And every Head has half a score
 Large Horns upon it, if not more:
 What therefore now I must hold-forth-is
 That Papish *Mall*, for all her Birth, is
 No lawful Heir to th' Crown; because
 Her Faith's Repugnant to the Laws,
 Which blessed *Edward* made of late,
 While he Reign'd Head of Church and State,
 He, to prevent a Papish Reign,
 By Patent gave his Crown to *Jane*;
 And made us swear to see her Crown'd,
 As soon as he was laid in Ground:
 So that her Highness being thus,
 By Will of King and Oath of us,
 Own'd for our Queen, 'tis plain the Crown,
 Is indisputably her own.
 Besides she does Inherit it
 As Heir of old *Plantaginet*:
 It follows then that *Mall* the Princess
 To Heirship can have no pretences:
 Besides, if e're she gets the Crown,
 Then woe's my Heart for this poor Town:
 She'll banish Protestants from *London*,
 And new Religion will be undone;
 Hang us Apostles by the Necks,
 For Rebels and for Hereticks:
 But good Queen *Jane*, pray Heaven save her,
 And let us praise the Lord we have her;
 'Tis she that must defend us from
 The seven-head-ten-Horn'd Beast of *Rome*.
 Then does he set her Virtues forth,
 Her Piety and passing Worth,
 Her hatred great 'gainst Popery,
 And Zeal for Gospel-Liberty:

Then

Then from her Birth he does declare,
 That to the Crown she is right Heir.
 This, Brethren, is unquestionable,
 Assist her therefore Godly Rabble;
 Arm, Arm, brave boys, and to the Field,
 Make *Mary* and her Forces yield:
 Let every Man gird on his Sword,
 And fight the Battle of the Lord:
 The Lord of Hosts before will go,
 And lead you on against the Foe;
 As he did *Gideon* and his Bands
 That carried Pitchers in their Hands;
 Smite hip and thigh, with edge of Sword,
 Of all that do resist the Lord:
 And, as of old, so now the Sun
 Will stand stock still till you have done:
 Thus he went on, but let us leave
 The profane Hypocritick Knave,
 And back return to former stand
 Where late we left *Northumberland*.

The manner of his Marching forth,
 Some Authors tells us, and his worth,
 His Stature, Courage, Strength, and Age,
 His Armour and his Equipage,
 His warlike Feats in former Days,
 Perform'd in *Scotch* and *Gallick* Frays,
 His Battels won and great Atchievements,
 Wounds, Bruises, Bangs, and other Grievements;
 Which happen'd oft to be his Fate,
 For no Man's always Fortunate:
 All which I leave to Ancient story;
 Now see the end of all his Glory.

Arm'd with Commission, Sword and Folly,
 From Council-board he makes his Sally,
 Takes leave of Fortune, and his Friends,
 And to the Head of Army tends:
 Where being come his Men he Musters,
 And Officers together Clusters,

Gives

Gives out the word, which when exprest,
He of Queen *Mary* goes in quest.

Scarce had he led his Army down,
Thrice three Days marches from the Town,
When news he gets, that *Mary*, Queen
In *London* had Proclaimed been ^(s),
By order of the Council, who
Commision'd him a while ago:
To save themselves they now betray
Their Knights, and leave the Lady *Gray*.

Surpriz'd at this *John's* Courage fails him,
No need of Pulse to tell what ails him;
His Army's daunted, and forsakes him:
Thus left, he to his wits betakes him.

Standing a while, casting his Eyes
Down to the Ground in musing wise,
He Summons Politicks together,
Which now are stray'd he knows not whither;
And musters up his store of Thought,
Yet all, poor *John*, avails him nought:
Faint Thoughts put him in mind of flying,
And desp'rate Thoughts in mind of dying
On Point of Sword, set to his Breast;
But wiser Thoughts did these detest:
And Thoughts more manly bid him Fight,
Tho' now alone, like Errant Knight;
But Prudence charg'd him not to Warrant
Himself on Courage of Knight errant,
Nor trust himself on his own Force,
Now that he wanted Foot and Horse.
But finding 'twas not safe to Fight,
Resolves to play the Hypocrite,
And this his wisest Resolution,
Was quickly put in Execution.

(s) The Lords fell from the side, who assembling at Baynard's Castle, first the Earl of Arundel, then the Earl of Pembroke, fell into Invectives against the Duke of Northumberland. And then all the Lords joining in opinion with them, they call for the Mayer, and in London proclaimed the Lady *Mary* Queen. See Baker's Hist.

To *Cambridge* he returns, and there
 Calls out the Aldermen and Mayor,
 And to the Market-Cross repairs,
 And his feign'd Loyalty declares;
 Of which to evidence the Truth,
 From Ear to Ear he rives his Mouth,
 Proclaims Queen *Mary*; letting fly
 His feather'd Cap against the Sky:
 To wash his Grief with Liquor down,
 Taps all the Barrels in the Town;
 To *Mary's* Health sends Glasses round
 And swore by *Jove* he wish'd her Crown'd.
 Bonfires he makes to warm his Zeal,
 And with his Pistols rings a Peal,
 And Thunders from these little Guns,
Jane Gray's Confusion and his Son's,
 As if he valu'd not a Filberd
 His late Queen *Jane*, and (t) Son King *Guilford*.
 But all this not a whit avail'd him
 Both Friends and his dissembling fail'd him:
 For the next Morn as Day did peep,
 To call him up who scarce could sleep,
 Earl *Arundel*, so late his Friend,
 Enters his Chamber with a Band
 Of frightful ill-look'd Musqueteers,
 Hung round with Sword and Bandileers;
 And on the shoulder claps the Man
 With, *Here I do Arrest you John*.
 My Warrant's in Queen *Mary's* name:
 And I, quoth *John*, obey the same:
 And on his knees, for now his Legs
 Could scarcely bear him, falls and Begs
 For Mercy, owning all his Treason;
 But Prayers and Tears were out of season.
 You should have thought on this before
 Says *Arundel*, so pray give o'er:

(t) The Duke of Northumberland's fourth Son *Guilford Dudley*, married the Lady *Jane Gray*, daughter to *Harry Gray* Duke of *Su Folk*.

Secure him, Captain of the Guard,
 Till further Orders are prepar'd.
 He's now in durance, who of late
 Presum'd he had a Power o'er Fate,
 And could at pleasure rule the State.
 But *Dudley* long remain'd not there,
 E're he was sent for to the Bar,
 Where, holding up his Traytor's fist,
 He pleaded Guilty to th' Inquest;
 So was condemn'd, and so his Head
 For his Rebellion Ransom paid.
 Thus, like a Dream, the nine days Reign,
 And Projects ended of poor *Jane*,
 Ended as if they ne'er had been.
 Then Royal *Mary* was Crown'd Queen.

And now the Land that groaning lay
 Under a dire Anathema,
 Is reconcil'd to God and *Rome*,
 And banish'd Faith invited home (*u*):
 Those impious Acts by *Harry* made,
 And Statutes hatch'd in Days of *Ned*,
 Were quite annull'd by *Mary's* Pow'r
 As if they'd never been before;
 And she abandons now the Claim
 Over the Church, of Power Supreme.

Now Protestants, with mighty care,
 Pack up their Psalms and Common-Prayer,
 And from the Realm begin to scud,
 Where they had never acted good:
 Some make for *Frankfort* while they may,
 Some for *Geneva*; others stay
 Still to infest the peaceful Land,
 By acting Treasons under hand;
 As making *Edward*, lately dead,
 To rise again and shew his head,

(*u*) Cambden gives Queen *Mary's* Character thus; a Princess never sufficiently to be commended of all Men, for pious and religious Demeanour, her Commiseration towards the Poor and her Munificence and Liberality towards the Nobility and Church-men: In his Introduction to his Hist. of the Life of Queen *Eliz.* p. 10.

And Voices from old Walls to break out,
And Stones or something else to speak out;
You'll understand me from the Cheat
Of *Bessy Crofts* of *Alders-Gate*,
A thing that was suppos'd, my most,
A speaking Stone, or talking Post,
That preach'd from thence in Croaking tone,
Like *Gray's* old Toad in Lintel-stone.

But to be plainer thus it was,
In an old Wall they hid a Lafs,
Where through a Whistle that she had
On purpose for th' Imposture made,
She rais'd a hideous kind of Noise,
That drew together all the Boys
And old Folks too; for who came near it,
Surpriz'd with wonder, stood to hear it;
Till by degrees to list'ning Rabble
Her words would grow intelligible:
And at the last her Lesson tell
As plain as Heathen Oracle.
Against Religion she would rail
Worse than a frantick Priest of *Baal*.
Mafs, Saints, Confession, Sacrifice,
She wou'd abuse with hundred Lies;
And then wou'd praise the Common-Pray'r,
And Articles full twenty Pair.
Or Twenty-one, for you must know
They then were number'd Forty-two.
She Psalms wou'd often Sing in Meeter,
Like *Hopkins*, but a great deal sweeter;
And in Conclusion of her Speech,
Would with a hollow accent Preach,
That angry Heaven did resent
Queen *Mary's* Popish Government:
And therefore she was sent from Skies,
The Holy Flock to Authorise
To cut her off: By her Commission
The Manner left to their discretion.

This

This for a while was held by all
 To be a Spirit in the Wall:
 But was, on breaking down the Mound,
 A Protestant Imposture found,
 Set on the Mob t' insatuate,
 And raise Rebellion in the State.
 This scarce was o'er, when on the Stage
 They bring a youth of *Edward's* Age,
 And like him too, with a Pretence
 That *Ned* was living, this the Prince,
 And that all ought to join in one,
 Their wronged King to Re-inthrone,
 Designing, by this piece of cunning,
 To set the Rabble mad a running,
 To see new King, so lately dead,
 Now risen from his Marble Bed;
 And Guard him, by the Force of Arms,
 From *Mall* and all impending Harms;
 And drive her Highness from the Throne,
 And Seize the Treasure of the Crown:
 For in th' Exchequer, they were told,
 Lay fifty thousand Pounds in Gold;
 But Fate forbad their going on
 With this their feign'd King *Fetherston*,
 For that was the Impostor's name,
 Yet he was pardon'd for the same;
 Till once again he fell to Kinging,
 And then he got a Rope to swing in:
 For 'twas but just that then his Neck
 Shou'd pay for th' double saucy Trick.

The Duke of *Suffolk*, who had been,
 So lately pardon'd by the Queen,
 Could not be pleas'd to end his Days
 In peace; but Arms with all his *Grays*:
 The *Carews* Arm'd; to weapon went
 The *Cornish*; and the Men of *Kent*.
 Sir *Thomas Wyat*, was their Head,
 To whom false *Brett* five hundred led;

Thus

Thus stickled the Rebellious Nation,
 A Credit for that Reformation.
 That spread such Venom o'er the Region
 'Gainst God, Prince, Priest, and true Religion.
 But at the last this restless Crew,
 Receiv'd the hire to Rebels due:
Suffolk, his Son, the Lady *Jane*,
Wyat, and fifty of his Train,
 And *Brett* and Twenty-two beside
 Of his, as open Rebels dy'd.
 And now to *Cranmer's* End we come:
 Behold, as soon as subtile *Tom*
 Perceiv'd his Life approach the date,
 He cast about to cheat his Fate,
 Which he conjectures must be done
 By way of Recantation;
 And therefore sets him to Recant,
 His Heresies, and plays the Saint;
 His Recantation writes and signs
 With his own hand, and to it joins
 A formal Oath that this his Deed
 Merely from Conscience did proceed,
 And of his own free-will, without
 The least sinister Motive to't.
 But as a Witch in hand of Justice
 Finds in her Imps no longer trust is;
 So *Cranmer's* Tricks no whit avail him,
 And all his Guardian Devils fail him:
 For set aside his Heresy,
 He's now for Treason doom'd to die.
 At which he makes a second turn,
 And backward swears what he had sworn:
 His Recantation he Recants,
 Begs Pardon of his Protestants,
 And leads the van of *Fox's* Saints;
 In Flames his curst Soul did expire,
 And into Hell dropt from the Fire.
 So *Ridley* dy'd and *Hooper* too,
 And other Villains not a few;

Whom

Whom *Pluto* tumbld into *Styx*,
 For Traitors and damn'd Hereticks.
 The other Brethren having seen
 There was no jesting with the Queen;
 Pack up their Awls, and hasten o'er
 To *Germany*, twice twenty Score,
 With Articles and Common-Pray'r,
 As heeding no Religion there,
 But what they carry'd of their own,
 As to the *Germans* yet unknown (*):
 For you must know they hated following
 Of *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Knipper-dolling*,
 Or *John o' Leyden*, *Carolstadius*,
Zuenkfield, or *Oecolampadius*.
 But slighting these, the haughty Elves
 Wou'd needs be leaders of themselves;
 Not one alone to lead the rest,
 But each lead all, as he thought best:
 For scarce a Man of all the Crew
 But claim'd the Pastorship as due.

Old *Whittingham* and Doctor *Cox*,
Good-man, and *Scory*, *Wood* and *Knox*,
Fox, *Juell*, *Williams*, *Horn*, and *Ghest*,
Sands, *Bentham*, *Grindall*, and the rest,
 Agreed about their Common-Prayer,
 Like *Hudibras* with Fiddle and Bear.

Wood, *Williams*, *Whittingham*, and *Sutton*;
 Valu'd the Prayer-Book not a Button;
 The Litany they grudg'd to say,
 And threw the Surplice quite away,
 Alter'd Confession, chang'd the Hymns,
 For old *Jack Hopkin's* Pithy Rhymes.

Their *Zurick* Brethren could not Brook
 Such mangling of the *English* Book:
Emdden did bitterly complain,
 And *Stasburg* took't in great disdain:
 For you must know in all of these
 They planted had their Colonies.

(*) See the History of Frankfort, anno 1555.

Frankfort too weak to hold dispute,
Sends me for *Knox* to help 'em out,
With promise, if he'd bide the shock,
He shou'd be Pastor of the Flock.
This tickled mainly *Knox* his Fancy;
As glad he was as e're did *Man-see*,
That Congregation, pitch'd upon him
To take the Past'ral Office on him.
He runs about the Town like mad,
To take leave of those Friends he had:
Sets his immov'ables to Sale,
And crams the rest into his Mail:
Leaps on the Back of lofty Beast,
And from *Geneva* Posts in haste;
As fast as e're his Horse could ride,
Bang'd with a heel on either side;
The Horse his four mov'd not so fast,
As *Knox* ply'd two feet at his waste.
But be't as 'twill, both Horse and he
To *Frankfort* got, and all agree:
And into *Kirk* he enters, e're
They could suppose him half way there,
Where *Whittingham*, without Restriction,
Gives him the Keys of Jurisdiction;
Expecting he wou'd let things stand,
As they were fitted to his hand.
But busy *Knox*, now grown expert,
As *Calvin* could be for his heart,
Would undertake to make a Plat-form
Of *Kirk*, not like at all to that Form.
That *Whittingham* had late invented;
The Congregation discontented,
Oppos'd it all the ways they could do;
But *John* was resolute, and would do
What he thought fit, and fell a storming,
When any crost him in Reforming.
Nor would he let 'em move a Lip
In what concern'd his Pastorsnip.

The *Straßburg* Brethren hearing how,
 Matters, alas! were like to go,
 And that Sir *Whittingham* and *Knox*
 Would go by th' ears, or fall to box,
 Or one another's Eyes out scratch,
 Or from their Heads pull all the Thatch,
 Send *Chambers* all in haste away
 For *Grindal*, to appease the fray;
 Who being come, and *Knox* saluting,
 Fell presently to hot disputing;
 By *Knox* oppos'd, not *Knox* alone,
 But eke by Congregation:
 And that because they meant to try
 That settling *Edward's* Liturgy.
 For Congregation lik'd not this;
 And *Knox* dislik'd 'em both, they his.
 B'ing thus divided, as the Calf's
 Head was by Teague, into *Three Halfs*,
 With Book in hand up steps Sir *Lever*,
 Thinking it is now time or never,
 To get a Form that he had made,
 And always used when he pray'd,
 To pass by general Consent,
 Since none o'th' rest could give content.
 But *Lever's* Discipline and Prayer,
 Except himself, pleas'd no Man there.
John Fox, a Man of no small action,
 Head of the Fagg-end of the Faction,
 For every Faction that was there
 Had several Heads, at least a pair:
 Some like the Snake in *Lerna's* Fen;
 And some in shape of *Amphisben*,
 Which, such as do inspect things well,
 A second Head allot to's Tail.
 This *Fox* was he that since did those
 Vast Acts and Monuments compose:
 Thus speaks he, for it was but fit
 That he shou'd speak as well as sit.

For

For my part, I can make, ye know,
 A Discipline as well as you;
 And frame a Godly Form of Prayer
 Soul-moving as the best that's there,
 (Pointing to theirs, for he had spy'd 'em,
 Laid in the Window close beside 'em)
 But this preferring of Inventions,
 I find, brings nothing but Contentions;
 And will, as sure as Bard in *Greece* is,
 Ding Congregation all to pieces:
 For certainly they strike at Root on't,
 And it has neither Shoe nor Boot on't.
 Therefore these Stripes, harder than Stones,
 Must break at last its Ankle Bones;
 And then, the dullest of us all
 Knows that he cannot stand, but fall.
 I speak to you that know, learn'd Sirs,
 The meaning of dark Metaphors.
 Pray strive no more about your Prayers,
 Nor about Discipline go by th' ears;
 But leave your Form, and do not grieve
 To follow *Calvin's* of *Geneve*.
 For tho' 'tis scarcely right in all things,
 Yet let us wisely wink at small things,
 And for the sake of Unity,
 To that sole Discipline agree;
 Quoth *Whittingham* (a), my Vote I gi-ye
 For *Calvin*, and much good may't do-ye.

(a) When Whittingham, and divers others of a more violent humour, says the Author of the pretended Holy Discipline, came first to Frankfort, they fell presently into a very special liking of the Geneva Discipline, as finding it to contain such Rules and Practices as did greatly concur with their own Disposition, viz. That if Bishops and Princes refused to admit of the Gospel, they might be used, by their Subjects, as the Bishop of Geneva was used, that is, Deposed. And that every particular Minister, with Assistants, according to the Plat-form of that Discipline, was himself a Bishop, and had as great Authority within his own Parish as any Bishop in the World might lawfully Challenge, even to the Excommunication of the best as well Princes as Peasants, &c. How be it, many there were, as Dr. Cox, Dr. Horne, Mr. Jewell, with sundry others, who perceiving the Tricks of that Discipline, did utterly dislike it.

And I advise the rest, good *John*,
 To give their Votes as we have done.
 Quoth *Haddon*, I am not inclin'd
 To be by *Calvin* Disciplin'd:
 'T may suit the Backs of brauny *Swisses*,
 But not a Skin so fine as this is;
 King *Edward's* Form is good, says *Haddon*;
 Ye lie, quoth *Knox*, it is a bad one:
 I had, the rather of the two,
 Have *Calvin's* pass than join with you.
 Up *Goodman* starts, when hearing this,
 As fower as provoked *Swiss*,
 And told *John Knox* he did defy,
 All that condemn'd *Ned's* Liturgy;
 And wou'd defend it by the dint
 Of Dagger, Sword, or Argument.
 With him joins *Alcockson* and *Saul*,
 And *Sands* affirm'd it best of all;
Pedder was of his Mind, and *Lakin*;
 But *Williams* thought them all mistaken,
 And swore, by all his Blood within,
 It was not worth a headless Pin.
 Old *Hollingham*, and *Wood*, and *Keath*
 Rail'd at it till quite out of Breath.
Kent swore it was, and so did *Bale*,
 Not worth the paring of his Nail.
Whitnal abus'd it, and grim *Samford*
 Swore ne'er to use it, were he damn'd for't.
 Thus they, to any body's fight
 Run all horn-mad and fit to fight,
 Till in good time upstarts me *Gill*,
 Who all this while had sitten still;
 As not agreeing with his Reason
 To plead for't in so hot a Season;
 And beck'ning to 'em to be quiet,
 For they were blust'ring and high yet,
 Advises to *Glauber* they would go,
 And unto him their Prayer-Book shew,

With

With other *Germans* of Renown,
 And deem'd the godliest in the Town;
 And if such Judges like it well,
 Then let us use it, quoth Sir *Gill*.
 This pleas'd all Parties, and next day
 T' expose their Book they trot away,
 And to the *Germans*, here and there,
 Each Party shews his Common-Prayer:
 The one to gain it better fame,
 T' other to ridicule the same.
 But *Whittington* and *Knox* his aim
 Was to have *Calvin* see the same;
 As very wisely understanding,
 Nothing would pass he had no hand in.
Knox therefore into Latin put it;
 And us'd such Means that *Calvin* got it;
 But soon as *Calvin* cast his eye on't;
 He falls a huffing and cries, *Fy on't (b)*;
 Declaring, in an angry Fleeer,
 " *There's many a foolish Trifle here,*
 " *That may be borne with,*" not defended;
 But it were better 'twere amended:
 And 'ere you set it right, it must
 Be polished from Popish rust.
 When *Calvin* gave it such a touch,
 It lost its Credit very much.
 And such as were before so fond on't,
 Now scarcely deign to lay a hand on't,
 Unless sometimes a Leaf or so
 They pluck it out when to stool they go.
 But now, the Mischief on't, their Case
 Is worse by far than 'ere it was:
 For having cast the Book away
 They want a Form by which to Pray:
 For these Men were not gifted then
 To pray *Extempore*, like *Pen*.

(b) See the History of the Troubles at Frankfort, and Survey of Holy Discipline, Printed at London, p. 44. 1593.

Nor had they yet, to prompt their brain,
 The Secret of the magic Cane;
 Such as the Whig-Saint, Major *Wear*,
 Lean'd always on, when at his Pray'r.
 At last they call'd a Convocation,
 Not such a one as now's in Fashion:
 For there they sat down altogether,
 The humbler Clergy with the other,
 Nor knew they any Man his Seat,
 But each the first took he came at:
 That is, if none were sitting on't,
 For else't had been a base Affront.
 After some turnings of discourse,
 And talking much had made 'em hoarse;
 They came at last to Resolution
 Of putting things in execution:
 And thus it was; no one to chuse,
 Nor either of the Forms refuse;
 But so to mingle both together,
 As no Man might discover either,
 And yet be both, in being there,
John Calvin's, and *King Edward's* Pray'r.
 Thus mix'd: The next thing to be done,
 Having the Lump to work upon,
 Was to extract from both a new one,
 Which for a while must be the true one.
A while, I say, for they intended
 At better leisure to amend it.
 Well, all was pleas'd, and Matters were
 In quiet *State* for half a Year;
 Till *Cox* and his to *Frankfort* came,
 And jumbled all things out of frame.
 First thing they do, they beg for Union,
Knox and the rest join Communion,
 Not doubting but they wou'd comply,
 With the new Form of Liturgy.
 On Sunday following not a Man
 But had his best Apparel on,

His

His Doublet-Lap cut into Quarters,
 That scarce reach'd half way to his Garters,
 His Breeches strait, long, ope' at *Knee*,
 As Boors do use in *Germany*;
 His Beard was cut in form of Spade,
 As *Hudibras's* since was made:
 His Locks scarce hid his Ears, he had 'em
 As Folk in Ballads picture *Adam*:
 His Hat shap'd almost like a Cone,
 Taper at top, the wide end down;
 With narrow Rim, scarce wide enough
 To save from Rain the staring Ruff,
 That round his Neck stood with no less
 Of poking holes, than tripple Chefs
 That stiff as Buckram stood with Starch,
 And thus equipt to Kirk they march.

But when in Kirk this godly Crew,
 Was set, and Parson in his Pew
 Begun his Prayer, *Cox* with his Boys
 Roar out an unexpected Noise.
 Of Responds, as the Parson Read-on,
 Which *Knox* and's Party thought no need on:
 But touch'd in Conscience, fell a grumbling,
 And drown'd the Parson's voice with mumbling,
 Till many of the younger sort
 Burst out with Laughter at the sport;
 So that one might, like that of Hounds,
 Have heard variety of Sounds.
Knox hides his Wrath, lets them go on;
 But, when the Afternoon came, *John*
 Into the Pulpit gets, and there
 Falls foul on *Cox* and *Edward's* Prayer,
 With all the Rhetorick he had;
 The Substance of the thing he said,
 Here in the Margent you may see (c)
 Writ from their *Frankfort* History.

(c) The History of the Troubles at Frankfort, concerning *Knox's* Sermon, says, *Knox* having past so far in *Genesies*, that he was come to *Noah* as he lay open in the Tent, spake these Words following;
 As

Cox bloodily at this be'ng vex'd,
 Resolves Revenge, on Sunday next?
 Gets into Kirk by break o' Day,
 While *Knox's* Party was away,
 And makes a Parson of his own
 Possess the Pulpit till 'twas Noon,
 With orders, soon as *Knox* came in,
 With *Edward's* Prayer-Book to begin,
 From end to end to read it o'er,
 And all to Answer as before.
Knox furious grew at this, and ire
 Set Head and Face and all afire,
 And made him Ban and backwards pray
 Like Mistrifs *Loveit* in the Play.

As divers things ought to be kept Secret, even so such things as tend to the dishonour of God and disquieting of his Church, ought to be disclosed, and openly reprov'd. And thereupon (says our Author) he shewed how that, after long trouble and contention among them, a godly Agreement was made, and how the same that Day, was ungodly broken, which thing became not the proudest of them all to have done; alledging furthermore, that like as by the Word of God we must seek our Warrant for the establishing of Religion; and without that to thrust nothing into any Christian Congregation: So, for as much as in the English Book, were things both Superstitious, Unpure, and Unperfect, which he offered to prove before all Men, he would not consent that of that Church it should be received. That in case Men would go about to burthen that free Congregation therewith, so oft as he should come in that place (the text offering occasion) he would not fail to speak against it. He further affirmed, that among many things which provoked God's Anger to England, slackness to reform Religion was one; And therefore it became them to be Circumspect how they laid their Foundation. And where some Men were not ashamed to say, that there was no let or stop in England (meaning in King Edward's time) but that Religion might be and is already brought to perfection, he proved the Contrary by want of Discipline: Also by the Troubles which Master Hooper sustained for the Rochet, and such like, in the Book commanded and allowed, and for that one Man was permitted to have 3, 4, or 5 Benefices, to the great Scandal of the Gospel, and defrauding of the Flock of Christ of their Livelihood and Sustainance. These were the chief Notes of his Sermon, which was so stomach'd of some, especially of such as had many Livings in England, that he was very sharply charged, and reprov'd so soon as he came out of the Pulpit, for the same, Thus the Hist. page 38.

But

But *Cox*, tho' of a calmer Face,
 Resolves to bate him not an Ace,
 It wou'd ha' pleas'd ye to have seen 'em,
 What Counter-scuffles fell between 'em,
 How one shov'd 'tother from the Pulpit
 Who left it not while he cou'd help it;
 Till *Cox* and *Leever* overcame,
 Both Pastor *Knox* and *Whittingham*.

They pick'd a hole in *Knox's* Coat
 (Elie't had been whether for a Groat)
 Having found out in proper season
 That *Knox* 'gainst *Cæsar* had writ Treason.

Of which they good advantage took,
 And brought for evidence his Book,
 Which closely to his Charge they laid,
 See in the Margent what he said (*d*).

(*d*) *Knox's* Admonition to Christians, as cited by the History of the Troubles at Frankfort, p. 44. 45. O England! England! if thou wilt obstinately Return into Egypt, that is, if thou Contract Marriage, Confederacy, or League, with such Princes as do maintain and advance Idolatry, such as the Emperor; who is no less Enemy to Christ than was Nero; If for the Pleasure and Friendship (I say) of such Princess, thou Return to thine Old Abominations before used under Papistry; Then Assuredly, O England, thou shalt be plagued and brought to Desolation by the Means of those whose favour thou seekest, and by whom thou art procured to fall from Christ, and serve Antichrist. There were other eight places (says the History) but this was most Noted, in that it touched the Emperor. His Treasurer was also against Philip the Emperor's son and Queen Mary of England. John Knox thus forced to fly, several of his party not willing to Confirm, resolv'd to depart also. Upon this, The next day (says the History) the Pastor Dr. Cox, Durry, and Mr. Athley sent for Whittingham, Tho. Coal, Jo. Fox, Will. Keath, Roger Hart, Jo. Hilton, with certain others; demanding of them what should be the Cause of their departure? Whittingham answered, first, their Breach of Promise established with Invocation of God's Name. Secondly, their Orderless thrusting themselves into the Church. Thirdly, Taking the Order of Discipline Established before their coming, and placing no other. Fourthly, The Accusation of Mr. Knox, their Godly Minister, of Treason, and Seeking his Blood. Fifthly, Their over-throwing of the Common Order, taken and commanded by the Magistrates. Sixthly, the bringing in of Papistical Superstitions and unprofitable Ceremonies, which were Burthens, Yokes and Clogs. When he and some of the rest had rendered their Reasons for their Departure, to this Effect, certain warm Words passed to and fro from one to the other, and so in some Heat departed, Hist. p. 59.

No sooner did they this relate
 To *Glauber*, who was Magistrate,
 But he commanded *Knox* to fly,
 And scape deserved destiny:
 Tho' *Cox* and *Lever* were in hope,
Glauber would have employ'd the Rope.
 Some of his Party did embroil,
 The Congregation for a while;
 But *Whitehead* now being made the Pastor,
 Joins force with *Cox*, and gets the Master
 O'er all the Rebels he could find,
 That busy *Knox* had left behind;
 And forc'd old *Whittingham* and *Fox*,
 With all their Clan, to follow *Knox*,
 They do so; and by break o' Day,
 Pack up things fitting for the way;
 As Bread, Cheese, Butter and Roast-beef,
 For Travellers must have Relief,
 And to *Geneva* away they pack,
 With each his Knap-sack on his back:
 For *Fox* advis'd 'em not to Ride,
 Save on a Stick, for shunning Pride:
 But e're twas long, himself grew sick,
 With riding on a Faggot-stick:
 And therefore took up Inn at *Basel*,
 And warm'd him with his Horse of *Hasel*.
 The rest recruiting empty Wallets,
 That had been rob'd by hungry Pallets,
 Resolve to march on the next Day,
 And so took *Zurick* in their way;
 And wou'd have gladly winter'd there,
 But that the Fox, old *Bullenger*,
 Lik'd not that such a pack of Drones
 Shou'd come to suck his Honey-combs:
 For he was Pastor in the Town,
 And had a Flock there of his own,
 That had the best part of his living
 From Charities of Burghers giving;

And

And therefore grumbl'd, *Franckfort* Truants,
Shou'd come to eat up his Allowance.
But seeing they were got to town,
He bad 'em (coldly) fit 'em down;
At least to rest an hour or so,
And take a snack before they go.
Then out he brings a wooden Dish,
With bits of Beef, and Pork, and Fish,
That had from Dinner 'scap'd away:
When they had lick'd the greasy Tray,
He brings an *Aqua-vitæ* Bottle,
That had a lid screw'd on for stopple;
And gives 'em every one a sup,
Out of the little stopple Cup.
Then points their way, and gives his Blessing,
To make amends for such dismissing.
At last they got to journey's end,
And there we'll leave 'em with their Friend
John Calvin.

Franfort thus empty'd of a Pack-such,
As *Noll* himself ne're saw more factious;
When every one ran mad to fight,
With' next he met, for inward-light:
You may perhaps expect to find
The Congregation, left behind,
At quiet, free from further grudging,
Concerning Matters of Religion;
And, in their Faith and Kirk-Communion,
Link'd all together in close Union.
But this you must not look for, where
Of Protestants you find a pair:
Nay if but one alone, you'll see
He cannot with himself agree;
But be for this, that, *t' other way*,
Perhaps an hundred times a day.

At *Frankfort* then, new Feuds arose,
About the name and stile of those,
Who were as Chiefs to be elected,
(For Kirk, you know, must be protected.)

Some were for *Bishop*; but the rest
 Detested this, and the word *Priest*,
 As Titles sprung from Antichrist.
Superintendant some were for;
 But others did that Name abhor,
 'Cause *Super* was join'd to *Intendant*,
 Whereas each Man was independant;
Intendant they could well away with,
 But it was *Super* they said nay with:
 Because it argu'd him Superior,
 And consequently them Inferior:
 Whereas the meanest of the People,
 By Gospel-freedom, was his equal.
 At last they all agreed to name him
Pastor; And *Pastor* they proclaim him:
 Because, say they, it signifies,
 Only to Feed, not Tyrannize,
 Nor Govern, nor Command, nor Rule
 Over the rest, without Controul:
 For none lik'd to be Governed
 But all were willing to be Fed.
 Yet some thought *Feeding* had extent
 To th' odious Name of *Government*;
 For he (say they) that Feeds the Sheep,
 Will also claim a Power to keep
 The Flock from ranging here and there,
 In search of more abundant Fare:
 And when by chance one strays too far,
 A snarling Cur, e're it's aware,
 Is sent to pinch it by the Lug;
 'Twill find no mercy in the Dog.
 As for its Fleece, *Pastor* will take it,
 And leave the Sheep, as *Adam*, naked.
 If Government o'er Congregation
 Be exercised on this fashion,
 Pray will not this, Sirs, think ye, be
 O'er us a perfect Tyranny?
 They all conclude, it must be so;
 And therefore to consult they go,

How

How to prevent the sad Disasters
That might befall 'em from such *Pastors*.
In fine the cautious Multitude,
For the preventing this, conclude
That, tho' they lik'd well *Pastor's* Care,
Yet none should hold the Past'ral Chair,
Longer than by the Congregation
He's deemed fit for such a Station.
Nor should the Elder's Office hold,
Longer than Congregation would.
They made an Act that Elders were
To be degraded once a Year;
And new ones put into their places;
Or, if perchance some of their Graces
Chance to be re-inthron'd again,
'Tmust be from rank of private Men.

You heard before how *Whittingham*,
Invented first the Pastor's Name;
And how that he, a simple Novice,
Gave up to *Knox* his Past'ral Office:
And how that stubborn Traytor *Knox*,
Supplanted was by crafty *Cox*;
Who yet remain'd not long in place,
E're he gave way to *Whitehead's* Grace;
And *Whitehead* turn'd it o'er to *Horn*,
The archest *Pastor* e're was born;
A Rogue that play'd them more false Pranks,
Than Gypsies cou'd, or Mountebanks.

Horn, with a proud insulting Air,
Rais'd in him from conceit of Chair,
Behaves himself as if he'd been,
A little *Ned*, or Maiden Queen;
Or had Supremacy much more,
Than *Harry* e're assum'd before.
He tells his Flock they must obey,
(Tho' how, they never knew the way)
Conform they must, each Mother's Son,
To whatsoever he'll have done;

Or

Or else in *Franckfort* must not stay,
 But to *Geneva* pack away.
 Thus, by the mighty force of Tongue,
 He aw'd a while the Factious throng;
 Till *Ashly*, an Esquire of fashion,
 And great in th' Eye of Congregation,
 Bolder than others were, and quicker,
 When warm'd with Zeal and rhenish Liquor,
 Hotly with *Pastor Horn* debated,
 'Bout matters that to Church related:
 Demanding whether Power Supreme,
 Was in the People or in him?
 With other things that by *Sir Horn*
 Could not with Patience be born;
 As fearing he would undermine
 His Government and Discipline.
 But *Horn*, b'ing of a lofty Soul,
 Thought much that any shou'd controul,
 Or question him about his Office,
 A Lay-Man too! A saucy Novice;
 Who, as to Hebrew, Greek, or Latin,
 Could with a School-boy scarce hold chatting;
 And in Divinity as dull
 As he who baited the Pope's Bull.
Horn was beside of temper hot,
 And hotter when he took his Pot:
 For 'twas at Supper they fell out,
 When Brimmers briskly flew about:
 And therefore could not brook the strange rage
 Of *Ashley's* Carriage, and his Language:
 But having first boasted his worth,
 And faculty of holding-forth,
 His Knowledge in old History,
 And present Church's Mystery,
 His Skill profound in Reformation,
 And Privilege of Pastoral station;
 All which, he pleads, must qualify him,
 For supreme Guide of all Men nigh him.

This

This said, the rest of his discourse,
At *Ashley* levels with much force.
I question not, Sir, but you know
I am your *Pastor*! and dare you,
Now scarce yourself, with Wrath and Wine,
Pretend to change our Discipline,
Or take upon you to correct
My Actions, or my Deeds inspect?
If I this fauciness in you,
Shou'd seem to wink at or allow,
It would destroy our Kirk at *Frankfort*:
And who the Devil can y'e thank for't?
However since you speak in drink,
As most do, whatso'er they think,
Tho' without Reason or Discretion,
Yet if when sober, a Submission
You'll make, I shall be pleas'd to Pardon,
For Peace's sake, tho' 'tis a hard one,
Not to make further Satisfaction,
For so Rebellious an Action,
As setting Congregation up
For Judges of our *Pastorship*.

Well, when you're sober, if I hear,
Words so Schismatical, I swear
I shan't be able to dispense, Sir,
Therewith, but use the Pastoral Censure.
Know, I Anathemas can breath,
Who have the Keys of Hell and Death.

Softy, good *Pastor*, for I know,
Quoth *Ashley*, no such Power in you:
I do defy your Curse alone
To send to Hell, the meanest one.
The Keys of Hell, Death, and Damnation
Are in the Hands of Congregation;
For 'tis the full Assembly can
Damn at their pleasure any Man.
The Congregation hearing this,
Cry'd, *Una voce, So it is.*

I wonder

I wonder that you should upbraid me
 With drinking; for, by him that made me,
 I am as sober as your Reverence,
 Who Glafs for Glafs has pledg'd me ever-fince,
 We fat us down at board to Supper;
 If I be drunk, then you're not sober.
 Yet, Sir, I'm not so full of drink,
 But know both what I say and think.

Some of the Elders that sat by,
 Perceiving Choler work so high,
 And dreaming that the Issue might
 End in a Counter-scuffle fight;
 Did what they could to moderate
Horn's fury, and pale *Ashley's* hate;
 Persuading each to make amends
 By shaking Hands and drinking Friends.
 O wonderful effect of Wine!
 To Peace it does again incline,
 And twists what late it did untwine.
 For as in it begun their Strife,
 So to their Friendship it gave Life;
 And both becoming merry-hearted,
 Drank themselves Friends, and so they parted.
 But ties of Liquor are not strong,
 Nor lasted drunken Friendship long;
 For, three days after, when they met,
 A large Dose did the Knot unknit,
 Which never after could be ty'd,
 Tho' *Cox*, and *Kelk*, and *Kockroft* try'd;
 And *Bentham*, *Falkoner*, and *Carrell*,
 Strove what they could, to end the Quarrel.
 So *Railton*, *Warcope*, *Bartney*, *Sands*,
 To part 'em put their helping Hands.
 Those undertook to settle Matters,
 Under the name of Arbitrators.
 But more they strove, more out of reach
 The Quarrel grew, wider the Breach;
 Till watchful Magistrates stept in,
 T' appease, by force, the zealous Din,

And

And keep th' Incens'd from together,
 That one side might not kill the other.
 Yet could they not prevent their Lungs
 From pouring out, by spiteful Tongues,
 The Venom that their inward Men
 Had skilfully compos'd within,
 To Poison one another's Fame
 And to contaminate good Name.

Horn and his Elders blew aloud
 The Vices of the Factious Crowd,
 And Congregation, in requital,
 Return'd 'em blast for blast, as spiteful,
 And every way to sense as Grievous,
 And to their Honours as Mischievous:
 Thus to their shame, their Light within,
 Expos'd to view their inward Men.

The Constables, and Magistrates,
 Who bustled to allay their Heats,
 And quench the flaming Conflagration,
 That raged thus in Reformation;
 Made use of fair words, foul words too
 They us'd, when good words would not do.
 Yet neither by their Power nor Skill,
 Could they their Malice reconcile:

Nor valu'd they one single Straw
 The force of God's, or *Frankfort's* Law,
 Only some few, to make amends,
 Shook hands together and were Friends;
 That is, as to the outward shew,
 For inwardly they were not so.

But *Horn* and *Ashley*, and the rest,
 Their Malice publicly profess,
 Which to this Day has never ceas'd;
 But makes 'em Murther, now and then,
 The one the other's outward Men,
 And Damn their inward Men and Light
 To Flames of everlasting Night;
 Witness the Books that both sides write:

Witness the Wars that were begun
 In sixteen hundred forty-one,
 'Tween Protestants, and Presbyteers,
 And ended not in eighteen Years:
 Of which I'll tell you more hereafter,
 Let's on with *Horn*, the theme of Laughter.
 The strife begun, as has been said,
 And nought of Reconcilement made,
 One *Hales*, who't seems in peace delighted,
 Resolves that he'll see all things righted;
 And to that purpose Letters sends,
 To this effect, to all his Friends;
 Alas! Dear Brothers, quoth Sir *Hales*,
 Shall we stand picking of our Nails,
 While one claws out another's eye?
 About our Prayer and Discipline,
 And not endeavour all we can
 To settle Peace 'tween Man and Man?
 How Kirk can stand, in troth I see not,
 If Reconciliation be not;
 Or be supported, while the *Pastor*
 And People thus together bluster:
 Since all the Burghers of renown
 Are scandaliz'd throughout the Town,
 So that they will not give a Penny,
 Nor Bread nor Beef allow to any;
 As judging us, that are so sturdy,
 Of Alms and Charities unworthy.
Chambers, that keeps our public Purse,
 One single Stiver won't disburse
 Unless the *Pastor* bids him do it,
 Which while this Feud's on foot, you know it,
 He'll not allow, altho' the People
 For hunger shou'd devour the Steeple;
 And eat his Elders for relief,
 And powder him instead of Beef.
 So Rats, a sort of Gyant Mouse,
 Once eat a *Pastor* and his House;

'Tis

'Tis therefore fit we find a Remedy,
 Before things come to that extremity.
 Let's therefore meet, a dozen of us,
 And manage things as does behove us,
 In *Horn* and *Ashley's* hot Contest.
 This wholsome Counsel pleas'd the rest;
 Who next day met betimes i' th' Morn,
 And sent Embassadors to *Horn*.

Horn coming to the Council-board,
 With look as big as any Lord.
 Not moving of his Head, nor bending,
 Demands the Reason of their sending;
 To which in friendly fort they answer,
 You are at variance with a Man, Sir,
 About some Words that 'scap'd his Lip,
 Relating to your *Pastor-ship*:

Which we desire, being fairly stated,
 Before the Church may be debated,
 And by us twelve be Arbitrated;
 Who representing Congregation,
 Have taken on us th' Arbitration.
 For tho' you are our *Pastor*, yet,
 As being a Party, 'tis not fit
 You Judge your Adversary, but
 The cause to this Assembly put;
 For, there no reason is that you
 Shou'd be both Judge, and party too;
 This were the giving up for lost
 Poor *Ashley's* Cause, tho' ne'er so just.

Horn looking grim, as armed *Tartar*,
 When fully bent to give no Quarter,
 And huffing like a petty Prince,
 Severely checks their Insolence:
 Demanding, by what Power or Laws,
 They undertake to judge his Cause?
 This bustle that you make, I fear,
 Says he, when't comes to *Glauber's* ear,

May be a means perhaps to make him
To some Severity betake him ;
Either to lock our Church's door,
Or shut his Purse against our Poor.
He's vex'd already, as't appears
By sending of the Halbardeers
To part us when the fray begun;
And are you still a carrying't on,
With meeting so tumultuous,
Against our Pastorship, and us?
I wish the turning us from hence
Prove not the fatal Consequence
Of such your envious peevish Snarlings,
Your Meetings, Mutinies, and Quarr'lings.
And, as your Pastor, I declare,
The next to Schismatics you are:
For sure as death, your Meetings tend
To nought but Schism in the end.
But I am resolv'd, and that you'll find,
To fit y'e for it in your kind.
Odds-curse light o'my Hand, if't fails,
Severely too, to punish *Hales*,
By Discipline Ecclesiastick,
A Weapon worse than Whip or a Stick.
But *Hales*, and those that with him sided,
The Pastor's Threats and Rage derided ;
And valu'd not a crooked Pin,
That awful thing, his Discipline ;
Nor his Ecclesiastick Whip,
Nor all his Power of *Pastor-ship* :
But peremptorily pretended,
To have his Discipline amended ;
Resolving, (which still griev'd him worse)
From *Chambers* to translate the Purse,
Into such Deacons hands as would
Distribute honestly the Gold.
For *Purse*, and *Discipline*, and *Pray'r*,
Caus'd all the diff'rence that was there.

Horn hearing such a desperate grudging,
Takes it (and who wou'd not?) in dudgeon;
And seems as if he'd Preach no more,
But give his Pastoral Office o'er:
At least (thinks he) I'll tell 'em so;
For sure they'll never let me go:
But rather humbly will Petition,
That I'll continue in Commission;
And then I'll make enough to do,
Before I will fall on a-new:
Nor will I seem to give consent,
Till all do promise to Repent:
And thus again I'll feign to leave 'em,
When they'll not do as I would have 'em.
For 'tis but fit a Governor
Use Policy, as well as Pow'r.
On Sunday next this Resolution
The *Pastor* put in execution;
And at the Kirk he would not come,
But sat in Mulligrubs at home;
Advising all his Elders, not
'Twards *Steeple-house* to stir a foot:
So that to Kirk when People came,
They found no *Pastor* in the same,
Nor Elder there to make *Oration*:
But all alone sat Congregation,
Gazing upon the vacant Pulpit;
Till at the last, in hopes to help it,
They sent selected Members out,
To try if they could bring him to't:
They beg, he huffs; they pray, he dings,
From Parlour into Kitchen flings,
And back again, like Cur with Switch,
Or Bull with Gad-bee on his Breech:
Checks Congregation's rude behaviour,
In Language coarser now than ever,
And tells 'em that, for divers Reasons,
They were unworthy of his Presence.

Yet, at the last, with much a-do,
 He yields (as't were by force) to go.
 But into Kirk b'ing come again,
 With all his Elders in his train,
 To Pulpit not a Man would go,
 But sat, like Laity, below:
 Nor would the *Pastor* thrash the Cushion,
 Unless they'd promise a Submission,
 And suffer him t' expound the Laws,
 And Judge in his and *Ashley's* Cause;
 And punish saucy *Hales* by keen
 Ecclesiastick Discipline.
 But Congregation, you must know,
 Was stiffer metal than to bow,
 Or seem to give the least Consent
 To's Arbitrary Government:
 Nor would they yield that he so rashly
 Should judge between himself and *Ashley*:
 Nor could a Man of them abide
 The currying of *Ashley's* Hide;
 Or thrashing shoulders of Friend *Hales*,
 With *Horn's* Ecclesiastick Flails:
 And so no hopes, 'tween Congregation
 And *Horn*, of Reconciliation.

This stubborn humour of the People
 Makes *Pastor* abdicate the Steeple
 As guessing still they'd not give o'er
 To court him, as they did before.
 And so indeed they did, but yet,
 The more they fawn, more *Horn's* in pet;
 Till, fearing they might leave him so,
 He yields (yet as if forc'd) to go.
 But being scarcely half-way come,
 Between his Palace and the Dome.
 He hung an A——, and do what they
 Could do, would needs have slipt away;
 Telling them, that the Words of worth,
 Declar'd by him at Holding-forth,

Was

Was but the *Castings Pearls to Hogs*,
 They were such damn'd unworthy Dogs:
 And that their rude, unhallow'd Ears,
 Deserv'd nor Gospel nor his Pray'rs.
 But having got him turn'd again
 Into the Kirk, he struts amain;
 And makes a solemn Protestation,
 In face of all the Congregation;
 That if it happen'd, after this,
 They deemed ought he did amiss,
 He'll give 'em up to *Satan's* Care,
 And shake his Shoe-dust in the Air.
 Yet for my own part, you shall find
 I have no Malice in my Mind;
 Nor do I mean to stick at small things,
 Let's therefore see to settle all things.
 But first I'll into Desk, and there,
 Says he, I'll read the Common-Prayer,
 And hope you'll all invoke the Lord,
 To sit with us at Council-Board.
 Prayer done he makes a short Oration,
 Then calls the rest o'th' Congregation;
 The absent Members, hear his Summons,
 In nature of a House of Commons,
 Came dropping in until a full-pack
 Were met, and each set on his Wool-pack;
 Where with join'd Notes, being all devout,
 They sung this Psalm that *Horn* set out (e).

*Thou hast us made a very strife,
 To those that dwell about;
 And that our Foes do love a life,
 They Laugh and Jest it out.*

From this odd Psalm, *Horn* takes occasion
 Thus to harangue the Congregation:
 Beloved Brethren, understand all
 Among the Nation 'tis a scandal,
 That we, who are the Lord's Elect,
 Should seem to be a brawling Sect;

(e) Meeter Psalm, 30. v. 7.

And worry one another thus,
 Like snarling Dogs and wawling Pufs;
 When scarce we know for what we fight,
 Nor whether side is in the Right:
 Only conceits of Self-inventions
 Is all the Ground of our Dissentions.
 If you think my Sense wrong, pray know,
 That I think your Sense wrong also:
 So that, if neither side comply^(f),
 We must contend eternally.
 Consider then, if one side must
 Yield to the other, 'tis but just
 That you submit to me, who now
 Am *Pastor*; and not I to you.
 Who ever saw, in all his days,
 Sheep lead their Shepherd out to graze?
 Therefore, beloved, pray submit,
 And let us hear no more of it.
 As for my own part, to agree,
 I promise, nought shall want in me,
 Nor in the Elders; for we do
 Pardon each Mother's Son of you;
 Reserving only things of weight
 That to our Ministry relate:
 And this I hope you'll not dispute,
 But leave to us to prosecute.

He said no more; but now the wise
 And grave Assembly thus replies:
 Tho' you are now in *Pastor's* Chair,
 Consider, Sir, who plac'd you there,
 We own you *Pastor*; yet, Sir, know
 'Twas we the Flock that made you so.
 And must the thing created claim
 O'er its Creator Power Supreme?
 We these Disputes consent to clear,
 But will not buy our Peace too dear.
 However that you never may
 Cast in our dish another day,

(f) Vide Hist. Franckf. pag. 70, 71, 72.

That we were in the least Refractory,
 Or sought imperiously to Hector ye;
 We'll own you Chief, by way of Order,
 Provided that you go no further,
 Nor seem t' assume a Jurisdiction
 Over the Flock, without Restriction.
 Besides, as to all private Grudges,
 We'll Pardon you, as God our Judge is;
 Reserving only things that be
 Relating to Church-Liberty:
 And such, we hope, you'll not dispute,
 But we ourselves may prosecute.

Those most unlucky Reservations
 Mov'd *Pastor's* Spleen and Congregation's
 To that degree, that neither side
 Could their profound Resentments hide,
 But that which yet did further grudge him,
 They take upon themselves to judge him
 In *Ashley's* Cause, where they'll be Master,
 And Vote the Church above the *Pastor*.

At which he flings down Past'ral Battoon,
 And leaves in haste the Seat he sat on;
 Expecting that, in former strain,
 They'd send to call him back again;
 And so indeed they did; at which,
 'Mong private Men, he plac'd his Breech.
 Nor, tho' they beg'd it of his Grace,
 Wou'd he assume his Pastoral Place.
 At which a Lay-man, and so young
 He scarce had got the gift of Tongue,
 With big Words and a Gesture haughty,
 Takes on him to teach *Horn* his Duty.
Horn checks him for his saucy Pleading;
 He not desisting at his bidding,
Horn takes his Contumacy ill,
 And leave his *Pastor-ship* he will;
 And up he starts, fierce as a Turk,
 And offers t'wards the door of Kirk,

But

But finding none wou'd bid him stay,
 Back to his Bench he takes his way ;
 Where being plac'd (with small respect)
 His words break out, to this effect :

Our falling out among ourselves,
 Like wrathful *Gibellins*, and *Guelphs*,
 Made me seem to withdraw my Care
 From Flock, and quit the Past'ral Chair.
 Not that I meant it absolutely,
 But feign'd, to bring you to your Duty ;
 For I and the Elders to't were prest
 By Policy ; yet we protest
 We meant it not, therefore, my Friends,
 If for what's past you'll make amends ;
 That is, no more to grudge or grumble
 Against our Discipline, but humble
 Yourselves to us, and our behests
 Obey ; then we'll remain your Priests ;
 I'll never from my Chair depart,
 But Teach and Preach, with all my Heart ;
 Nor will, Good-men, the Elders go,
 But all rest as *in statu quo*.

Th' Assembly wisely guessing what
 He would so gladly have been at,
 Resolves to tell his Grace, in fine,
 The great Defect of Discipline (*g*).
 Suppose, the *Pastor* and the Elders,
 Shou'd no more mind us, than Sow-guelders ;
 Or Doctrine preach, not Orthodox ;
 Or tyrannize, as late did *Knox* ;
 Or take upon 'em, to sit Judges
 Of Differences and private Grudges,
 Between themselves and other Men,
 They being but a Party then,
 And therefore (as is said before)
 No proper Judge on such a score ;

(*g*) There are many weighty Causes (says Horn) which do altogether put us back from these Innovations, and bid us stick to our old Discipline.

How shall we remedy the Matter,
 In these and things of such like nature;
 Unless we mend our Discipline,
 And Statutes add, that we may enjoin
Pastors or Elders to appear
 At an Assembly's lawful Bar;
 And to their Sentence, as is fit,
 Where they're a Party to submit?
 If you to this will give Consent,
 Then we'll rest quiet and content.

This frets and chafes the *Pastor's* Gall (*h*),
 That up he gets for good and all;
 And seems resolv'd in this hot fit,
 His *Kirk* and *Pastor-ship* to quit.
 But seeing none themselves prepare
 To interpose, returns to Chair:
 Where scarcely set, but up he starts,
 And to the Door again departs,
 For two or three times, thus he did,
 But finding still he was not bid.
 Nor pray'd to stay, of's own accord,
 Came always back to Council-board;
 In hopes at length they would incline
 No more to Canvass Discipline.
 But as th' Assembly had begun,
 They were resolved to go on;
 And have their Discipline amended,
 In spite of him that thus contended.
 Nay then, quoth *Horn*, if't must be so,
 I'll speak again before I go:
I, and the Elders, will ourselves
Correct it. That's to do it by halves,
 Says the Assembly: therefore we
 Will have a finger in the Pye
 And lose no Gospel-liberty.
 Nor will we trust that crafty Wagg,
 Sly *Chambers*, with our Money-bag:

(*h*) The Expression used by Whitehead, is, that Horn was wonderfully rubbed on the gall. Hist. Frank.

At this the Elders look'd aghast
 And *Horn* blew loud, as if the blast
 Had been intended for his last.

By Heav'n (says he) by Earth and Hell,
 By Sea, and all that in them dwell,
 I swear, and solemnly protest;
 I'll neither eat, drink, sleep, nor rest,
 Till I take vengeance on you all:
 For every bit of me is Gall.
 I'll plague ye for your Discontents,
 I'll stop and cork up all your Vents;
 And bring you into such a Plight,
 You'll neither eat, drink, p—— nor sh——
 I'll pine ye to such Skeletons
 That you shall gnaw your Flesh from Bones,
 And thank me too that I'll permit ye,
 To dine so well; ye Dogs I'll fit ye:
 Unless you feed on Straw and Hay,
 Too good for such-like Cattle; nay
Horn having thus discharg'd ding-dong
 His blustering Gun-shot in the Throng,
 Expects no other but to find
 Them frightened to a better Mind.
 But he mistook, for Congregation
 Laugh'd, thus to see him in a Passion:
 Deride his Threats, condemn with Scorn
 The Fury of their *Pastor Horn*.
 At which he cries out, (*Cold at Heart*)
 My Belly Akes; I must depart:
 And stepping into midst of Ally,
 Down which he was to make his fally,
 Cries out from stretched Throat, as high
 As ever he for's Life could cry;
 "Behold I do dissolve th' Assembly."
 And then struts out of Doors as nimbly
 As any Traytor: and to's House
 He runs, with Flea in's Ear, or Louse:
 And never came in Pulpit after,
 Which caus'd some Tears, but mickle Laughter.

Pastor no sooner went away,
But Elders all refuse to stay;
The Ministers left off their Preaching,
And Lectures gave o'er their Teaching,
And follow *Pastor* to his Palace,
Where with the Money-bag they solace.
For Bag, and he that had Promotion
To bear it, were at *Horn's* devotion:
Which the wise Elders knowing well,
Stuck close to *Horn* as Wax to Seal.
And *Horn* himself stuck close to th' Pouch,
Which his Friend *Chambers* had in's Clutch.
Thus, being on the surer side,
The Congregation they deride;
Reproaching of 'em for their Wants,
With rude unseemly Scoffs and Taunts,
As poor and silly starved Dogs,
Scarce good enough for keeping Hogs.
Which, and the wanting of Relief,
Fill'd the Assembly so with Grief,
That to the Magistrate they send
A sad complaint, by *Whitehead* pen'd;
Of Injuries that *Horn* had done 'em,
And of Aspersions he cast on 'em.

The *Pastor* gone (as said before)
We of th' Assembly must say more:
For they continue, notwithstanding
Horn's Magisterial countermanding,
And vote themselves, tho' wanting him,
To be a lawful *Sanhedrim*.
Thus cloth'd with self-giv'n Jurisdiction,
They fall upon a new Election,
And fill the abdicated Chair,
And all the vacant Places there,
With Elders of the glibbest Tongue,
And best Book-learn'd in all the throng;
Of which they place, in Past'ral Chair
Not one, as usual, but a Pair;

Which

Which when set in't (for you must know
 It was not made at first for two)
 They were so closely ram'd together,
 As if the one had grown to t'other.
 Those two thus seated cheek by jowl,
 Are so to Act, as if one Soul
 Inform'd them both, and nothing can
 Be done but by the double Man.

New Canons and Decrees they make,
 And Cognizance of all things take,
 Relating to the Church; and scorn
 All Opposition made by *Horn*.
 Which was not little; for, in fine,
 When they had made new Discipline;
Horn takes his Pen, and, from the Scriptures,
 Condemns some five and twenty Chapters,
 But *Whitehead*, as a Champion good,
 Takes Cudgels up, and *Horn* withstood;
 And from the Bible proves again
 What *Horn* condemn'd, and full as plain.
 So now the Off-spring-Pulpit-Quacks
 Turn Bible to a *Nose of wax*,
 Which they to either side can wrest,
 As serves their present Interest;
 And what they mak't one Sunday say,
 They'll make't deny, the next Lord's day.

And now the Scuffle does begin,
 A fiercer yet has never been,
 Between two such Dead-doing Men,
 Arm'd with fell Weapons, Tongue and Pen.
 One strikes, whilst t'other does not know
 What way i'th' world to ward the Blow.
 The other aims his stroke as right,
 As if he smote him out of spight.
 The *Pastor* lays on lusty Bangs:
Whitehead the *Pastor* Batterfangs.
 No Mercy: each one strives to kill
 His Foe, with dint of Gooses Quill.

As Moufe and Frog, in ancient days,
With Bull-rush fought their mortal Frays.
If you would all the Combat fee,
Inspect their *Frankfort* History:
For here I have not room to write
All the Particulars of the Fight.
Yet for my Reader's Satisfaction,
I'll fing the Event of this dire Action;
And shew how *Horn* escap'd from Fight
By Stratagem, in dark of Night;
Plunder'd their Camp, seiz'd all their Baggage,
And safely carry'd off the Luggage.
There was one *Eaton*, and one *Abell*,
Two of the shrewdest of the Rabble,
Who wisely weighing how things went;
For *Knolls*, and *Wrath*, and *Wilford* sent,
And *Springham*, and old *Gaffer Sands*,
To reconcile the angry Bands
And stop, if possibly they cou'd,
The shedding of reformed Blood.

These offer, for Accommodation,
Between the Foes, their Mediation:
And to that end, to each side sent
A certain sort of Instrument,
Or form of Reconciliation,
Which neither pleas'd the Congregation,
Nor *Horn*; for both the Offer slight
And still continue desp'rate Fight:
Nor could they ever find this Fray,
Till *Horn* and *Chambers* ran away.
For you must know these Warriors knew
How to retreat, and rally too:
When danger met 'em, how to shun it;
And when't pursu'd, to over-run it.
So *Horn*, as I above have shewn,
In *Pastor's* Chair would sit him down,
And on a sudden rise and quit it,
As if he meant no more to sit in't.

Now

Now *Horn* is off, and now he's on,
 Now *Horn's* a *Pastor*, now he's none;
 At last he vanishes like Wind,
 With all the Treasure he could find:
 And *Chambers* with him fled, with what
 He had purs'd-up in Skin of Cat,
 And Leg of footless woollen Stocking,
 That serv'd instead of better Pope—in:
 For he had, of the public Gold,
 More than his Cat-skin Purse wou'd hold:
 And with good Silver, some suppose,
 Fill'd all the Pockets in their Hose.
 The manner how they left their Quarters
 Is thus Recorded by good Authors.

Riches in proper were to no Man,
 All were Beggars, all liv'd in common,
 Setting the World at flat Defiance,
 Like *Waldo*, that old *Knave of Lions*:
 Who ne'er was haunted by a Farthing,
 After he pawn'd his Shop and Garden.
 And why they thus resolv'd to slight it,
 The reason was, they could not meet it.
 Yet tho' they were so poor and shabby,
 Lean, Lazy, Lousy Loons, and Scabby;
 They had a public Stock in store,
 The Bag one Master *Chambers* bore.
Chambers a Knave that had more fetches,
 More roguish Tricks and cunning Stretches,
 Than *Paccholet* in old Romances,
 Or she that hight the *German-Princess*;
 Could Lie, Dissemble, Cheat, Collogue,
 Like *Guzman* or the *Englisk Rogue*:
 And as deep skill'd in dark Intrigue
 As *Burnet*, or old *Lobb* the Whig;
 And dexterous as *Sunderland*,
 In acting Treason underhand,
 Subtle he was; None could fore-see
 Approaching Harms so well as he.

He,

He, seeing Mischief might befall him,
If to Account the Mob should call him,
Provides against fore-seen disaster,
By joining him to *Horn* the *Pastor*.
For he, a crafty Hypocrite,
Would have some Colour for his flight;
And a more plausible Pretence
He cou'd not have, than parting thence
With *Pastor Horn*, his Friend; whom they,
Through their Dissentions, forc'd away.
And *Horn*, o't'other side, thought he
Could have no better Company,
Than such a one as could convey
The public Treasure all away.
And 'twas not little they had then,
From Charities of godly Men:
For scarce a Saint reform'd in *Frankfort*,
But gave his Mite, tho' little thank'd for't.
Great Sums besides came out of *Britain*,
And all the Bills to *Chambers* written;
Oblig'd he was not to Account
To what those Incomes did amount:
Nor Distribution make o'th' Gold,
But when he pleas'd, or *Pastor* would:
Which seldom chanc'd, the poorest of 'em
Could scarcely wrest an Orkie from him.
As close together kept those two,
As Dogs in couplings use to do:
In short, no four were glued faster
Than Purse and *Chambers*, Pray'r and *Pastor*.
And now the next thing to be done,
Is to make ready to be gone:
Their Moveables by stealth they sold,
And turn'd their Household-stuff to Gold:
So that their Equipage from thence,
Was Purse and Prayer: and, for Defence,
A lusty strong Battoon or two,
To help to Fight, as well as go;

K

Resolving,

Resolving, if pursu'd in Flight,
To turn 'em back to back, and Fight
While drop of Blood remain'd in either,
And part with Life and Purse together.

Horn, having settled all things thus,
Runs me unto one *Morpheus*.

This *Morpheus*, as we are told
By Verses writ in days of old,
Could, when he list, lull Men asleep,
And in deep slumber Cities keep,
For a whole day, or two, or more;
Or, if it pleas'd him, for a score.
No sooner *Horn* begun t'enquire,
But he got news of this old Sire:
Whose dwelling was a Grot, beneath
A gloomy Shade, like that of Death.
In this dark Cell Sol's fulgent Beams
Ne'er come, b'ng clouded by thick steams
That rise from an adjoining Fen,
It is an horrid dismal Den.

And here it was that *Morpheus* lay
Securely snoring night and day,
Scarce possible for human Pow'r
To keep him waking half an hour,
Unless upon some great occasion,
That to his Empire has relation.

Horn coming to the Gate of Cave
Begins to rap, like a bold Knave,
And calls and makes a noise like thunder,
Which struck the God of Sleep with wonder,
And rous'd him from his Poppy-Bed,
He rubs his Eyes and claws his Head,
His Limbs in reaching manner stretches,
And gaping thrice, three yaunings fetches,
Till being better half awake,
Cries out, who's there? and *Pastor* spake,
Thou who mak'st Mortals at thy pleasure
To sleep and snore beyond all measure,

Pray

Pray lend me now some drowsy Elf,
 Or else get up and come thyself,
 And lull into a Leaden Slumber
 Some fixty four or five in Number;
 And keep 'em so, good Sir, I pray,
 Till I from *Frankfort* get away.

The drowsy Deity his Eyes
 Opens, and in this sort replies,
 But who art thou that makes this stir?
 I am *Hob Horn* the *Pastor*, Sir,
 Pray take it not, you old Curmudgeon,
 So much in snuff and evil dudgeon,
 That you are call'd to look about-ye
 In matters that belong t' your Duty,
 Especially when call'd on by
 A Man, so eminent as I.

His Godship hearing him so rough,
 And hector like a Man in Buff,
 Gets up, and with unwonted hast,
 Stalks to the Door to make it fast.
 And from the inside of his Grot
 Speaks civilly to th' angry Sot,
 Left, if provok'd, he'd break into't,
 Or do some other harm without;
 For *Horn* he knew was full of Malice
 As with good Meat a found Egg-shell is,
 Which that he wisely might prevent,
 Thus answers him to his content.

Thou Godly *Pastor*, blessed thou
 That comes to worship us below,
 Approach not nigh my Grotto's Fences
 Lest drowfiness benumb thy Senses.
 Hasten thee from hence and get thee home,
 In silent Midnight I shall come.

Horn scrapes a Leg, gives Head a nod,
 And thanks, and leaves the drowsy God.

Things thus left to the Sleep-God's care,
Bacchus had word to meet him there;

Who did not fail, and for the Swine
 Prepar'd a Tun or two of Wine,
 Which stupify'd their Senses so,
 That *Morpheus* had not much to do,
 Tho' well provided: For his Pockets
 He'd cramm'd with Opiats and Narcoticks,
 And hung him round with sleepy Drugs,
 In Bladders some, and some in Jugs;
 Which he compounding, thought it best
 To give each Man his Dose of rest:
 And *Bacchus*, willing to depart,
 Makes every Man drink off his Quart.
 Till all are hush'd and Stupefaction
 Had put an end to Mirth and Action.
 Some stretched out upon a Bed,
 And some in Chimney-corners lay'd;
 Here one sits snoring, t'other there,
 That on a Stool, this on a Chair;
 And others on the Floor lay flat;
 In this hole one, and two in that;
 Yet not a Soul but slept as soundly,
 As Dormouse, snoring most confoundly.

The sleepy God having tir'd himself,
 Points to a little greasy Elf,
 That always follow'd him about,
 When he had business without.
 To wait as Foot-boy, you may guess,
 Upon his High-and-mightiness,
 This Dwarf, at *Morpheus's* Command,
 Takes a dull Ointment in his hand,
 Which to their Eye-lids he applies:
 And mumbles out in charming wise,
 Sleep on, Sleep on, and do not rise,
 Sleep you till I unseal your Eyes.

And sound they slept. And *Pastor Horn*
 And *Chambers* took their heels next Morn,
 An hour before the break of Day,
 And towards *Straßburg* made their way,

Without

Without once looking back behind 'em,
As dreading *hue-and-cry* might find 'em.

'Tis not my task to tell you here
How those they left behind did tear,
And rage, and rail, and curse, and swear;
When, at their waking, 'twas related
That *Pastor Horn* had abdicated,
With *Chambers* that old cunning Dog,
And stole away the Money-Bag.
It must be own'd a sad Disaster,
To lose their Common-Pray'r and *Pastor*;
But judge if 'twere not ten times worse
To lose their Treasurer and Purse.
Chambers indeed, tho' he was gone,
Would still be held an honest Man;
So in the Trunk, from whence he took
The Gold, he left a Reckoning-Book;
Reporting that he'd fairly shewn 'em,
By his Accounts, that nought was ow'n 'em;
But this gave little Satisfaction
To those that suffer'd in the Action.
The Book was scratch'd and blur'd within,
Its Leaves torn out, and some stich'd in,
That not a Man of them could read it,
Nor did the Congregation heed it,
Unless still to increase their Grief,
To see so impudent a Thief.

Let's Visit next the Lake *Lemain*,
Where *Knox* and his *Geneva* Train
Are throng'd, in making *English* Bibles (i),
And publishing Blasphemous Libels;
Such as would make a *Pagan* sweat,
And put a *Jew* in Ague fit.
With grief of Heart quoth *Knox*, I see
How those at *Frankfort* disagree;
How they for trifles scold and fight.
Let us, who have more Gospel Light,

(i) See Dr. Hevlyn, pag. 833, 234.

Aim at more godly matters, such as
 Become the best Reformed Churches,
 You who to Gospel a good Will
 Do bear, and have in Language Skill,
 Pray turn into the *English* Tongue
 The Holy-Bible: Be not long
 In this attempt, that all may read,
 For Folk had never greater need.
 But pray beware of several things,
 As when the Government of Kings,
 Of Bishops, or the *Real Presence*,
 The Text defends, to alter the fence;
 And takes a Holy Liberty,
 To make the Bible damn all three;
 But where the Text won't easily do it,
 Put fitting Annotations to it,
 Such as to vulgar Judgments, may
 Turn Sense of Text contrary way;
 As I have caution'd you in these,
 So deal with what besides you please,
 According as that Spirit directs,
 That you and all your Works protects;
 For I am sure you all inherit,
 Large Portions of *John Calvin's* Spirit.
 But I, and those of deeper Skull,
 Whose Heads are stor'd with Wisdom full,
 Will set our Doctrine out in Print,
 And prove it by strong Argument,
 And beat our Foes by dint of Letter.
 The rest make answer thus, 'Tis better
 That thus ourselves we exercise,
 Than scratch out one another's eyes.

This said, one sort fell to Translating,
 Another to Predestinating (*k*).

(*k*) This Predestinarian Doctrine of Calvin's has been since his
 time Publickly taught by the English and Scotch Presbyterians to
 this day, not without also great Endeavours of the Devil and his
 Instruments to spread it privately among the Catholicks. For about
 the Year 1611, Cornelius Jansenis, a Hollander, Bishop of Ipers in
 Flanders,

Strange was the liberty they took
 In *Englifying* their Bible Book.
 From *Genesis* to *Revelations*,
 They stuff'd it full of false Translations.
 The other wicked Works they printed
 (By *Calvin*, *Knox*, and Hell invented)
 Made God the Author of all Sin
 That Mankind e're was plunged in.
 And from their absolute Decrees,
 Drew out this Trail of Blasphemies,
 That God determin'd *Adam's* Fall;
 That *Christ* his Son dy'd not for all;
 That God decreed Predestination
 To some, to others Reprobation,
 Without respect to good or ill;
 That God's Commands none can fulfil;
 That God to some of *Adam's* Race,
 Ne'er design'd to give one grain of Grace;
 But when he gives to others some,
 They cannot fail to overcome;
 So, whether t' be to good or ill,
 'Tis God necessitates the Will.
 Such Tares by *Knox* and *Calvin* sown
 The Puritans have handed down,
 Assisted by a Brood of Vipers
 Hatch'd by *Jansenius* of *Ipers*.

Flanders, writ a Book, which he entitled *Augustinus*. In which under pretence of delivering the Doctrine of the Great St. Augustin concerning Grace, he subtly endeavours to bring the Genevian Heresies into the Catholic Church, under these five Propositions. First, Some of God's Commandments are Impossible to Just Men, though they desire and endeavour to keep them according to their present Force: Grace is also wanting in them to make them possible. Secondly, in the state of Corrupt Nature Interior Grace is never resisted. Thirdly, To Merit and Demerit in the state of Corrupt Nature, a Man's Liberty from Necessity is not required, but Liberty from Coaction is sufficient. Fourthly, The Semipelagians admitted the Necessity of Interior preventing Grace to all Acts, even to the beginning Faith, and in this were Hereticks, that they would have this Grace to be such, that a Man's Will may resist it or obey it. First it is Semipelagianism to say, that Christ died, or shed his Blood generally for all Men. Those are the 5 Heretica Propositions found in the said *Jansenius's* *Augustinus*, and have been since condemned by Pope Innocent the X. and by Pope Alexander the VII. In the Sense of *Jansenius*.

ENGLAND's Reformation.

The Argument of the Second CANTO,

*The Acts of Great Queen Bess are Sung.
Her Character, and whence she Sprung.
Her Title to the English Crown.
How th' Antient Bishops were put down.
The famous Nags-head Consecration;
Her Clergy's Worth and Education;
Their Skill in Sciences are told,
Their Morals, and the Faith they hold;
Their Articles from Forty-two
To Thirty-nine, when chang'd and how.
Their Common Prayer-Book's Alterations,
And other Changes, Forms and Fashions
Made in Religion: Whence a Flood
Issu'd of faithful Martyrs Blood.
The Common-Prayer to Ireland sent;
What sort of Clergy with it went:
The Manner of its Introduction
Is Sung, but Ends in sad Destruction.*

CANTO the SECOND.

THE good Queen Mary now at rest
In the calm Regions of the blest,
Lady Elizabeth succeeds;
Whose Birth I sing and mighty deeds (1).

(1) Dr. Nicholas Sanders in lib. de Schismate Anglicano, writes of Anna Bullen thus, p. 15, Erat Anna Bullena, Uxoris Thomæ Bulleni, Equitis aurati filia: Uxoris dico: Nam ipsius Thomæ Bulleni ffilii non poterat, propterea quod illio in Francia Legatum agente, & biennium ihi cœmmorante; Anna Bollena interim domi conceptaest & nata. Cum enim Rex Henricus Thomæ Boleni uxorem adamaret, ut ea liberius frueretur, virum sub specie honoris in Franciam

It was Sir *Thomas Bullen's* Chance
To go Embassador to *France*,

ciam ablegavit: Interim Anna Bollena domi concii puter & nascitur. Thomas autem Bolenus post biennium e Francia rediens, cum uxorem suam peperisse filiam vidisset, ulsciscendi hujus adulteri cupidus, uxorem apud Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis delegatos Judices in jus vocatum, repudiare in animo habuit Uxor hujus rei certiozem reddit Henricum Regem. Is Marceionem Dorcestriæ, ad Thomam Bolenum mittit cum iis mandatis, ut abstinere a lite; condonaret uxori, eamque iterum in gratiam reciperet. Bolenus quanquam a Regis trasibi timendum videret, tamen prius mandatis ejus non paruit, quam ab uxore audisset, ibsam a Rege sollicitatam fuisse, nec Annam Bolenam alterius quam Regis Henrici filiam esse: proinde in genua procumbens, rogabat virum, ut sibi parceret, de cætero se fidelem ei conjugem futuram. quod ipsum cum Marchio Dorcestriæ aliique viri primarii, tam suo, quam Regis nomine peterent; Thomas uxori conciliatus: Annam Bolenam filiae loco educat. Jamprius Thomas Bolenus aliam filiam ex conjugē sua genuerat, cui nomen Mariæ Imponebatur, In hanc Rex dum ad matrem ibat, oculos conjecerat, eandemque post Thomæ Boleni reditum in Aulum suam, imo & in adulterinum thalamum traduxerat. Cum autem Henrici Regis domus ex peditillimo genere hominum constaret, cujusmodierant Aleatores, Adulteri, Lenones, Assentotores, Perjuri, Blasphemi, Rapaces, atque adeo Heretici: Inter hos insignis quidam nepos extitit Franciscus Brianus, eques auratus, ex gente & stirpe Bolenorem. Ab illo Rez quodam tempore quæsit, quale peccatum videretur Matrem primum deinde Filiam cognosceat? Cui Brianus, omnino, inquit, tale, O Rex, quale Gallinam primum deinde Pullum ejus Gallinaceum comedere. Quod verbum cum Rex mogno risu accepisset, ad Brianum dixisse fertur, næ, tu merito meus es inferni Vicarius. Briannus enim jamprius ob impietatem notissimam vocabatur inferni Vicarius post hoc autem, & Regis inferni Vicarius. Rex igitur cum & Matrem prius & postea filiam Mariam Bolenam pro concubina tenuisset, demum ad alteram quoque filiam Annam Bolenam animum adjicere cepit. &c. vide Saundere.

We find in the Life of the Bishop of Rochester, That Sir Thomas Wyat had Carnal Knowledge of Anna Bolen, and at Card. Wolsey's Perswasions (who hated to hear tell of the King's marrying her, because his desire and endeavour was that he should Marry the french King's Sister) Sir Thomas Wyat resolv'd to Confess all to the King, which he plainly did, and with great fear told him: the King commanded him to speak no more upon his Life, nor to acquaint any else with what he had told him. 57.

She had also been Solemnly Contracted to the Lord Henry Piercy Earl of Northumberland as she owned herself to the King. For when he told her that it was said she had promised to Marry Young Piercy; she Answer'd him, Sir, When I knew no other but that it was Lawful for me to make such promise, &c. p. 58. 60.

Her

And for two Years he there remain'd,
Harry the Eighth his Wife retain'd:
 For she was young, and fair, and willing;
 In short this pretty Lady *Bullen*
 Conceive'd with Child, and nine Months after
 Brought forth, of Royal Blood, a Daughter.
 But when Sir *Bullen*, home return'd,
 Found himself like *Ateon* horn'd;
 He was about to take the Life
 Of the poor Brat, and Whore his Wife.
 He stamp'd and star'd, he bann'd and curst her,
 And sure enough would have divorc'd her,
 If *Harry* had not it prevented,
 Who had the Wittal rest contented;
 And be as kind to th' Girl hereafter,
 As if she were his lawful Daughter.
 Base *Tom* obeys, no more looks fullen,
 But calls her Daughter *Anna Bullen*:
 Provided her with Cloaths and Feeding,
 And sent her o'er to *France* for breeding;
 Where she was educated well,
 Could many a pretty Story tell,
 Could lisp, and prattle pleasant stuff,
 Had Wit at will, and Tongue enough,
 And Confidence a greater share
 Than any Lady that was there.
 For other Qualities, the Wench
 Got a new name amongst the *French*,
 And stiled was, while she stay'd there,
 The *Hackney*, or the *English Mare*.
 With *English* Men too she had been
 Familiar, e're she had reach'd sixteen,
 One of the first she cast an eye at,
 Was a young Rogue hight Sir *Tom Wyat*.

Her Mother, the Lady Bolen, told the King plainly she was his
 own Daughter, Saying, Sir, for the Reverence of God, take heed
 what you do, in Marrying my Daughter, for if you Record your
 Conscience well, she is your own Daughter as well as mine. The
 King reply'd, Whose Daughter soever she is, she shall be my Wife.
 Vid. T. B. in the Life of Bishop Fisher. p. 58, 59, 60.

King *Harry* finding her mature,
 And to the purpose try'd before,
 Begins to fix his Amorous Fancy,
 All fir'd with Love, on Daughter *Nancy*,
 Good Mother *Bullen* (pious Lady)
 Finding her Daughter lov'd by Dady,
 She boldly tells him the Report,
 And sharply reprehends him for't.
 You know as well as I, quoth she,
Nancy is your's begot of me:
 'Tis Incest in the highest nature,
 For you, great Sir, to Wed your Daughter.
 The King replies, Upon my life,
 She shall for all that be my Wife.
 A Knight there was, call'd *Francis Bryan*,
 As Monkey cunning, bold as Lion,
 An Arch-Bufferon, as stories tell,
 Nick-nam'd the King's *Vicar of Hell*,
 Of him the King demands, in Laughter,
 What Sin it was to take the Daughter,
 After the Mother was worn out?
Hell's Vicar quickly solves the Doubt;
 He tells him, 'tis no more a Sin
 Than eating Chicken after Hen.
 Thus having wisely solv'd the Case,
 He to his Daughter wedded was,
 And had by her his Daughter *Bess*:
 Henc't may be said, and very true,
 He was her *Sire*, and *Grand-Sire* too.

Well, in the next place, 'tis but fit
 We speak a little of her Wit,
 When but a Child; whence you may guess
 It was, when old, prodigious;
 Docile to wonder, toward Child,
 For (if my Author's not beguil'd)
 She could have con'd her Book of Horn,
 Within a month that she was born;
 Could spell-ye ba, be, bi, bo, bu,
 As well as either I or you;

To

To ub, ob, ab, again could turn it,
 As easily as Doctor *Burnet*,
 And in a year, or little more,
 Could read a good long Chapter o'er,
 And all this, e're she well could speak,
 More than a sort of childish squeak;
 Yet was not tongue-ty'd; for in Women
 That Imperfection is not common,
 This pretty little Graduate,
 Strange she shou'd learn at such a rate,
 Began at four years old to write,
 And wise Epistles could indite;
 In which she shew'd, to some degree,
 Her wondrous skill in Midwifry;
 How sensibly her wise Harangues
 Bemoan'd Child-bearing Women's Pangs.
 In Foreign Language she had Skill,
 And could speak *Latin* very well,
 And was as perfect in *Italian*,
 As was at carving old *Pygmalion*.
 She writ a hand as fair at four
 As she could do at twenty more.
 If this seem all incredible
 (As to the wiser sort it will)
 Pray blame my Author, blame not me,
 'Tis *Burnet*, in his History (*m*).

Her lesser Faults, and Frailties human,
 Such as are incident to Woman,
 As Peevishness, and pettish Freaks,
 That neither Love nor Friendship breaks,

(*m*) The Author of a Book entitled, *Some Discourses upon Dr. Burnet and Dr. Tillotson*, occasioned by the late Funeral Sermon of the former upon the latter, p. 25. Reflects severely on Dr. Burnet, for affirming, in his History, vol. 1. p. 209. That the Lady Elizabeth writ Letters, one in Italian, and another in English to Queen Jane Seymour, when she was with Child of King Edward, she not being yet four Years of Age; and that both these Letters were writ in the same Hand that she wrote all the rest of her Life. He terms Burnet, for this, A Rash and Fanciful Historian.

But

But rather move Compassion in
 The tender sort of sober Men.
 'Tis not my business here to tell-ye,
 Nor mention every Peccadilly;
 But, for her more enormous Crimes,
 You'll find, 'em in our following Rhymes,
 Just as occasion, now and then,
 Presents itself to bring 'em in.
 As to her Virtues, being wise,
 She kept 'em hid from others eyes,
 Left by much using of 'em, they
 Might grow thread-bare, and wear away:
 Only her Chastity was proof
 Against the Batteries of Youth,
 So far as she has stiled been
 In flattering Rhymes, *The Maiden Queen*.
 Yet some there are who seem to doubt
 Of this, and say she wore it out,
 As other things are apt to wear
 When us'd with none or little Care;
 And tho' 'tis not deny'd, that she
 At first might Queen and Maiden be,
 Yet in process of time she laid
 Away the Character of Maid,
 As may be gueſt from her Amours,
 And Dalliances, at vacant hours,
 With *Effex* (n): which, as some suppose,
 Made her change Fashion in her Cloaths,

(n) The Comedy of her Amours with Effex has been publickly
 acted on the Stage in K. Charles II. time. There was Provision
 made (says Cambden) in an Act of Parliament, for the Succession of
 the Natural Issue of her Body, viz. That no Man, during the
 Queen's Life, should by any Book written or Printed expressly main-
 tain that any Person is or ought to be Heir or Successor to the
 Queen except the same be the Natural issue of her Body. Incredi-
 ble it is, says Cambden, what Jest those that lewdly catch at
 Words made among themselves upon Occasion of that Clause (ex-
 cept the same be the Natural Issue of her Body,) for as much as
 the Lawyers term those Children Natural, who are gotten out of
 Wedlock, whom Nature alone and not honest Wedlock hath gotten
 and

And wear her Gown (tho' not much fider)
 Yet several Ells in compais wider,
 For, when perceiving Belly rise,
 Beyond the bounds of Maiden size,
 (And where's the blame? for Flesh is frail)
 She fell to wear a Fardingale;
 A drefs that bunches out so wide
 A growing Belly is not spy'd;
 Nor know you Virgins, in this gear,
 From Wives that at down-lying are.
 Of this enough, what next is shewn,
 Shall be her Title to the Crown.

Those who are not legitimate
 Excluded are by Laws of state,
 And such was she; as you may gather
 From the Adult'ries of her Father:
 Who when he wed the Whore(o) her Mother,
 She was contracted to another,

and those they call Lawful, according to the Ordinary Form of the Common-Law of England, wo are Lawfully procreated on the Body. Infomuch as I myself (says he) being then a Young Man heard some oftentimes say that that Word was inserted into the Act of purpose by Leicester, that he might one day obtrude upon the English some Bastard Son of his for the Queen's Natural Issue. Cambden in hist. Eliz. p. 167. edit. 3.

(o) In a Solemn Instrument under the Seal of Archbishop Cranmer, the Marriage between Anna Bollen and King Harry is declared (on good and valuable Reasons) to be null and void. Some think that her being his own Daughtre, and a notorious Whore before he wed her are the good and valuable reasons Cranmer means of. For [says Heylin] no Reason was exprest particularly for the Ground. Which Sentence [of Divorce] was pronounced at Lambeth the 17th of May, in the presence of Sir Tho. Hadley Lord Chancellor. Charles Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Oxon, &c. the said Sentence of Divorce was approved by the Prelates and Clergy assembled in Convocation on the 8th of June. It received the like Approbation by act of Parliament within few days after in which Act there also passed a Clause, which declared the Lady Elizabeth [the only issue of the Marriage] to be illegitimate. vid. Heylyn p. 266. The Crimes for which she died (says Baker) was Adultery and Incest. p. 303. The King was resolved to be rid of her, and to declare his Daughter Elizabeth, by her, a Bastard. So little regard was had to her Body that it was put into a Chest of Elm-tree made to carry

And he (as is abovesaid) having
 Another Wife at that time living.
 Which Reasons brought to Council Table,
 With others *Good and valuable*,
 Votes *Nemine contradicente*,
 Pass'd round the Board, tho' they were twenty,
 That *Anna Bullen* ought to be
 Divorced from his Majesty.
 Which well concurr'd with *Harry's Will*,
 And *Cranmer* seal'd the parting Bill.
 As soon as she was cast in Prison,
 And *Harry* meant to cut her Weason,
 He disavow'd th' unlawful Wedding,
 And *Bess* the Product of their Bedding:
 And all that ever past between 'em,
 (As Records shew them that have seen 'em)
 The Clergy too in Convocation,
 And that great Body of the Nation
 In Parliament, approved this,
 And illegitimated *Bess*.
 Disabling her to wear the Crown,
 Or sit upon the *English* Throne;
 All which consider'd, you must own,
 She had no Title to the Crown.
 But Policy of after times
 In spite of Laws, or Parents Crimes,
 Put Scepter into *Bess's* Hand,
 And made her Regent of the Land.
 And here, in short, I will put down
 The manner how she got the Crown.

The late King *Edward*, and Queen *Mary*,
 The lawful Issue of King *Harry*,

carry Arrows into Ireland. Burnet's Abridg. p. 161. 162. In Q.
 Anne's carriage (says Burnet) it seems there were some Freedoms
 that became not her quality, and encouraged those Unfortunate
 Persons to make some Address to her. It has seem'd strange to some
 that during her Daughter's (Q. Eliz) long Reign, none writ in
 Vindication of her Mother. So that Licence was made an Argu-
 ment of her Guilt, and that she could not be defended. Burnet's
 Abridg. 164, 165.

Being dead; the next of Legal Race
 Was *Mary* Queen of *Scots*; whose Grace
 The *English* Sceptre should have sway'd
 And had, but *Philip* (*p*) was afraid.
 That *England* might, by such a chance,
 Become a Province unto *France*;
 And so enable the *French* Crown
 To pull the *Spanish* Greatness down.
 For before this the *Scottish* Queen
 Had with the *Dolphin* marry'd been.
 King *Philip* therefore, seeing death
 At point of stopping *Mary's* Breath,
 Procur'd in Parliament, then sitting,
 As many Voices as were fitting,
 To over-power such as might
 Vote to maintain the *Scottish* Right:
 Nor was it hard thus to incline
 The *English*, 'gainst the *Scottish* Line;
 For, an old Grudge there had between
 The Nations many Ages been,
 Which kept them always deadly Foes.
 'Twas thus the Enmity arose:
 When King *Achais* did Reign,
 He made (*q*) a League with *Charlemain*,
 And a strong Friendship did advance
 Twixt *Scotland* and the Realm of *France*,
 So that when *England* e'er begun
 A War with *France*, the *Scots* came on,

(*p*) King Philip resolved to use his best endeavour, not only to preserve her Life but obtain her Liberty: For he considered with himself, that if the Princess should be taken away, the Right of Succession would remain in the Q. of Scots, who being Married to the Dauphin of France, would be a means of joining this Kingdom unto that, and thereby give the French the Sovereignty over all other Kings in Europe. Heylyn. p. 270. Nothing could be so dreadful to the Spanish Grandeur, who had continual War with France. Camden in the Life of Q. Eliz. Introduct.

(*q*) An Ancient League made between Charles the great and Achais King of Scotland. Vid. Treatise of the true Causes of the Prevarication of the Churches Liberties in England. c. 6. M. S.

And

And so *E contra*, when they came
 Against the *Scots*, *France* fell on them.
 From this a mortal Hatred grew
 In *England*, 'gainst the other two.
 This mov'd, I say, the Nation's Trustees,
 Contrary both to Law and Justice,
 Rather to give the *English* Crown
 To a young *Bastard* of their own,
 Than to a *Scot*, although she were,
 Undoubtedly the Lawful Heir.
 In fine, as soon as it was known
 The Queen had left her earthly Crown,
 The *Spanish* Faction moves in haste,
 The *French* begins to stir as fast;
 The first prevails, for you must know
 'Twas much the greater of the two,
 Forces the other to give place,
 Proclaims the Lady *Besses* Grace.
 Thus was the lawful *Heir* excluded,
 Thus the usurper *Bess* intruded.
 Unjust that Policy of State,
 And to the Church unfortunate;
 For none did ever more oppress,
 Or persecute the Church, than *Bess*.

This by the Bishops b'ng foreseen,
 Not one of them would Crown her Queen,
 Till *Oglethorp* (r), to gain esteem,
 Set on her Head the *Diadem*.
 Nor was this done, till first she took
 A solemn Oath upon a Book,
 To keep Religion as she found it,
 And not, by Alteration, wound it.
 Yet had she not the least intent
 To keep her Oath; for all she meant

(r) She was Crowned according to the Order of the Roman Pontifical by Dr. Owen Oglethorp, Bishop of Carlisle; the only Man among the Bishops, who could be wrought upon by her to perform that Office; *Hey.* 278.

Was only to acquire a Crown,
 That, well she knew, was not her own.
 Thus Crown'd, and seated on the Throne,
 The Domineering *Amazon*
 Waves round her Head the Scepter Royal,
 As if she threaten'd to destroy all
 That shou'd oppose her in the least,
 Or not comply with what she press'd,
 Tho' 'twere to set her up for Head
 Of Holy Church, in *Peter's* Stead.

Tho' I, says she, possess the Crown,
 And tho' the Scepter is my own,
 Yet in the Crown I want one Gem,
 More worth than all the Diadem.
 My Father was the Church's Head,
 So was my little Brother *Ned*:
 Who, tho' a Child, yet took the Charge
 Of Steering great *St. Peter's* Barge;
 His Oars and Rudder he so ply'd,
 As made it Stem both Wind and Tide.
 It was his Sport to make it go
 From side to side, and to and fro,
 To this point now, and then to that point,
 Nor matter'd he a Straw to what point,
 If but the Course it ran were awkward;
 Or, as a *Crab-fish* crawls, went backward.
 As if to make his Courtiers Sport,
 By rowing in unusual Sort,
 And I myself did often smile at
 The waggish Tricks o'th' little Pilate.
 But when sometimes the silly Novice
 Perform'd the *Functions* of his Office,
 He feign'd such Gravity in Face,
 And acted with so soon a Grace,
 That *Cranmer*, who did ever eye him,
 Was glad to take a Pattern by him;
 And imitate the little Lad
 In every thing he said or did.

If *High-Priest-hood* was so becoming
 An *Infant*, why not me a *Woman*?
 The best Reformers taught of late
 That Women might *Officiate*,
 Even in the *Confession Seat*.
 And for *Authority*, you know it,
 And I can prov't, put you me to it,
 That from my *Father* it's brought down
 To me, by virtue of the *Crown*.
 The *Crown*, blest be my *Stars*, I have.
 Why should I want *Prerogative*?
 In *Church-affairs*, and have't in *State*;
 To be a *Queen* by halves I hate.
 If it were lawful for my *Dad*
 To be *Supreme*, and for a *Lad*
 To head the *Church*, why not for *Me*
 To enjoy the like *Supremacy*?
 I'll either be as they have been
Supreme (f), or else I'll be no *Queen*.
 She said. Though some did it withstand;
 She snatch'd the *Keys* into her hand,
 The *Power Ecclesiastick* seiz'd,
 And lock'd up *Heaven* when she pleas'd.
 And in this following manner 'twas,
 This strange *Affair* was brought to pass.
 She calls a *Council (t)* of a *Pack*,
 Such as *Poor Robin's Almanack*

(f) Archbishop Heath made an excellent Speech against her supremacy. Which you may see in the *Historical Collections*. pag. 225.

(t) She was resolved, says Heylin, to proceed to a Reformation as time should serve, in order to which, she Constitutes her Privy Council, which she compounded of such Ingredients as might neither give Encouragement to any of those who wished well to the Church of Rome, or Alienate their Affections from her, whose Hearts were more Inclined to the Reformation.

To such of Q. Mary's Counsellors as she yet retained. She added of her own the Marquess of Northampton, Earl of Bedford, Sir Thomas Parre, Sir Edward Rogers, Sir Amb. Care, Sir Will. Cecil, and Sir Nicholas Bacon. Hey. Hist. p. 275. Care was taken to expose the former Counsellors for the ill Conduct of Affairs in Queen Mary's time, and so to lessen their Credit. Burn. Abridg. p. 340.

Has in its Calendar of Sinners;
 Of Protestancy's first Beginners,
 Who for their Int'rest could betray
 The Church, and drive the Faith away:
 And Protestants she puts in place,
 In most Commissions of the Peace:
 Preparing thus the Court and Nation,
 For her designed Reformation.
 But *Reformation* could not be,
 Till she had got *Supremacy*;

The like mixture she also accused to be made amongst other her Subordinate Ministers, in adding such new Commissioners for the Peace in every County, as either were known to be of the Reformed Religion, or to wish well to it. Heylin. p. 275.

Her first Parliament began on the 25th of January 1551. Such Lords and Gentlemen as had the managing of Elections, in their several Countries, retained such Men for Members of the House of Commons, as they conceiv'd most likely to comply with their intentions for a Reformation. Heylin, hist. 179.

Some begged Voices, as Norfolk and Arundel, others got voices by their Cunning, as Cecil. vid. Camp. Hist. of Eliz. p. 20. Cambden also tells us. That she Commanded the Consultation to be hastened amongst her most inward Counsellors, How the Protestant Religion might be established, and the Popish abolished. The Dangers they foresaw, would be from the Noble men that were to be displaced; From the Judges that sat in the Courts of Justice; From the Justices of Peace in every County; And from such of the Common Sort of People, as in the Reign of Queen Mary, were both in Deed and Estimation Great Men because devoted to the Romish Religion.

These they held were to be thrust out of their Places, and restrained by Rigour of Law. And that none were to be employed in any Place of Government, nor chosen into any Colleges of the Universities but Protestants. And that Popish Presidents, Heads and Masters to be removed out of the Universities, and other Schools. Comb. Hist of Elizabeth p. 15. 16.

An Act was made for Renewing the Laws of Harry 8th, against the See of Rome, and of Edward 6th, for the Protestants, which were repeal'd by Q. Mary. They Enacted, That, whatsoever Jurisdictions, Privileges and Spiritual Preheminencies had been heretofore in use by any Ecclesiastical Authority whatsoever, to Visit, &c. and Correct any manner of Error, Heresies, Schismes, &c. should be for ever annexed to the Crown. And that the Queen and her Successors might by their Letters Patent, Substitue certain Men to exercise that Authority. Camb. p. 18.

A *Sanhedrim* she therefore summons,
 I would have said a House of Commons,
 But that the Commons of the Land
 In this Election had no hand;
 For private Letters were sent down
 To every Shire, and Borough-town,
 InfINUATING whom to chuse,
 As proper Members for her use.
 The Gentry and the Noblemen,
 Who managed Elections then,
 Retain'd for Members, through the Nation,
 Such as wish'd well to *Reformation*.
 Such as had not the least Degree
 Of *Faith*, or *Hope*, or *Charity*.
 Scarce was there in this damn'd *Divan*,
 Of one in ten an honest Man;
 But Knaves and Fools, a pack as base
 As ever sprung from *Adam's* race.
 Those Villains trim with her that heads 'em,
 And into Acts put all she bids 'em.
Repeal the Acts of good Queen *Mary*,
Revive the Acts of *Ned* and *Harry*,
 And by and by, enact Queen *Bess*
 Over the Church *Chief Governess*.
 Oaths of *Supremacy* impose,
 And from the House expel all those (*u*)
 Who scruple at (tho' ne'er so little)
 Her monstrous *Antichristian* Title.
 The Bishops were expell'd the House
 Only because they did refuse

(*u*) In the month of July, the Old Bishops of England then Living, were called and examined by certain of the Qu's Council: Where the Bishops of York, Ely, and London, with others, to the Number of 13 or 14 for Refusing to take the Oath touching the Queen's Supremacy, and other Articles, were deprived from their Bishopricks. And likewise divers Deans, Archdeacons, Parsons, and Vicars deprived from their Benefices. And some committed to Prison in the Tower, Fleet, Marshalsea and Kings-bench. Thus Stow in his Chron. p. 639, Continued by Howes to the Year 1614

To swear that *She*, a filly Maid,
 Was Church of *England's Supreme Head*,
 Only *Landaff*, and he thro' hope,
 To keep his Chair, swore *She* was *Pope*;
 And had a Power as large and ample
 As great *St. Peter*, for example.

Thus having got a Parliament
 (The Bishops stood for Cyphers in't)
 Of Temp'ral States, and only such as
 Were eager for contriving Churches.
 She quickly sets 'em all at Work,
 In pulling down, and building Kirk.
 They overthrow its ancient Walls,
 And by the Roots pluck up its Pales,
 Dig its Foundations up: and then
 Begin, forsooth, to Build again.
 They ply their Work with Hand and Head,
 As *Nimrod* and his Masons did;
 Only more Malice in their *Will*,
 And in their Work less Art and Skill:
 For where the Ancient *Pillars* stood,
 They plac'd Supporters made of *Mud*.
 That is, *True Bishops* were put down,
 And *False ones* made by Pow'r of Crown.
 Hence, to this very day, they find
 Their *Kirk* to shake with every Wind;
 And wheel about at every Gale,
 Just like a Wind-mill under Sail.

However, of what Stuff they had,
 They made a *Kirk*; so foul and bad,
 As if the Builders had been mad.
 'Twas fram'd of *Laicks* altogether,
 And authoriz'd by one another:
 They chose the Queen for *Pope*, and *She*
 Elected them to *Prelacy*:
 And these a *Clergy* did Ordain.
 That is, they made *Lay-Clergy-Men*.

The wretched Land fell to exclaim,
 'Gainst such as took the Bishop's Name

Without *Imposed Hands*, or *Unction*;
 They mourn'd to see the Sacred Function
 Profan'd, by such Unconsecrated
 Presumptuous Villains, as they hated.
 They griev'd to see such *Priests* obey'd,
 As were by those *Lay-prelates* made;
 Or meddle with the Sacraments,
 Or Tythes receive, and Churches Rents;
 Or into *Pulpit* get and Preach,
 And *Antichristian* Doctrines teach;
 Men grew, I say, at this concern'd:
 For hitherto but few had learn'd
 The Doctrine *Cranmer* taught before,
 That bare *Election*, and no more,
 Could into Bishop turn a Butcher,
 And to a Priest transform a Thatchter.
 In short, scarce any but despis'd 'em,
 Both as to Character, and Wisdom.
 Nor could *Lawn-Sleeves*, or *Black Gowns* draw
 Towards their Persons any awe.
 For Wolves in Sheep-skins People took 'em.
 This made *Elected* look about 'em,
 And, in a private Convocation,
 Consult 'bout getting *Consecration*.

Parker being Arch, it seems his Grace
 Thought speaking first due to his Place;
 Stood therefore up on Petty-toes,
 Makes to the rest three Rev'rend Bows,
 And from the middle of the Crowd
 Utters his Voice, as Thunder loud.
 My Lords, quoth he, pray give me leave
 To speak, or if you please to give
 Your own Advices first, I'm gone,
 Back to my Bench, till you have done;
 Where I'll attend to what you say,
 And one by one Advices weigh.
 But none was ready to begin,
 So on he talk'd, his Tongue b'ing in.

The

The Lord has gi'n into our Hands
 The Popish Bishops, and their Lands;
 They lie imprison'd in our Houses,
 Secure as Necks in *Tyburn* nooses;
 Let us agree to free them all,
 From present Bondage, and from Thrall;
 But let it be upon Condition,
 That by the Sacred *Imposition*
Of Hands, they'll freely *Consecrate* us.
 They'll never do it, for they hate us,
 Quoth *Jewel*. Then are they, quoth *Horn*,
 The greatest Fools that e'er were born.
 For my part, were their Case my own,
 I'd Consecrate an old Baboon,
 Provided that by such a Deed
 I might be from a Prison freed.
 Indeed, quoth *Whitehead*, I believe you;
 But let not this Reflection grieve you;
 I know your Principles of old,
 Since you from *Frankfort* stole the Gold.
 Husht, husht, says *Parker*, Fie, no more;
 I like not rubbing an old sore:
 Such Wounds ought rather to be clos'd.
 What say-ye Sirs to what's propos'd?
 Dear Friends, quoth *Cox*, so we get Mission
 Upon so easy a Condition,
 Our Bishopricks will close old Breaches.
 Quoth *Parker*, all is true *Cox* teaches.
 If they once gives us *Consecration*,
 Most of the People in the Nation
 Will have us in as high Esteem
 And Reverence, as they have them.
 In troth, quoth *Sands*, I like well of it,
 For thus we shall secure our Profit,
 And the old Bishops Lands possess,
 And eat, and drink in quietness.
 All pleas'd, to this they acquiesce.
 And sitting down, till every Man
 His Flask of *Florence* drank, or Can

 }
 Of

Of good old *Hock*, as ever run
 Out of the *Heidelburgian* Tun.
 Then home they go, with Resolution
 To put design in Execution.

To win their Pris'ners, twenty ways,
 They try, and feast them several Days,
 Release them from where first they shut 'em,
 And into good Apartments put 'em;
 Treat 'em with subtle Words and civil,
 As *Eve* was tempted by the Devil,
 Till thinking they had fairly gain'd 'em.
 With the main Point they entertain'd 'em;

My Lords, say they, we've lately been,
 To beg your Freedoms of the Queen,
 And get you good Estates to live on;
 A noble *Mansion*, each shall have one:
 All which she grants. Yet on Condition,
 That you'll give Apostolick *Mission*,
 And by your *Sacred* Hands confer
 On us the Bishops *Character*.

It pleases her to be respected
 In Persons of Us, her *Elected*.
 It were a folly beyond Measure,
 When trifles do it, not to please her.

Thus they, yet all the fair Pretences,
 And fawning of their Reverences,
 Could not prevail, with any one,
 To have the *Sacred Office* done.

For the old Bishops finding what
 These new new *Elected* would be at (*w*),
 Deride their Impudence, as Folly,
 By Frenzy caus'd or Melancholy.
 Set their Proposals at defiance,
 And utterly refus'd Compliance

(*w*) Sed hoc perridicule accidit, ut cum isti Superintendentes creandi essent, nec a Catholicis Episcopis imperare potuerint, ut ipsis manus admovent, nec inter se aut tres duosve Episcopos, aut ullum omnino suæ perfidæ Metropolitanum ab aliis Episcopis prius ordinatum hrebant, cujus vel manu vel consensu consecrare possent, &c. Sand. de Schismate Anglic. p. 166.

With Hereticks, and such as must
Possess the *Chairs* whence they were thrust.

What's more absurd than think that any,
Who will defend his Patrimony
'Gainst him that makes unlawful Claim,
Should give his Writings of the same,
With full Possession of his Lands,
Into his Adversary's hands?
'Tis as Nonsensical a Thing
For him, who does his Action bring,
To go and all the Deeds demand
By which the Owner holds his Land.
'Twas just the same thing, in effect,
With *Besse's* Bishops new *Elect*.

But finding this Contrivance fail,
Next they had hopes they might prevail
With Doctor *Creagh* (*x*), who did endure
A long Confinement in the *Tower*,
To give their Lordships *Consecration*,
And to that end a Consultation,
Was held, in which they did agree
To promise great Rewards, and free
The *Bishop* from Imprisonment.
Besides, resolved to Present

(*x*) His name was Richard Creagh Archbishop of Armagh, he died in the Tower, see Nullity of the Prelatick Clergy, p. 66. Mr. Mason takes notice of this out of Sanders, but says not one Word in Contradiction of it. Indeed (says he by his Philodox) there was a certain Irish Archbishop, whom they had in Bonds and Prison at London, with whom they dealt very earnestly, promising him both Liberty and Reward, if so he would be chief in the Consecration: but he, good Man, would by no means be brought to lay Holy Hands upon Hereticks, Mason's Consecration of Bishops. p. 124. Dr. Chambney on this matter says, At that time when there was question of Consecrating these new Bishops, there was Prisoner in the Tower of London an Archbishop of Ireland, who was offer'd his Liberty, and divers other Rewards, if he would have Consecrated the newly Elected Bishops, which doubtless argueth the want of others, that even by themselves were esteemed true Bishops; for if such had been at hand, they would not have recur'd to him, with danger to receive a disgraceful Denyal, as they did. Thus Champney in Vocation of Bishops, p. 198.

A Purse of *Gold* to th' poor old Man:
 Gold oft prevails when nought else can:
 For they resolv'd to spare no cost
 In purchasing the *Holy Ghost*.
 With this Result they sent a charge
 To Water-man to bring the *Barge*.
 While every Man himself prepares
 For taking ship at *Lambeth* stairs.
 Wing'd with desire, and Western Gale,
 From *Lambeth* down the *Thames* they sail;
 Thro' Bridge and Traytors Gate they go,
 As swift as Arrow out of Bow;
 Where stepping out of *Barge* to Land,
 The Tower's *Lieutenant* they command
 To go himself or send his Son-*John*,
 To fetch old *Armagh* from his *Dungeon*;
 Which soon was done as they desir'd,
 The poor old *Bishop* much admir'd
 To find such favour, least expected,
 Either from *Bess* or her *Elected*.
 Having shak'd Hands, scrap'd Legs and bow'd,
 With Compliments as they thought good,
 Into a Tavern, nigh the place,
 They courteously invite his Grace.
 Where after having drank a Glass,
 ('Tis not recorded what it was,
 Yet modern Criticks do attest
 It was *Canary-sack* the best.)
Mat. Parker speaks, the archest Knave
 Of all the rest, but the most grave;
 And one who nat'rally could cant
 And play the Puritannick Saint.

My Lord, says he, you've been abus'd,
 And in the Prison hardly us'd;
 Yet has the *Lard* look'd down upon ye,
 And mov'd the Queen t'have pity on ye;
 And *We*, who truly love your Lordship,
 Have great Compassion on your Hardship;

And

And therefore come to shew our kindness,
 And bring glad tidings from her Highness.
 Her Majesty commands me tell
 Your Grace, her Highness Greets you well,
 And promises to set you free :
 Besides, you shall rewarded be ;
 Yea, what you please shall be your *hire*,
 Do but what *She* and *We* desire,
 And 'tis, my Lord, an easy Boon.
 (At this the *Orator* kneel'd down.)
 Let but your Grace's Hands be laid
 Upon my here inclined Head,
 And give your Servant *Consecration* :
 That *She* may have *True Bishops* in her Nation,
 By whom a Priesthood may endure
 In her new Church, for evermore.

Wou'd you have me ordain you Bishop?
 Quoth *Armagh*. Yes, quoth *Parker's* Worship,
 Anoint me; for we want not Ointment,
 By *Grindal* brought, at my Appointment.
 He calls for't; but the fumbling Block-head
 Breaks the glass Bottle in his Pocket;
 But Chance was pleas'd he should not lose
 It all; for at the Knee of Hose,
 As much as spongy Cloth let scatter,
 Was met by helpful Wooden-platter,
 Which in good time *Grindal* himself
 Snatch'd from a lucky neighbouring Shelf.
 I'm sorry you have spill'd it thus,
 Quoth Sage *Hob. Horn*, 'tis Ominous.
 No, no, quoth *Parker*, there's enough,
 Pray bring it to my Lord *Armagh*.
 And to my Lord they bring the Platter :
 He stands amazed at the Matter.
 Says he, What wou'd you ha' me do?
 Quoth *Parker*, *Consecrate* me now.
 And whatsoe'er the Queen or we,
 Have promis'd, shall perform'd be;

Nay,

Nay more, my Lord, be but content
To do't, and I'll give half my Rent
Of *Canterbury* for your Fee;
My Brethren too will grateful be.
And, as an earnest, here behold
We do present your Grace this *Gold*.
This would not take, tho' 'twas a prime one,
And taught 'em by their Grandfire *Simon*.
For good *Armagh*, in pious Rage,
Curst *Gold* and *them*; and to his Cage
He fled, where late he lay before,
Begging the *Turn-key* of the Door
To lay him fast in *Chains* and *Gives*,
Secure from such unhallow'd Thieves.
And never more to let him loose,
Until the happy fatal Noose
Should free him from Imprisonment,
And send his Soul hence *Innocent*.

Thus disappointed, to their shame,
Unconsecrated back they came,
Not th' way they went, for, chaf'd and hot,
To call their Barge the Fools forgot.
Considering not the way they went,
E're they had reach'd the *Monument*;
The Place I mean, where now's set up
That *Column*, with a flaming top,
Made to denote to after times,
The fall of *Babel*, for her Crimes,
Burn'd up, like bundle of dry Sticks,
In Sixteen-hundred Sixty-six.
As was foreseen, by *English Seers*,
Before it happen'd, fixty Years;
During which time they never ceas'd,
To Preach the Downfall of the *Beast*.
And tho' they guest the time to come,
Yet mis'd the *Place*, and call'd it *Rome*.
Whereas they shou'd have pitch'd on *London*,
Which in that very Year was *Burn'd-down*.

Some

Some think 'twas certain Clouds of Spite
That thus obscur'd *Prophetick Light*,
And made those *Pick-Locks* of *St. John*
Call *Rome*, not *London*, *Babylon*.

Well, being got (as now is said)
To where the *Monument* is made,
And coming to themselves, they stood,
In Consult whether 'twas as good,
Back to return to call their *Boat*,
Or, on to *Lambeth* trudge on foot?
But finding *Beys* to flock about 'em,
(For Streets are never free without 'em.
And you may think the Show was rare,
To see Twelve *High-Priests* cluster'd there)
They all resolv'd not to go on,
But back to call their *Water-man*.
And so they did, i'th Rear pursu'd
By *Rabble*, such a Multitude
As did at call of Captain *Tom*,
In *Eighty-Eight*, from Garrets come,
When *Wapping* met with *Pickadilly*,
To Rob *Wild-House* and Don *Ronquilly*.
This by a Centinel of *Tower*
Perceiv'd, he call'd the *Governor*,
Who seeing that it was their *Graces*,
With all the City at their A—s,
As if they led an Army down,
To take the *Tower* from the *Town*,
Thought nothing more but their intent,
Was to have seiz'd his *Tenement*.
And therefore Orders gave with haste,
To make the Gates and Wickets fast,
And all the *Ordnance* with great speed,
To Charge and Fire, if there was need;
But blest be Fortune there was none;
And so there was no Mischief done.
They coming to the Gate of *Tow'r*,
Smote both with Foot and Fist the Door,

With

With all the Force that e'er they had,
T' have seen 'em you'd ha' thought 'em mad.
But finding *Sneck* before their *Snout*,
They to the *Rabble* fac'd about:
Thro' midst of which their way they forc'd,
With as much ease as *Tartars* Hors'd:
For you may guess, confusion now
Made them they scarce knew what to do.
Till *Parker*, who was always *Chair-man*,
Open'd, as if to Preach a Sermon,
Crying, My Lords! Let us begone,
And to the *Bridge* on foot jog on:
And if we meet not there the *Barge*,
We'll call for *Coaches*, hang the *Charge*.
With this the rest were well content,
So back again their Lordships went;
But coming to the *Bridge*, and seeing
No *Water-man*, nor *Barge*, in being;
They fall again into Debate,
Who shou'd cry *Coach* (being Men of State.)
Quoth *Parker*, Sirs, you see the Crowd
Is pressing, therefore be not proud;
Nor with mean Office lets think much.
With that they all cry'd *Coach*, a *Coach*!
Which noise, scream'd out in diff'rent Notes,
From at the least a dozen Throats,
Set all the *Boys*, that flocked after
Their Lordships, into hearty Laughter.
In fine when 'twas distinctly heard,
A *Coach*, a *Coach*, *Coaches* appear'd,
Mounting with speed to *Lambeth* they
Thro' Lanes of *Rabble* drive away.
Curfing their fate, and luckless *Tryal*,
And *Armagh* for his flat denial.

Yet still resolv'd not to leave off,
The next they try'd was old *Landaff*.
This was the Bishop, nam'd before,
That to the Queen's Church-Headship swore.

A Man

A Man as fearful as a *Hare*,
His Heart close glewed to his *Chair*,
A *Schismatick*, and doating old,
And almost blind, when he was told
That *Parker*, and some half a score
Black Gowns were rapping at his Door,
He stick'd to and fro like mad,
And comb'd the little Hair he had.
Put on his Head his *Beaver Hat*,
And threw the *Felt* by, lin'd with fat;
He stroak'd his Beard, and rub'd his Face,
Set Stools and Chairs in proper place,
His *Cuffs* and *Band* he donn'd, and then
Sent down his *Maid* to let 'em in.

They ent'ring with a formal pace,
Made humble *Congees* to his Grace.
And he, who had his share of Manners,
Scrap'd Legs, and kindly bid their Honours
Welcome to his poor Habitation,
And thank'd them for their Visitation.
They sit 'em down, and fall to chat,
Of this thing now, and then of that,
Till by and by, *Parker* draws on
Discourse 'bout *Consecration*.
Owning that *Orders* are, and *Mission*,
By *Apostolical Tradition*.

Landaff was glad to hear the Fox
Declare himself so *Orthodox*.
Yes, yes, My Lord, says *Parker*, we
In this do with your Grace agree;
And shou'd be very much to blame
Should we neglect t' obtain the same:
Therefore; My Lord, if you'll consent
To administer this Sacrament
Of *Holy Orders*, we'll receive it,
'Tis at your Grace's hands we crave it,
And not from any other Bishop,
Because we *venerate* your Worship.

The Queen too, who respects you ever,
 Will take it as a mighty Favour.
 Baulk not therefore *her* Expectation
 And *ours*; but give us *Consecration*.
 My Lords, I'd have you understand,
 The Queen and you shall me Command,
 Quoth *Landaff*, but the Night comes on,
 So there's no time to get it done:
 For I, you know, for want of Sight,
 Can do *no good* by Candle-light.
 Therefore, My Lords, says he, appoint me
 A time, and where I must *Anoint* ye,
 And you shall find me very free
 To do it: But pray let it be
 As little spoke of as you can.
 It shall be done in private, Man,
 Quoth *Parker*, if your Grace think fit,
 Where none but Friends shall know of it.
 Yes, quoth *Landaff*; for understand all
 'Twill to Religion be a Scandal
 That I, who am a *Catholic*,
 Should Consecrate an *Heretick*,
 A Church you know's a public place.
 My Lord, says *Mat. (y)* gin't please your Grace
 To take the pains to cross the Street,
 We'll at the *Nags-Head Tavern* meet,

(y) Mr. Mason in the Appendix to his Book of the Consecration of the English Bishops, relates this Story of the Nags-Head Consecration out of Sacrobosco, thus: Principio Regni Elizabethæ creandi erant Episcopi sectarii: Candidati convenerunt Londini in quodam Hospitio plateæ Anglice dictæ Cheap-side, ad insigne Capitis Manni, & una Ordines collaturis Landavenfis Episcopus, homo senex & simplex; quod ut intellexit Bonnerus tunc Decanus Episcoporum in Anglia, misit e turri Londinensi (ubi Religionis causa detinebatur) Capellanum suum qui Landavenfi proposita excommunicationis poena prohiberet novos candidatos ordinare: Ea autem denuntiatione territus Landavenfis, pedem retulit, multiplicique tergiversatione usus, Sacrilegam vitavit ordinationem. Hic furere Candidati; Landavensem contemnere, novaquerere contia; quid plura? Scoreus Monachus (post Herefordensis Pseudo Episcopus) cæteris; excæteris quidam Scoreo manus imponunt, fiuntque sine

To-morrow Morning about nine;
 And speak a Dinner, for we'll dine;
 I faith't shall be a good one too:
 Nothing, My Lord's too good for you.

Patre Filii. & Pater a Filiis procreatur, res sæculis omnibus inaudita.
 Quod Dr. Thomas Neale, Hebraicus Oxoniæ Lector, qui interfuit, antiquis Confessoribus, illi mihi narrarunt, & fidem astruit quod in comitiis postea sancitum fuit, ut pro legitimis Episcopis haberentur, Partar amenii isti. Dr. Champney sets down this Consecration thus, At the Nags-Head in Cheapside, by accorded Appointment, met all those that were nominated to Bishopricks: Thither came also the old Bishop of Landaff, to make them Bishops. Which being known to Dr. Bonner Bishop of London, then Prisoner, he sent unto the Bishop of Landaff, forbidding him, under pain of Excommunication to exercise any such Power within his Diocese, as to order those Men. Wherewith the old Bishop being terrified, and besides moved also in his own Conscience, refused to proceed with that Action; alledging chiefly for reason of his Forbearance, his want of Sight; which excuse they Interpreting to be but an Evasion, were much moved against the poor old Man. And whereas hitherto they had used him with all Courtesy and Respect, they then changed their Copy, reviling him, and calling him doating Fool, and the like; some of them saying, This old Fool thinketh we cannot be Bishops unless we be greased. To the disgrace as well of him as of the Catholic manner of Episcopal Consecration. Being notwithstanding thus deceived of their Expectation, and having no other Means to come to their desire, they resolved to use Master Scorey's help, who having borrowed the name of Bishop in King Edward's time, was thought to have sufficient Power to perform that Office, especially in such streight Necessity. He having cast off, together with his Religious Habit, all scruple of Conscience, willingly went about the Matter: Which he performed in this sort, Having the Bible in his Hand, and they all kneeling before him, he laid it upon every one of their Heads or Shoulders, saying, Take thou Authority to preach the Word of God sincerely, and so they rose up Bishops.

This whole Narration, without adding or detracting (says he) any word pertaining to the Substance of the Matter; I have heard oftner than once of Mr. Tho. Bluet, a grave, learned and judicious Priest, he having received it of Mr. Neal, a Man of good Sort and Reputation, sometimes Reader of the Hebrew Lecture in Oxford, but when this matter passed, was belonging to Bishop Bonner, and sent by him to deliver the Message before-mentioned to the Bishop of Landaff, and withal to attend there to see the end of the Business. Again, Mr. Bluet had other good means to be informed of this matter, Being a long time Prisoner with Dr. Watson Bishop of Lincoln, and other Men of Note, of the ancient Clergy, in whose time and in whose sight, as one may say, this Matter was done. This was related

Says *Parker*, smiling as he spoke,
 This pleas'd *Landaff*; and up they broke.
 Now *Fame*, a busy tatling Guddy,
 That ay from House to House will feud-ye,

related to me by Mr. Bluet in Wisbich Castle. Thus Dr. Champney, in his Treatise of the Vocation of Bishops, p. 164, 195. Mr. Maton himself, in his Appendix above-named, gives also a Relation of this Business out of the Preface to a Book called, A Discussion numb. 135. Where that Author, writing against Master Jewell, says, Of Mr. Jewell's being a Bishop, we have not so much certainty, yea, we have no certainty at all. For who, I pray you, made him? Who gave him his Jurisdiction? Who imposed Hands on him? What Orders had they? What Bishop were they? It is true that both, he, Sands, Scory, Horn, Grindal, and others, in the beginning of Q. Elizabeth's Reign, met at the Horse-Head in Cheapside, a fit Sign for such a Sacrament, and being disappointed of the Catholic Bishop of Landaff, who should there have been to Consecrate them, &c. They dealt with Scory of Hereford to do it. Who when they were all on their Knees, caused John Jewell to rise up Bishop of Salisbury, and him that was Robert Horn before, to rise up Bishop of Winchester, and so forthwith all the rest. The Author of the Nullity of the Prelatick Clergy of England, says, It's now a Century of Years since the Nags-Head story happened; it hath been constantly related, and credited by wise Men, as a certain truth, ever since the Year 1559 (the Year it was acted in). It was never contradicted by any, till their new Register published by Mason in 1613 F. Parsons believed it, and recounted it as a serious Truth to many. Fitzherbert, Dr. Kellson, Holliwood, Dr. Champney, Fitzsimons, &c. gave so much credit to it, they published it in Print. Mr. Constable says, in his relation of it, that it was a thing without doubt, because not only Mr. Neal, but other Catholics Integerrimæ Fidei, of most entire Credit were Eye-witnesses of Scory's ridiculous manner of Consecrating Parker and the rest, at the Nags-Head Tavern.

Dr. Champney tells us, that John Stow, a Protestant, hath often testified this Business of the Nags-Head by word of Mouth, though he durst not publish it in Print in his Chronicle. And because he could not have the freedom of writing the Truth, he totally omits setting down any Consecration at all, either of Mathew Parker, or of any other of Queen Elizabeth's first pretended Bishops. We cannot imagine that he forgot to take Notice of them, because he sets down the Consecration of Cardinal Pole, Parker's immediate Predecessor, which, as Mason himself confesses, was so singular, that of 69 Archbishops before him in the See of Canterbury, none was ever Consecrated in that Manner. See Dr. Champney, page 196, 197. Mason p. 131. In a Treatise entituled, Of the Nature of the Catholic Faith and Heresy: by N. N. printed at Rouen in 1657. It is reported that Dr. Bancroft then Bishop of London, being demand-

From morn to night, from night to morn,
 A thievish Imp as e'er was born,
 That filches all the fees or hears;
 Nought can escape her Eyes and Ears;

ed by Mr. William Alabaster how Parker and his Colleagues were Consecrated Bishops? Answered thus, I hope that in case of Necessity, a Priest (alluding to Scory) may ordain Bishops. This Answer of Bancroft's was objected in Print by P. Holliwood against him and all the English Clergy, in the Year 1603. Neither Bancroft (then living) nor any else, replied one Word against it. Chap: 2. p. 8.

The said Author tells us also, that upon occasion of a certain Book, brought into the Parliament House by some Presbyterian Lords, proving that the Protestant Bishops had no Succession nor Consecration, and therefore were no Bishops, and consequently had no right to sit in Parliament: Dr. Morton Bishop of Durham, made a Speech against the said Book in the behalf of himself and all the Bishops then present. In which Speech he endeavoured to prove their Succession from the last Catholic Bishops, who, says he, by imposition of Hands ordained the first Protestant Bishops at the Nags-Head in Cheapside, as was notorious to all the World. This was reported by an ancient Peer then present in the House. See cap. p. 9.

These two remarkable Passages, Dr. Bramhal Bishop of Derry, in his Book entituled, *The Consecration and Succession of Protestant Bishops justified*, pretends to refute: He does it to the first, by only saying, I do not believe one Word of what is said of Bishop Bancroft. Against the second he brings a Testificate under Dr. Morton's hand, that he never made such a Speech. He brings the like under some Bishops and Noblemens hands, that they do not remember such a Book against Bishops, as is there mentioned, was presented in that Parliament, and therefore Dr. Morton could make no such Speech against it. To this pretended Refutation of Bramhal's, the said Author of the *Nature of Catholic Faith and Heresy*; in another Treatise of his entituled, *The Nullity of the Prelatick Clergy and Church of England*: printed at Antwerp in 1659, makes clear and most convincing Reply, which being too long to be here inserted, I refer the Reader to the Book itself. In which also he will find whatsoever else Dr. Bramhal has writ in his Book above-named, in Defence of Protestant Episcopacy repelled: And also, his Ten Reasons (as he calls 'em) against the Nags-Head Story refuted, and retorted against their pretended Lambeth Consecration.

In the said Treatise of the Nullity, &c. p. 88. is also Recorded the Lord Audley's Testimony, writ with his own Hand, testifying to Dr. Bramhal, Bishop of Derry, that he the said Lord Audley, was personally present in the House of Lords when Bishop Morton made that Speech, in which he had recourse to the Nags-Head Consecration for the Validity and Succession of Protestant Bishops, as is said;

which

But soon as either done or said,
Is privately away convey'd.
This whispering Gossip took upon her
To carry news to Bishop *Bonner*;

which Testimony of my Lord's, for the Reader's Satisfaction I will here put down.

Having seen a Book entituled, The Consecration and Succession of Protestant Bishops, &c. and particularly perused that Chapter called the Vindication of the Bishop of Durham, I find myself (reflecting on some Expressions therein, and the Bishop of Derry Author) obliged to say something as concerned, and so have desired Place here for a few Lines. Who the Author of the Treatise of Catholic Faith, &c. fixeth on to prove his Allegations touching the Bishop of Durham's Speech, I know not; for he told me of it before ever I spoke to him; but sure I am, if it be looked after, he may have sufficient Testimony to satisfy half a dozen Juries; but that which stirs me to speak in this matter, is a Note I have, at the request of the Bishop of Derry, given him under my Hand, wherein I say in Substance the same with the Author touching the Bishop of Durham's Speech. As for the Book against Episcopacy, which was the Ground of the Discourse, my Note only avers it was brought into the House, but said not by whom, nor who was the Author. In truth I wondered much to find that the Bishop of Durham doth deny this Speech, for I cannot remember that ever I heard of, or read the story of the Nags-Head, till that Day in Parliament of my Lord of Durham; then I heard it from him, and this I say, as I shall answer it before the Judgment-seat of God Almighty. And I do not remember that ever I heard the Bishop of Lincoln, or any other Bishop, before or since, mention the Nags-Head, or touch that Story; if I had, and not named him, my Lord of Durham might have just Reason to complain; but my Lord of Derry will not believe that I (for I cannot but take it to myself) do, or ever did know my Lord of Durham, so well as to swear that this was the Man. If his Lordship had been an English Bishop, and frequented Parliaments, he would have omitted this. Not to multiply Words, I can assure his Lordship, I could as well and surely have sworn this is the Man, the Bishop of Durham, as his Lordship could of Sir George Ratcliff when he lived. Besides, his Person, and Place of the Bishops Bench is too eminent to be mistaken. Another Expression of my Lord of Derry is, I do not take myself to be so exact an Analyser of a Discourse, as to be able to take my Oath what was the true Scope of it. Here likewise I must beg his Lordship's Pardon. I know no such Defect in myself, for there is not any thing more easy than to comprehend the true Scope of a short, a plain Historical Discourse as this was; to conclude, as to the Bishop of Durham's denial, I hope that Confessing himself now of the Age of 95 Years, it will be held no Crime to say, or improbable, to believe that one

And, at rebounds, from *Landaff's* Maid,
 She catches every Word they said;
 With which in haste away she goes,
 And tells the Bishop all she knows.

Bonner, who judg'd it nought of fiction,
 Bethinks him of an *Interdiction*;
 And sends next day his Chaplain *Neale*
 To ring in *Landaff's* ears a peal,
 And threaten *Excommunication*,
 If he proceeds to *Consecration*.

Kitchin at this grew cold with Fear,
 And curst the Minute he came there,
 And wou'd have left them, but the Sinner
 Was loth to lose expected Dinner;
 However, he grew resolute
 Never to be perswaded to't,
 Tho' they shou'd give him ten times more
 Than they had proffer'd *Creagh* before,
 And tho' they beg'd and beg'd again,
 Yet Prayers and Tears were all in vain;

of that great Age may at least forget what he spoke so many Years since. For the two Certificates of the other Lords, that of the Temporal, saith little to my Lord of Derry's purpose, neither with an indifferent Judgment can that of the Spiritual work much. For my part, I do not say that any, or all their Lordships, whose Names are put to the Certificates in the Book, were in the House at this time, or if any of them were, that they took notice of what my Lord of Durham spake; for many Discourses are made in Parliaments, and little notice taken of them, neither had I of this, but that it was to me a new thing. The Clerk of the Parliament is also brought in to certify, though as to my Note his pains might have been spared, for I do not mention a Book presented, and consequently none to be Recorded, and as for Speeches, I do assure his Lordship, in the Authority of an old Parliament Man, that it is not the Office of a Clerk to Record them (this Work would be too great) till it be a Result or Conclusion, and then he writes them down as Orders, Ordinances, &c. of Parliament. I will end this short and faithful Defence, which I have been here necessitated to make for myself, with many thanks to my Lord of Derry for his Charity, and Opinion of my Ingenuity: and seeing his Lordship's Inclination in this matter is to absolve me from a malicious Lye, I will absolve myself, as to mistake, either in the Person or Matter, assuring his Lordship, and all the World there is none. Thus the Lord Audley, p. 89.

And

And Tears I say, for *Parker's* grief
At's eyes were glad to seek relief.
Grindal was griev'd, *Horn* curst old *Kitchin*,
And swore he'd rather go a ditching,
Than ever *Consecration* crave
Of such a dull old doating Knave.
John Juell swore he'd rather have his
Orders from *Mahomet*. Quoth *Davis*,
A Turk I'm sure can make a Priest
As well as any *Antichrist*.
'Tis not the laying on of Hands,
I care a straw for, quoth Sir *Sands*,
But that the *Queen*, to please the Nation,
Is for our having *Consecration*;
And holds, which makes her mad about it,
That none can Bishop be without it:
To please her therefore, 'tis but fit
We all means try in getting it.
The while that they were thus a fretting,
Landaff was in a corner sitting,
And *Bentham* plying him with Sherry,
In hopes he'd yield when he was merry;
Which *Parker* and the rest perceiving,
Drew towards them, and left off grieving.
And now their Cups for 'most an Hour
They ply'd (some Writers think for more)
Sending 'em round, Six in Hand,
Till poor *Landaff* cou'd hardly stand;
Which they observing, fell again,
To court him in a gentle strain;
But, notwithstanding Words and Wine,
He still refused to incline:
Nor could great Promises prevail
Against the Threats of Doctor *Neal*,
Whom *Bonner* ordered to stay
Till they had done and gone their way:
Besides, he pleaded want of Sight,
As well as Wits, to do it right.

In short, your Doctrine, Sirs, and mine
Are not the same, therefore in fine
I'll cast no *Pearls*, says he, to *Swine*.
This said, and mov'd with Zeal, and Heat
Of Liquor, he abandon'd Seat;
And for the Chamber-door he made
With all the Hands and Feet he had;
Which by good fortune being ope,
The Latch he needed not to grope;
And of the Stairs made but one stop
Down to the bottom, from the top.
Into the Streets he runs to rights,
As if pursu'd i' th' Rear by *Sprites*,
And home he hastes, where none might find him,
Without once looking back behind him.
This baulking of their Expectation,
Set every Man into a passion;
And fury muster'd all its Forces,
To pelt *Landaff* with heavy Curses;
Till *Parker*, who it seems was blest
With share of Patience 'bove the rest,
Began to beckon with his hand,
And Silence in the Court command;
Advising them to leave off Cursing,
And give good heed to his Discouraging.
This *Landaff*, *Doating Fool* (says he)
Believes we cannot Bishops be,
Unless by other Bishops Greas'd;
But, Brethren, be but you appeas'd,
And I shall prove, in time of need,
A *Priest's* enough to do the deed.
A *Priest* may *Consecrate*, I know it.
When *Bishops* do refuse to do it,
Luther himself, and all the best
Reformed Churches this attest,
And *Cranmer* says, the *Magistrate*
May both *Ordain* and *Consecrate*:
And young King *Edward* practis'd it,
In making Bishops by his *Writ*.

John Calvin gave his Flock direction
To make their *Pastors* by *Election*,
Without regarding th' ancient Fashion,
Or any Form of *Consecration*.

And we of *Frankfort*, but of late,
Chose only, did not *Consecrate*;
And such *Elected*, were again
Turn'd often out for private Men:
Nor did they judge themselves to be
More than the other *Laity*.

That's true, quoth *Horn*, but now the *Case*
Is alter'd from what then it was,

Rich Bishopricks are settled on us,
And therefore we must take upon us
The *Character* of Bishops, that
We may secure what we have got;
And not at all times be in danger
To be bound up to *Rack and Manger*,
Or to be driven from our Station
At pleasure of the Congregation,
Who take up piques at every turn.

That's well consider'd, Master *Horn*,
Quoth *Parker*, for 'tis *Consecration*
Must rivet us in this our Station;
Because by it, our Power we claim
From *Right divine*, and not from them.

But see'ng from *Popish* Bishops we
Cannot procure this *Prelacy*,

Let us no further on't debate,

But one another *Consecrate*;

By this at least we'll get the *Name*,

Tho' not the *Character* we claim.

And by the *Title* let us act

The Bishops part in each respect;

And Rule our Flock, as if we had

Been Bishops by *St. Peter* made:

And if the Congregation chance

To grumble at this Self-advance,

As now and then they will, no doubt,
 We'll get the Queen to help us out:
 Be merry therefore, Gentlemen,
 Let's drink a Glas or two, and then
 Among ourselves we'll do the work,
 In spite of *Landaff*, *Pope* or *Turk*,
 Or *Bonner's* sharp *Anathema*.

Come, Master *Scory*, come, I say,
 A *Priest* can do't, and you are one:
Priests can make *Bishops*, come Sir *John*,
 Myself shall be the first will try ye,
 For I'll be *Consecrated* by ye.
 And then my Grace, when you have done,
 We'll *Consecrate* the rest, Sir *John*.
 But e'er we fall to work, I think,
 Quoth *Scory*, 'tis but fit we drink,
 And dine too; for the Cloth is laid,
 And the first Course is ready made.
 To this Advice they all inclin'd,
 And having plentifully din'd,
 And drank another Glas or two,
 They fell to what they had to do.

Canonick Robes *Scory* had none,
 Nor *Parker* but an Ancient Gown;
 Mean things, when better Stuff they want,
 Will serve an humble *Protestant*,
 Who places not Religion in
 The *Outward*, but the *Inward* Man.
 In manner odd, as that of Fashion,
Scory proceeds to *Consecration*.
 He first then, to avoid contest,
 Advis'd a little with the rest,
 Instead of Hands, if 'twere not better
 'T' impose on Head the Sacred Letter:
 For *Laying on of Hands*, says he,
 Is altogether *Papery*:
 Which b'ing debated Pro and Con,
 The laying of the *Bible* on,

They

They all concluded was the right way,
So calling for't, 'twas brought him streight way,
Which, taking in his hand, he laid
On *Parker's* Head with Leaves display'd,
While both his Lips in Motion were,
As if he spoke; but none could hear
A Syllable of what he said,
Whether he either curst or pray'd;
Till having laid the *Bible* by,
I' th' window, where it us'd to lie,
His Voice grew Audible, but slow,
As frozen Words do when they thaw;
Quoth he, in Holy Writ we read
Of Ointment pour'd on *Aaron's* Head,
Which drench'd his Beard, and to his Foot
Wet all his Garments round about;
What Scripture does so plainly mention,
I think may authorize the Unction.
Consider therefore whether I
Shall use't or no? No, no, they cry;
No marry shall you not, says *Matt*,
I'll not be greased o'er with Fat.
Well, well, have Patience, quoth *Scary*,
Behold the *Bible*, here before-ye,
Must on your Shoulders now be laid,
As 'twas before upon your Head.
A Ceremony very needful,
To put in mind and make you heedful,
That you, as *Pastor* of the Flock,
Carry their Dinner on your Back;
For 'tis with *Bibles* they are fed,
Which you must see distributed.
This said, the Consecrator *John*
Held with both Hands the *Bible* on,
Pronouncing, in most Rev'rend Fashion,
This uncouth Form of Consecration,

Take

Take thou Authority to Preach the Word of GOD
Sincerely.

Which said, and raising up his Worship,
They all kneel down and Hail him Bishop.
Well! now says *Scory*, that you're made
A Bishop, exercise your Trade.
Take up the *Bible*, fall to Pray'r,
And Bishops half a dozen pair
See that you make, before we part.
You are most skilful in the Art,
Quoth *Parker*, therefore pray-ye *John*,
To Consecrate the rest go on,
And we'll to Supper when you've done.
Well; if I must, then come, says *Scory*,
Kneel altogether down before me,
That I may make what haste I can,
It will be late e're we have done.
They Kneel and *Scory* lays upon
Their Heads and Shoulders, one by one,
His *Bible*, as before was done,
Thus ends their Consecration.

In fine, their *Nags-head-Consecration*
Became the Laughter of the Nation,
And to this Day they are asham'd
To hear their *Cheapside* Frolick nam'd:
For as Men look'd upon those Quacks
That Prophecy in Almanacks,
So they were pointed at by all
For Prophets false as those of *Baal*.
The *Wolf* cannot so trimly put on
The *Sheep-skin*, as to pass for *Mutton*.

I'll give the Reader here a List
Of th' Ancient Bishops dispossest'd,
And who they were of these *Nags-headers*.
That in their *Sees* set up for *Fathers*.

Bishopricks.		Catholic Bishops Displaced.	Protestants Intruded.
In the Province of Canterbury.	Canterbury.	Vacant by the Death of Cardinal Pole.	Parker.
	London.	B. Bonner.	Grindal.
	Winchester.	B. White.	Horn.
	Ely.	B. Thurlby.	Cox.
	Lincoln.	B. Watfon.	Bullingham.
	Coventry & Litchfield.	B. Bayne.	Bentham.
	Bath and Wells.	B. Bourne.	Barclay.
	Exon.	B. Turbervill.	Ally.
	Worcester.	B. Pates.	Sandes.
	Peterborow.	B. Pole.	Scambler.
Prov. of York.	Asaph.	B. Goldwell.	Davis.
	York.	A. B. Heath.	Young.
	Durham.	B. Tonstall.	Pilkington.
	Carlisle.	B. Oglethorp.	Best.
	Chester.	B. Scott.	Downham.

The Catholic Bishops were all Deposed in July 1559. Anno Regni
1 Eliz. vid. Stow. 639.

It

It was not long before Report
 Brought news fro' th' *Nags-head* to the Court,
 Which put her Highness in a Twitter.
 But seeing 'tis, says she, no better,
 Go bring me Pen, and Ink, and Paper,
 And Seal, and Wax, and light a Taper;
 I'll not stir out o'th' Chair I sit in
 Till I have order'd all that's fitting:
 For, since from me all Power springs,
 I' faith I'll make the best of things.
 I'll see who 'tis that dare deny 'em
 For Bishops, full as good as I am.
 Only in Jurisdiction less
 Than us, their *Supreme Bishops*.
 I will go write a Dispensation
 For all Defects in Consecration.
 What's wanting in the Consecrator
 Or Consecrated is no Matter;
 For all defects in Faculty,
 State and Condition, I'll supply (z).

(z) The Queen was under an Extream necessity of dispensing with all Invalidities of the Condition, state, and Faculty of those Parker's pretended Consecrators, because she knew they were only Priests, not Bishops, and others than such she and they now despair'd of procuring. vid. The Nullity of the Prelatick Clergy, &c. cap. 2. The Words of her Letters Patents are, *Supplentes nihilominus Supremâ nostrâ autoritate regia &c.* Supplying by our Supreme Royal Authority, &c. If any thing be, or shall be wanting in those Things which you are to do by our Command, either in your selves, or in any of you, or in your Condition, State, Faculty, which by the Statutes of this our Kingdom, or by the Laws of the Church are requir'd or necessary. The time and necessity of Affairs requiring this. *Teste Regina &c. In ejus rei. &c.* Mr. Mason, in his Book of Consecration of Bishops in the Church of England, Edit. 1613. brings in this Question. If his (Parker) or their Consecrations were Sound, why did the Queen in her Letters Patent, directed for the Consecrations of them, Use divers General Words and Sentences, whereby she dispensed with all Causes, or Doubts of any Imperfection or Disability that could or might be objected against them? To which he makes this ridiculous Answer, She might Entertain some Reason in her Royal Breast, which you and I, and such shallow Heads are not able to Conceive: But if I might presume to give my conjecture, I suppose she did it ad majorem cautelam. Thus he, p. 132.

And by my Letters Patent will
Make good what's e'er they've acted ill:
She said and set in posture right
As one should be that goes to write.
E're she had well set Pen to Paper,
Comes in a thought and spares her labour.
Bless me! says she, my Head is giddy,
What I am doing's done already:
For, now it comes into my mind,
When they complain'd they could not find
One *Popish* Bishop in the Nation
Willing to give them Consecration,
I bad 'em go and try *Landaff*,
Or do't themselves, if he stood off;
And, by the Power conferr'd on me,
I gave 'em Letters to supply
The Power the Consecrators wanted,
(Tho' 'twas *Episcopal* they granted)
Their Faculty, State and Condition,
Are perfected by my Commission.

Besides all this, I'll not neglect
To make the Parliament enact
For Good and Valid, all that's done
In this their Consecration.

Thus, by her Supreme Power, *Bess*
Made each fit for his *Diocefs*,
Gives them her Orders, with Injunction
To Act in Church the Bishops *Function*,
And help in great Affairs of State,
As *Popish* Bishops did of late.
This pleas'd their Graces very well,
And to their Offices they fell,
Some a new Liturgy devise,
And some make Books of *Homilies*,
And some new Articles invent
Of Faith and of Church-Government;
And *Canons* at the last they make;
Of all which in due time I'll speak.

It was not long e're Bishop *Bonner*
 Call'd into Question this their Honour,
 And told them plainly that their Worships
 Were never Consecrated Bishops;
 That their Episcopal Vocation
 Was but a cheat put on the Nation;
Orders, conferr'd by th' Magistrate,
 Are null in Laws of Church and State:
 Therefore, says he, to *Robert Horn*,
 The Oath you tender me I scorn (a):
 For you must know that *Horn* desir'd
 To have good *Bonner* præmunir'd,
 And therefore offer'd him the Oath,
 And bad him swear by Faith and Troth,
 By God himself, and Gospels four,
 That *Bess* in Church had Supreme Power.
 Which he refusing, *Horn* thought fit
 To clap him up by *King's-Bench* Writ,
 To which wise *Bonner* makes his Plea,
 That *Horn*, tho' in a Bishop's See,
 Yet is no Bishop: and therefore
 Could not by Right claim any Power.
 To tender Oaths to him, and so
 What he had done was void in Law.

(a) Dr. Heylin on the 8th of Queen Eliz. 1565, 1566. says, By a Statute made in the last Parliament a Power was given unto the Bishops to Tender and receive the Oath of Supremacy. Bonner was then a Prisoner in the Clink or Marthalsea. Which being in Southwark, brought him within the Jurisdiction of Horn Bishop of Winchester. By whose Chancellor the Oath was tender'd to him. On the Refusal of which Oath he is Indicted at the Kings Bench upon the Statute, &c. Bishop Bonner Pleaded, that Horn at that time, when the Oath was tender'd was not Bishop of Winchester, and therefore not impower'd by the said Statute to make tender of the Oath by himself, or by his Chancellor, &c. The Cause comes at last to be debated amongst the Judges at Searjeants Inn, by whom the Cause was finally put upon the Issue, and the Tryal of that Issue Ordered to be committed to a Jury of the County of Surry: But then withal; (says he) it was Advised, that the Decision of the Point should rather be referr'd to the following Parliament, for fear that such a weighty Matter might miscarry by a Country-Jury, &c.

This

This wounded *Horn* to th' very Heart;
 Nor could he long conceal the Smart,
 But fill'd his Fellow-Bishops Ears
 With crying out, *his Case was theirs*;
 And they oblig'd, as much as he,
 To stand up for their *Prelacy*,
 And enter into verbal Fight,
 To prove their *Ordination* Right.
 For if, says he, they prove me No-
 Bishop, they'll do the same by you.

They, finding *Horn* so closely prest,
 Meet to consider what was best:
 After some chat, and fruitless prattling,
 They fly for Aid to old Judge *Cattlin*,
 Begging he would defend their Honour
 Against the Plea of Bishop *Bonner*,
 And shew *Horn's* Process had no Flaw,
 But judge them Bishops good in Law;
 And for his Fee each Man was willing
 To grease his Fist with twenty Shilling,
 And promis'd him a better Penny;
 For we'll not stick, say they, for Money,
 Provided that the Cause, when try'd,
 Pass on our Brother *Robert's* Side,
 And *Bonner* cast in *Præmunire*.

Quoth *Cattlin*, well, my Lords, I hear ye,
 But Justice is not to be sold,
 Nor am I to be brib'd with Gold:
 However, in so grand a Cause
 I'll stretch to th' utmost all the Laws.
 And if I cannot make it do
 E'er 't come to Tryal, you shall know;
 Then you may let the matter rest,
 Or else proceed as you see best.
 They thanking him, away they went
 And left him to consider on't.

Tho' he had Skill in Statute-Book
 As much as *Littleton* or *Coke*,

N

Justinian's

Justinian's Code, and Magna-Chart
 Had, and the Canon Law, by heart;
 Yet would not rashly give Advice
 In Cases difficult and nice:
 Or, of Opinions, tell what his was
 In weighty Matters, such as this was,
 Till first his Fellow-Judges were
 Consulted in the great Affair,
 And therefore, tho' lame of each Foot
 With that genteel Disease the Gout,
 In Slippers out of door he trudges
 To th' Chambers of his Fellow-Judges,
 Gets their Opinions one by one,
 Then pitch'd a Day to meet upon,
 At his Apartment, where the Bishops
 Were sent for, to attend their Worships.

The Case (as is before related)
 In full Assembly being Debated,
 The Judges all conclude, the Matter
 To be of very per'ous Nature,
 And tell the Bishops, that if try'd,
 It needs must go on Bonner's Side,
 Because they could not make't appear
 Such Prelates lawful Bishops were.
 Therefore advis'd 'em, for the best
 Never to bring it to the Test:
 And charged Horn to press no further
 In what would scandalize their Order,
 Nor ever trouble Bonner more
 By off'ring Oaths on such a score.

This Matter whisper'd up and down,
 Was quickly spread thro' all the Town;
 And every body saw the Cheat
Episcopacy Counterfeit.

Horn and his Fellow-Bishops knowing
 That this would tend to their undoing,
 Resolve upon another Trick
 How to secure the Bishoprick;

And

And gain themselves Respect and Awe,
 Like Bishops, good at least in Law;
 And it was this, away they went
 To beg an Act of Parliament *(b)*:
 As judging it the only way
 To make their new form'd Kirk obey,
 And own them without Contradiction,
 To be endow'd with Jurisdiction:
 For who is he that dare withstand
 A Statute sign'd by Royal Hand?
 The Parliament, at their Petition
 Enacts them Bishops, gives them Mission;
 The Act confirm'd and sign'd by Bess,
 Each takes him to his *Diocess*.
 This is in fine the Tuberous Root
 Whence Pseudo-Prelacy sprang out.
 A spurious Slip, a Bastard Stem,
 Begot 'tween *Queen* and *Sanhedrim*.
 And to this Day they keep the name
 Of *Parliament Bishops*.—

Those Bishops as by Law Establish'd,
 For Villanies and Lies the ablest,
 And for true *Cant* and seeming Zeal
 The best in all the Common Weal;

(b) According to this sound Advice, the Business comes under Consideration in the following Parliament; which began on the 30th of September (1565 An. 8. Eliz.) This Parliament Revived the Statute of Edward VI. that Authoris'd the new Form of Making Bishops and Priests, Repealed by Queen Mary. And (says Heylin) did accordingly Enact, That all Persons that had been or should be Made, Ordered or Consecrate Archbishops, Bishops or Priests, Ministers and Deacons, after the Form and Order prescribed in the said Book, be in every deed, and by Authority hereof Declared and Enacted to be, and shall be Archbishops, Bishops, Priests Ministers and Deacons, rightly Made, Consecrated and Ordered, any Statute, Law, Canon, or any thing to the contrary notwithstanding. In this last Act, the Church (says he) is strongly settled on her Natural Pillars. See Heylin. p. 345, 346. And Dr Champney's Vocation of Bishops, p. 168. as also the Abridgment of Judge Dier's Reports, 7 Eliz. 234.

Ordain a Clergy like themselves,
 And o'er the Flock they place the Wolves.
 A Clergy wed to Vice and Wives,
 And Doctrines impious as their Lives.
 Made up o'th' basest sort of Men
 The Nation had in being then;
 (c) *Bagpipers, Fiddlers, Tanners, Tinkers,*
Cardmakers, Cobblers, Common Drinkers,
Carters, and Catchpoles, Chimney-sweepers,
Fishmongers, Butchers, Cattle-keepers,
Bricklayers, Blacksmiths, Weavers, Taylors,
Gold-finders, Scavengers and Jaylor.

To rail against the Church of Rome,
 To preach its Downfal and its Doom,
 And curse the Pope as they were mad,
 Was one main Talent that they had;
 And who perform'd it best, were then
 Cry'd up for mighty Gifted Men:
 And those were held for sound Divines
 Who pelted *Images* and *Shrines*,
 And bang'd the *Saints* till black and blue,
 And *Pelion* upon *Ossa* threw,
 On top of which to plant their Engines,
 For battering Heaven with a Vengeance,
 Because the *Saints* and *Angels* there,
 Presume to pray for Mortals here,
 And are by God for *Guardians* sent
 To us of the *Church Militant*.
 But they were had in most Esteem,
 Who did the *MASS* the most Blaspheme;
 In short, their Learning did consist
 In Railing, who could Rail the best.
 They plac'd the lewdest and most witty
 Buffoons, in Kirks the best i'th' City,

(c) See Dr. Heylin, who, out of Mr. John Rastal, gives this same Account of Cobblers, Weavers, Tinkers, Bagpipers, &c. being put into Pulpits, and keeping the place of Priests and Ministers. p. 346. 347.

The duller sort, that scarce could Read,
 In Country Kirks set up and pray'd,
 Stammer'd the *Common-Prayer-Book* o'er,
 And *Homilies*, well-conn'd before;
 For in the Kirk they durst not come
 Till *Homily* was conn'd at home.
 So unlearn'd Thieves sometimes have got
 Propitious *Neck-verse* so by Rote
 As to repeat it and not falter,
 To save condemned Necks from Halter:
 Such were those new Ecclesiasticks
 A Crew of Scoundrel ill-bred Rusticks,
 A Scum of Rascals, base and dull,
 As ever fill'd a Pulpit full.

Unless by Chance that one in ten,
 Lifted himself 'mong learned Men:
 For some there were whose Blockheads bore,
 Above the rest, a share of Lore,
 And these had wonderful Conceits
 O'th hidden Treasure in their Pates.
 In mystick Sciences deep Skill,
 They wou'd pretend to, and knew well,
 How Wands discover Treasure hid,
 How Blood may be from Man to Kid
 Transfus'd, and Kid's Blood into Man,
 By means of Circulation.
 How watchful Cocks do come to know
 What time of Night they are to Crow.
 How Horses, Cats, and Dogs, and Bitches
 By springs are mov'd, like Clocks and Watches.
 Why hideous Shapes appear to Sight,
 And Rotten-sticks shine in dark Night.
 Why Turkey-cocks, when Boys do whistle,
 Strut and set up their plummy bristle.
 All these, and such like things as these are,
 They would unriddle at their pleasure,
 And solve by *Occult Quality*,
Antipathy, and *Sympathy*,

The difficultest Query that
 A subtle Nat'ralist could put.
 Such was the Learning, such the Arts
 Of those first Clergy-men of parts.
 But much improv'd by handing down
 To Great Great Grand-Son of the Gown.

Do but observe, and still you may
 Hear jolly Parsons, at this Day (*d*),
 Especially when they have got
 Their Wits well warm'd with Pipe and Pot,
 Discover larger Stock of Lore
 Than e'er their Grandfires Block-heads bore,
 Especially to Country-Folk,
 That gape and wonder at their Talk.
 They'll talk, like learn'd *Astronomers*,
 Of living Creatures made of Stars,
 As *Lion*, *Scorpion*, *Bear* and *Bull*,
 And other things less dangerous,
 As little *Twins*, and tender *Virgin*,
 And *Crab-fish* (but say nought of *Sturgeon*)
 And of a *Horse* winged on each side
 (Whose *Head* hangs for a *Sign* in *Cheapside*)
 A *Dragons'* Head and Tail they find,
 But question whether Part's behind,
 Nor can their Wife-men solve the Riddle,
 Because the Dragon has no middle.

(*d*) In a small Treatise entituled, *The Grounds and Occasions of the Clergy*. The Reader may see their Ignorance, their vain boasting and Foolish Pretence to Learning; Absurdities, Prophaneness, Blasphemies in their Sermons; Set out to the Life from known Examples. One, says he will bring into his Sermon all the Circles of the Globe, and all the frightful Terms of Astronomy, and make our Saviour pass thro' all the 12 Signs of the Zodiack. p. 53, 54. Another (to prove the Harmony of Spheres) fancies the Moon, Mercury, and Venus to be a kind of Violins or Trebles to Jupiter and Saturn, and that the Sun and Mars supply the room of Tenors; The Primum Mobile running Division all the time. p. 162. Another, teaches his Parishioners how to dissolve Gold, and what Chymical Preparations will do it. p. 52. Another makes the Body of Man like an Apple, and the Soul like an Oyster, p. 52.

Of deeper Matters far than these,
 They can discourse with mickle ease,
 And, without help of Syllogisms,
 Prove *Metals* to have *Asterisms*;
 That *Mercury* is the *Primum-Ens*
 Of *Sol* and *Luna*, that from thence
 Old *Trismegistus*, long before 'em,
 Extracted *Stone-Philosophorum*:
 And that themselves have got his Skill
 To transmute *Metals* when they will.

As *Walchius* could Words imprison
 In hollow *Canes*, so they, by Reason,
 Judgment, and great Dexterity,
 Can bottle Words as well as he:
 And can from place to place convey them,
 Till when they please the *Reed* shall say them,
 Will suddenly the same discharge,
 And Hail-shot Syllables at large
 Will fly intelligibly out,
 Into the Ears of all about;
 So that the *Auditors* may gain,
 Their meaning from the Breech of *Cane*.

They know the Languages of Birds,
 Can talk with Beasts in proper words,
 Know, by the Croaking of a Frog,
 More than *Agrippa* and his Dog,
 And in *Occult Philosophy*
 Are five times better Skill'd than he.

Besides their *Speculative* parts,
 Vast *Practick* Skill they have in Arts.
 When things are stolen, what way they went
 Can tell, and when they'll home be sent.
 By *Chiromancy* Fortunes tell,
 And cure Diseases by a *Spell*.
 Know what is baneful, what is wholesome,
 And can make *Apoplectick Balsam*.
 And by fresh Unguents, made of *Simples*,
 Can stout Red-Noses free from *Pimples*.

Can bleed by Leeches, and draw Blisters,
 And handy are in giving Glisters.
 Can to young Wenches Powders give
 To make their Sweet-hearts fall in Love.
 And can, by *Talismans* and *Sigills*,
 Make *Cowards* Proof 'gainst *Canes* and *Cudgels*.
 Night-revels hold with Hags and Fairies,
 Know where they dance, and keep their Dairies.
 Can play strange feats with Sieve and Shears,
 And talk with *Ghosts* when none appears,
 Work Wonders by the strength of *Fancy*,
 And Devils raise by *Necromancy*.

As to their Morals, if you wou'd
 Know whether these were ill or good,
 Guess from the Qualities and Birth,
 Of those Mechanick Sons of Earth (*e*);
 Their Education and base Breeding,
 Till they got Gowns and better Feeding,
 Will easily point out the Manners
 Of those Ecclesiastick Tanners,
 Swine-herds and Tinkers, as is said
 Above, for they were Men of Trade.

Besides, observe the upright ways
 Of the good Parsons of our Days.
 The edifying Lives they live,
 The blest Examples that they give;

(*e*) You may see in *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*, printed at London in 1692. And the *Answer to the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*, Printed at London in 1693. What sort of learning, preaching, praying, &c. is practised, and how abominably Wicked their Parsons are in all manner of Vice, as Lying, Adultery, Cruelty, Sorcery, Perjury, Sodomy, &c. From those there named, you may guess at the Morals of the rest throughout England, not only at present, but ever since the pretended Reformation, in the Years 1641, 1642. The Presbyterians bundled up thousands of Instances of the like sort, against the Bishops and Clergy of the Church of England, all which they Charged so closely home to them, as to force them to Abdicate their usurped Bishopricks, and turn Vagabonds in Foreign Countrys. See Petitions to the Parliament and other Writings of that time.

For

For, by the Morals of the young,
Is shewn the Stock from whence they sprung.
The *Grandfires* Virtues cannot fail
While Offspring holds 'em by Intail.

As an Intail upon the Gown,
With mighty Care they've handed down
Those *Heirlooms* of exceeding price,
Tobacco, Tankards, Cards and Dice,
With all the Implements of Vice: }
By which, and Ancestors Direction,
They're grown to wonderful perfection
In tasting *Ale, and Wine, and Brandy,*
In *Gaming*, and the Art *Amandi,*
In Songs obscene, and tipt Discourse,
And something else a great deal worse.
In Wheedle, Banter, and rude Scoffings,
In hectoring like Ragamuffins;
In Quarrels, Law-suits and Contention;
In subtle Art of Circumvention.
In Lying, Swearing, add to these
Rebellion, 'tis their Master-piece.
In short, there's nothing that has ill in't,
But to a Wonder they have Skill in't.

Now comes the place where I shou'd give
Some short Account what they believe,
And how they stand, as to their *Faith*;
But I find none that any hath:
For each Man holds what he thinks best;
And damns for Heresy the rest;
And what he holds gives quickly o'er,
And takes the Point he damn'd before;
And this he changes o'er again,
As Fancy is in *Full* or *Wane*.

Yet under what odd Names the Elves
Are pleas'd to Congregate themselves,
To shew Distinction of *Sect*,
And *Herd* denote they most affect,
I'll tell you here, as to the Tall-ones,
And bundle up in one, the small ones,

*Atheists, and Deists, Unitarians,
 Supralapsarians, Sublapsarians,
 Socinians, and Presbyterians,
 Quakers, and Wet-Quakers or Merry-ones,
 That can allow themselves the Creature,
 Be what it will, when it pleases Nature.
 There is the High-Church and the Low-Church (f),
 And the most spacious is their No-Church:
 For they have found a new Invention
 Of Latitude, call'd Comprehension,
 That all the Heresies hem in
 Which have since Simon Magus been:
 'Tis this that I their No-Church call,
 Because it holds the Devil and all.
 This Comprehension is founded
 On *Bes's* Articles, Expounded
 By *Sarum's* Bishop, who from thence
 Draws Latitude in *Literal-sense*.*

Though Faith they have in no degree
 More than I here have let you see,
 Yet they are busied about
 Finding Faith's *Fundamentals* out;
 And Teach that those who hold not all
 The Points of Faith *Essential*,
 Are no good *Christians*, nor *Believers*,
 Nor for Salvation right Contrivers.

But here the puzzling Query rises
 That all their Doctorships surprises,

(f) In the Convocation that met on February 6, 1700. about Church-matters. The two Houses of Convocation disagreeing about Privileges and other matters, and the Lower-House, or Inferior Clergy insisting more Magisterially upon their Claim, than the Bishops or Upper-House thought Consistent with good Manners, The Bishops in derision nick-nam'd them the High-Church. The Clergy or Lower-House, to be even with them, Entitled them the Low-Church. So that by these two Names, are to be understood, the Bishops and Clergy and their Followers, that assume the name of the Church of England. See their Books and Scurrilous Pamphlets published against one another at that time.

What

What Articles (g) are Fundamental
And what are not?—None of 'em can tell.
 But answer thus, it is a Riddle
 With which wise People will not meddle.
 A solid Answer to their Flock,
 And needs must thinking People shock.
 To hear their Doctors preach and write
 "You who seek Heav'n can ne'er come night,
 "Unless such Points of Faith you hold
 "As never shall by us be told."
 This needs must strike a deadly Fear,
 And drive them into black Despair.

Suppose the silly People say,
 (As very reasonably they may)
 Alas poor We! What shall we do?
 Be damn'd for what we do not know (h)?
 Why won't you tell us what will save us,
 But in this utter Darkness leave us?
 Your Cruelty is beyond Expression,
 Or reach of strong Imagination.

(g) Gilbert Burnet Bishop of Sarum, in his *Exposition on the 39 Articles*, teaches, that an Article being Conceived in such general Words that it can admit of different Literal Grammatical Senses, even when the Senses given are plainly contrary one to another. Yet both may subscribe the Article with a good Conscience, and without Equivocation. *Introduction to the Exposition*, p. 18.

(h) Burnet, in his *Exposition*, writes thus, That which makes particular Men believers, is their Receiving the Fundamentals of Christianity. p. 180. we ought to settle our Faith, as to the Grand points of Christian Religion, &c. Here a distinction is to be made between those Capital and Fundamental Articles, without which a Man cannot be esteemed a true Christian, nor a Church a true Church; And other Truths which being delivered in Scripture all Men are obliged to believe them. Yet they are not of that Nature that the Ignorance of, or an error in them, can exclude from Salvation. Here (says he) a Controversy doth Naturally arise, that wise People are unwilling to meddle with? What Articles are Fundamental, and what are not? The Defining of Fundamental Articles seems, on the one hand, to deny Salvation to such as do not Receive them all which Men are not willing to do. On the other hand it may seem a leaving Men at Liberty; as to all other particulars that are not reckoned up among the Fundamentals. Thus the Bishop of Sarum, on the 19 Articles p. 179.

Since Christ our Saviour did reveal 'em
Why should his Ministers conceal 'em?

They answer thus, We're not inclin'd
T' have fundamental Points defin'd.
Left on the one hand it should seem
Denying Salvation to them
Who do not hold 'em all when known,
This we are loth to do: Yet own
That he who misses one Point shall
Be damn'd, tho' ignorant of all.

Besides, should we tell what would save ye,
And all those Fundamentals give ye,
It might seem leaving you at freedom
To live, as if you did not need 'em,
Such lesser Points as plainly carry
The Title of Unnecessary.
These are the Reasons that are given
For hiding thus the Way to Heaven:
So Foolish, Silly and Absurd,
Ten thousand are not worth a T——.

And tho' they speak, as if (proud Elves)
They understood those Points themselves,
Yet the true Reason why they do not
Define 'em, is, because they cannot.
Let all their able Doctors join
In Convocation, to define
Faith's Fundamentals, and they'll still
Be at a stand; and stand they will:
Because indeed they can as soon
Shape out a Coat to fit the Moon.

All they can do's to bid you pore
On Bibles till your Eyes are sore,
And in that Wilderness of Letter
Hunt for your Faiths (*i*) (tho' ne'er the better)

(*i*) Dr. Burnet Bishop of Sarum in his Exposition on the 20th Article teaches, that every single Man has a Right to search the Scriptures, and to take his Faith from them; yet it is certain he may be mistaken in it. When any Synod of the Clergy has so far Examined a Point, as to settle their Opinions about it, they may certainly decree that such is their Doctrine. As in this a Body does no more, as it is a Body, than what every single Individual has a Right to do for himself.

It is from thence they bid you take
 Your Faiths, and your Religions make,
 Just as you please, each Man his own,
 Without consulting with the Gown:
 Nor are you to believe a Synod,
 With twice five hundred Doctors in it.
 The Reason that for this they give ye
 Is "such a Synod may deceive ye:
 "Because our Church nor can nor will
 "Pretend to be *Infallible*."

When you have fit Faith to your mind (*k*)
 As each Self-judgment is inclin'd,
 Yet he who likes it not when done,
 May change't again; and so go on
 Till into thousand Forms he turn it,
 Like *Cranmer*, *Stillingfleet*, or *Burnet*:
 And when you can Transform't no more,
 Then all turn *Atheists* and give o'er.

This first allowing Bible-freedom
 To all that could, or could not, read 'em,
 Has authoriz'd each mad Division
 That since old *Luther's* fall had risen:
 For hence it is that any Man
 May be at first a *Lutheran*,
 And by and by may turn an *Arian*,
Socinian, or *Unitarian*,
A Zuinglian, or *Calvinist*,
An Adamite, or *Familist*,
An Anabaptist, or a *Dipper*,
 ('To wash from Sin his Female Neighbour)
A Quaker, *Hobbist*, or *Cranmerian*,
A Jansenist, or *Presbyterian*.

(*k*) Every Man that finds his own Thoughts differ from it (*i. e.* from a Definition made by the Body of the Pastors) ought to examine the Matter over again. But if after all possible Methods of enquiry, a Man cannot Master his Thoughts, or make them agree with Publick Decisions, his Conscience is not under Bonds: Since this Authority is not absolute, nor Grounded upon a Promise of Infallibility, p. 195, 295.

If

If *Comprehension* he judge best,
 Then turn a *Gilbert-Burnetist*,
 Or he may follow *John O'Leiden*,
 Or any other that we read on,
 Or if he please may join with all,
 And when he will with none at all,
 And so become an *Independant*;
 Or if, to make the shorter end on't,
 He take it for the best to hang,
 Cut Throat, or Drown, his outward Man,
 To free from Flesh imprison'd Soul,
 (As well as Maggot from his Poll,)
 Then may he boldly take his Swing
 And go to Heaven in a String.

(1) Tho' every Man's Belief was free,
 They, for good Order, did agree
 To patch a Symbole up together,
 Of Doctrines good, and bad, and neither.
Parker observing that the Land
 For public Faith was at a stand,
 And every Body made their own,
 Since *Catholic-Faith* was put down;
 Calls to him all his *Nags-head* Brethren,
 Who at a day appointed gath'ring,
 Unto th' attentive Convocation
 Thus speaks he, in most solemn fashion.

Most Rev'rend Brothers, you must know
 The Queen has placed *Me* and *You*
 For Pillars and for Corner-stones,
 Designing on our Shoulder-bones
 To found this great and weighty Work
 Of building up her *English Kirk*.
 But, Brethren, how can this be done
 While its Materials, one by one,
 Lie uncemented loose together,
 Ready to fall we know not whither,
 Nor whether e'er again we find 'em?
 Our best way therefore is to bind 'em

(1) Of the 39 Articles.

Close in a bundle, as Folk do
 A sort of Faggot-sticks, or so:
 Which must be done, as I imagine,
 By Articles of our Religion;
 In which the *Faith* we are to Preach,
 And *Doctrines* which we mean to Teach,
 Shall be sent thro' the Queen's Dominions
Against Diversity in Opinions;
 That every one may understand
 What sort of Faith we aim to teach the Land.

This done, we must the People awe,
 By Statute and by *Penal Law*,
 To hold the Doctrines we present 'em,
 Whether they do, or not, content 'em.
 So none shall dare to deviate
 From the *Religion of the State*.

Thus, as we are in Story told,
 Th' *Arabian Prophet* did of old,
 And 'twas a politick Device
 To fill with *Fools* his *Paradise*.

I fear, quoth *Horn*, this will not hinder
 Our Kirk from Renting still afunder,
 Because 'tis certain endless Ruptures
 Must daily grow from reading Scriptures,
 While every one expounds the Letter
 In his own Sense. Well, that's no matter,
 Quoth *Parker*, if they don't oppose
 Our *Articles*, nor break our *Laws*,
 But subscribe every *Article*,
 Each in his own Sense, if he will:
 For different Senses we'll allow
 Of *Articles*, and *Scripture* too;
 Because we can have no pretence
 To bind Men up to our own Sense,
 Since they and we know very well
 That we are not *Infallible*.

It will be very hard I know well
 To please each different Sect, quoth *Jewell*,

Scarce

Scarce shall we find Words so capacious,
 And Sentences so large and spacious,
 As to admit of every meaning
 A thousand Sects will have 'em ta'en-in.

Doubt not, says *Parker*, of our Skill,
 In terms Equivocal, we will
 Use Words ambiguous and dark,
 And all such Sentences we'll mark,
 As may be wrested several ways,
 Like *Delphick* Saws in former days;
 And make our *Creed* so patly pliable
 That to all Senses 't shall be liable:
 Like Nose of Wax that may be twin'd
 To any Side one has a mind:
 To this the Chief in every Tribe
 Of Sectaries will soon Subscribe.

But tho' they do subscribe the Letter,
 Quoth *Bentham*, what are we the better?
 This will not lessen that vast Number
 Of Sects that do our Nation cumber (*m*).
 'Tis true, quoth *Matt*. Sects daily spring up,
 And Doctrines grow like any thing up;
 Yet what of that, if this Invention
 Do, by the way of *Comprehension*,
 Bring every Sect we live among
 To own that they to us belong:
 In Faith each Member may be single and
 Yet all be of the Church of *England*:
 Just as all Sects of reform'd Saints
 Assume the Name of *Protestants*.

He said, and all the rest agreed
 To fall a changing *Edward's Creed*.

(*m*) The Lower-house of Convocation, even in K. H. 8th time complain'd to the Upper-house of no fewer than 67 Opinions spread in the Kingdom. They also complain'd of some Bishops who were wanting in their Duty to suppress such Abuses, which was understood as a Reflection on *Cranmer*, *Shaxton* and *Latimer*. Vid. *Burnet Abridg.*

His Articles they did Refine,
From Forty-two to Thirty-nine,
Corrected this piece, that piece made,
Put forward this, that retrogade,
Chang'd here and there to this and that,
Put in, and out they knew not what,
Nor where they ended or began.
At last comes out their *Alchoran*,
With Heads in Number Nine and Thirty,
I strange they made 'em not up Forty.

O

King

King Edward's 42 Queen Elizabeth's

ARTICLES. 39 ARTICLES.

ARTICLES agreed upon by the Bishops and other learned Men, in the Convocation held at London in the Year 1552, for the avoiding of Diversities of Opinions and establishing Consent touching True Religion.

Published by the King's Authority.

ARTICLE I.

Of Faith in the Holy Trinity

There is but one living and true God, Everlasting, without Body, Parts or Passions; of infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness; the Maker and Preserver of all things both Visible and Invisible. And in the Unity of this God-head there are three Persons [] one Substance, Power and Eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

II. *The Word of God made very Man.*

The Son, which is the Word of the Father, [] took Man's Nature in the Womb of the Blessed Virgin, of her Substance; so that two whole and perfect Natures, that is to say, God-head and Man-hood, were joined together in one Person, never to be divided, whereof is one

ARTICLES agreed upon by the Archbishops and Bishops of both Provinces, and the whole Clergy, in the Convocation holden at London in the Year 1562, for the avoiding of Diversities of Opinions, and establishing Consent touching True Religion.

Published by the Queen's Authority

ARTICLE I.

Of Faith in the Holy Trinity

There is but one living and true God, Everlasting, without Body, Parts or Passions; of infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness; the Maker and Preserver of all things both Visible and Invisible. And in the Unity of this God-head there be three Persons, of one Substance, Power and Eternity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

II. *Of the Word or Son of God, which was made very Man.*

The Son, which is the Word of the Father, begotten from Everlasting of the Father; the very and Eternal God, of one Substance with the Father: Took Man's Nature in the Womb of the Blessed Virgin of her Substance; so that two whole and perfect Natures, that is, the God-

*King Edward's Articles.**Queen Elizabeth's Articles*

Christ, very God and very Man, who truly suffered, was Crucified, Dead and Buried, to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a Sacrifice not only for original Guilt, but also for actual Sins of Men.

III. *Of the going down of Christ into Hell.*

As Christ died for us and was buried, so also is it to be believed that he went down into Hell: (For his Body lay in the Grave till his Resurrection; but his Soul, being separate from the Body, remained with the Spirits that were detained in Prison, that is to say, in Hell, and there Preached unto them, as witnesseth that Place of Peter.)

King Edward's fourth Article is the same with this of Queen Elizabeth's.

Queen Elizabeth's fifth Article is not in King Edward's Book of Articles.

God-Head and Man-hood were joined together in one Person, never to be divided; whereof one is Christ, very God, and very Man; who truly suffered, was Dead and Buried, to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a Sacrifice not only for original Guilt, but also for actual Sins of Men.

III. *Of the going down of Christ into Hell.*

As Christ died for us, and was buried, so also it is to be believed that he went down into Hell. []

IV. *Of the Resurrection of Christ.*

Christ did truly rise again from Death, and took his Body, with Flesh, Bones and all things appertaining to the Perfection of Man's Nature, wherewith he Ascended into Heaven, and there sitteth until he return to Judge all Men at the last Day.

V. *Of the Holy Ghost.*

The Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, is of one Substance, Majesty and Glory, with the Father and the Son, very and eternal God.

*King Edward's Articles.**Queen Elizabeth's Articles*V. *The Doctrine of Holy Scripture is sufficient to Salvation.*

Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to Salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, altho' sometimes it may be admitted by God's faithful People, as Pious and conducing unto Order and Decency; yet is not to be required of any Man that it should be believed as an Article of the Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to Salvation.

VI. *Of the Sufficiency of Holy Scriptures for Salvation.*

Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to Salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, [] is not to be required of any Man that it should be believed as an Article of Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to Salvation.—In the Name of the Holy Scripture we do understand those Canonical Books of the Old and New Testament, of whose Authority was never even any doubt in the Church.

What follows in *Queen Elizabeth's Articles* is not in *King Edward's*.

Of the Names and Number of the Canonical Books.

Genesis.

Exodus.

Leviticus.

Numbers.

Deuteronomy.

Joshua.

Judges.

Ruth.

The 1st Book of Samuel.

The 2d Book of Samuel.

The 1st Book of Kings.

The 2d Book of Kings.

The 1st Book of Chronicles.

The 2d Book of Chronicles.

The 1st Book of Esdras.

The 2d Book of Esdras.

The Book of Hester.

The Book of Job.

The Psalms.

The Proverbs.

Ecclesiastes, or Preacher.

Canticles, or Song of Solomon

Four Prophets the greater.

Twelve Prophets the less.

And the other Books (as Hierom saith) the Church doth read for Example of Life, and Instruction of Manners; but yet

yet it doth not apply them to Establish any Doctrine, such are these following ;

The 3d Book of Esdras.

The 4th Book of Esdras.

The Book of Tobias.

The Book of Judith.

The rest of the Book of Hester

The Book of Wisdom.

Jesus the Son of Syrach.

Baruch the Prophet.

The Song of the 3 Children.

The History of Susanna.

Of Bell and the Dragon.

The Prayer of Manasses.

The 1st Book of Maccabees.

The 2d Book of Maccabees.

All the Books of the New Testament as they are commonly received, we do receive, and account them Canonical.

VI. *The Old Testament is not to be rejected.*

The Old Testament [] is not to be Rejected, as if it were contrary to the New, but to be retained. Forasmuch as in the Old Testament, as in the New, everlasting Life is offered to Mankind by Christ, who is the only Mediator betwixt God and Man, being both God and Man. Wherefore they are not to be heard, who feign, that the Old Fathers did look only for transitory Promises. []

VII. *Of the Old Testament.*

The Old Testament is not contrary to the New: For both in the Old and New Testament everlasting Life is offer'd to Mankind by Christ, who is the only Mediator between God and Man, being both God and Man. Wherefore they are not to be heard which feign that the Old Fathers did look only for transitory Promises. Although the Law given from God by Moses, as touching Ceremonies and Rites, do not bind Christian Men, nor the Civil Precepts thereof ought of Necessity to be received in any Commonwealth ; yet, notwithstanding no Christian Man whatsoever is free from the Obedience of the Commandments which are called Moral.

VII. *The three Creeds.*

The three Creeds, *Nicene Creed*, *Athanasius Creed*, and that which is commonly called the *Apostles Creed*, ought

VIII. *Of the three Creeds.*

The three Creeds, *Nicene Creed* *Athanasius Creed*, and that which is commonly called the *Apostles Creed*, ought tho-

King Edward's Articles. Queen Elizabeth's Articles

thoroughly to be received;
[] for they may be proved
by most certain warrants of
the Holy Scripture.

VIII. Of Original Sin.

Original Sin standeth not
in the following of Adam (as
the Palagians do vainly talk,
and at this day is affirmed by
the Anabaptists) but it is the
fault and corruption [] of
every Man, &c.

The rest of this Article is
the same with that of Queen
Elizabeth's.

IX. Of Free Will.

[] We have no Power
to do good Works pleasant
and acceptable to God, with-
out the Grace of God by
Christ preventing us, that we
may have a good Will and
working with us, when we
have that good Will.

roughly to be received and be-
lieved; for they may be pro-
ved by most certain warrants
of the Holy Scripture:

IX. Of Original or Birth-Sin.

Original Sin standeth not
in the following of Adam, (as
the Palagians do vainly talk)
[] but it is the Fault or Cor-
ruption of the Nature of every
Man, that naturally is engen-
dered of the Offspring of A-
dam, whereby Man is very
far gone from Original Righ-
teousness, and is of his own
Nature inclined to evil, so
that the Flesh lusteth always
contrary to the Spirit, and
therefore in every Person born
into the World it deserveth
God's Wrath and Damna-
tion: And this Infection of
Nature doth remain, yea in
them they are regenerated,
whereby, the Lust of the Flesh
called in Greek *Pronema Sar-
chos*, which some do expound
the Wisdom, some Sensuality,
some the Affection, some the
Desire of the Flesh, is not sub-
ject to the Law of God. And
though there is no Condem-
nation for them that believe
and are Baptized, yet the
Apostle doth confess, That
Concupiscence and Lust hath
of itself the Nature of Sin.

King Edward's Articles.

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X. Of Grace.

The Grace of Christ, or the Holy Ghost which is given by him, doth take from Man the heart of Stone, and giveth him a heart of Flesh. And though it renders us willing to do those good Works which before we were unwilling to do, and unwilling to do those evil Works which before we did, yet is no violence offer'd by it to the Will of Man, so that no Man, when he hath sinned can excuse himself, as if he had sinned against his Will, or upon Constraint, and therefore that he ought not to be accused or condemned upon that account.

X. Of Free-Will.

The Condition of Man after the Fall of Adam is such, that he cannot turn and prepare himself, by his own natural Strength and good Works, to Faith and calling upon God. Wherefore we have no Power to do good Works, pleasant and acceptable to God, without the Grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good Will, and working with us when we have that good Will.

Note, that King Edward's 9. Of Free Will answers to this 10. of Queen Elizabeth's. And Edward's 10. Of Grace is not in Queen Elizabeth's Book.

XI. Of the Justification of Man.

Justification by Faith only in Jesus Christ, in that sense wherein it is set forth in the Homily of Justification, is the most certain and most wholesome Doctrine of a Christian Man.

(* Faith only) Dr. Heylyn was so incensed at the Word ONLY, that he chose rather to pass for a Corrupter of the Article than to have it appear in his Edition of the 39th Article, and so left it quite out. See Hist. p. 354.

XI. Of the Justification of Man.

We are accounted Righteous before God only, for the Merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by Faith, and not for our own Works or Deservings. Wherefore that we are justified by* Faith only, is a most wholesome Doctrine, and very full of Comfort, as more largely is expressed in the Homily of Justification.

*King Edward's Articles.**Queen Elizabeth's Articles*

This Twelfth Article of Queen Elizabeth's, is not in King Edward's Book.

XII. Works before Justification.

Works done before the Grace of Christ, and the Inspiration of his Spirit, &c.

This Twelfth Article is the same with that Thirteenth of Queen Elizabeth's.

XIII. Works of Supererogation.

Voluntary Works, besides over and above God's Commandments, &c.

This is the same with the 14. of Queen Elizabeth's.

XII. Of Good Works.

Albeit that good Works, which are the Fruits of Faith, and follow after Justification, cannot put away our Sins, and endure the Severity of God's Judgment: Yet are they pleasing and acceptable to God in Christ, and do spring out necessarily of a true and lively Faith, insomuch that by them a lively Faith may be as evidently known, as a Tree discerned by the Fruit.

XIII. Of Works before Justification.

Works done before the Grace of Christ, and the Inspiration of his Spirit, are not pleasant to God; forasmuch as they spring not of Faith in Jesus Christ, neither do they make Men meet to receive Grace, or (as the School-Authors say) deserve Grace of Congruity: Yea rather, for that they are not done as God hath commanded and Will'd them to be done, we doubt not but that they have the nature of Sin.

XIV. Of Works of Supererogation.

Voluntary Works, besides over and above God's Commandments, which they call Works of Supererogation, cannot be taught without Arrogancy and Impiety. For by them

*King Edward's Articles.**Queen Elizabeth's Articles***XIV. *None but Christ without Sin.***

Christ in the Truth of our Nature was made like unto us, &c.

As in Queen Elizabeth's 15th Article.

XV. *Of Sin against the Holy Ghost.*

Not every deadly Sin, willingly committed after Baptism, is Sin against the Holy Ghost and Unpardonable. Wherefore the grant of Repentance is not to be denied to such as fall into Sin after Baptism. After we have received the Holy Ghost, we

them Men do declare, that they do not only render unto God as much as they are bound to do: But that they do more for his sake, than of bounden Duty is required. Whereas Christ saith plainly, when ye have done all that are commanded you, to say, we are unprofitable Servants.

XV. *Of Christ alone without Sin.*

Christ in the Truth of our Nature, was made like unto us in all things (Sin only excepted) from which he was clearly Void both in his Flesh and in his Spirit. He came to be a Lamb without spot, who by Sacrifice of himself once made, should take away the Sins of the World: And Sin, as St. John saith, was not in him. But all we the rest (although Baptized and born again in Christ) yet offend in many things, and if we say we have no Sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

XVI. *Of Sin after Baptism.*

Not every Sin willingly committed after Baptism is the Sin against the Holy Ghost, and Unpardonable. Wherefore the grant of Repentance is not to be denied to such as fall into Sin after Baptism. After we have received

King Edward's Articles.

may depart from Grace given and fall into Sin, and by the Grace of God (we may) rise again and amend our Lives, and therefore they are to be condemned which say, they can no more Sin as long as they live here, or deny the Place of Penance to such as truly Repent.

XVI. The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost is then committed when any Man, out of Malice and hardness of Heart doth fully reproach and persecute, in an hostile manner, the truth of God's Word, manifestly made known unto him. Which sort of Men being made obnoxious to the Curse, subject themselves to the most grievous of all Wickednesses, from whence this kind of Sin is called Unpardonable, and so affirmed to be by our Lord and Saviour.

Queen Elizabeth's Articles.

ceived the Holy Ghost, we may depart from Grace given and fall into Sin, and by the Grace of God we may arise again and amend our Lives. And therefore they are to be condemned which say, they can no more Sin as long as they live here, or deny the Place of Forgiveness to such as truly Repent.

This King Edward's 16th Article is not in Queen Elizabeth's Book. And here is Place enough to give the Reader the Reason why it was omitted.

Notethen, That King Edward's Article was designed against the Emperor Charles V. who at that time was at Wars against his Rebellious Subjects the Lutherans and other Hereticks, who had Rebelliously taken Arms against him for the Propagation of their New Gospel. And therefore the Framers of the Article resolved to make him, and all his Loyal Subjects that assisted him in that War Blasphemers, and unpardonable Sinners against the Holy Ghost, in this odd and malicious manner as you see in the Article. But Queen Elizabeth and her Article-makers, knowing themselves to be now turned Reproachers and Persecutors of Catholics; considered that the Article would strike with the same Force (only turning the Tables) against themselves, that it was at first design'd to do against the Emperor and his Catholic Subjects, and therefore left it quite out of the Queen's Book of Articles.

*King Edward's Articles.**Queen Elizabeth's Articles*XVII. *Of Predestination and Election.*

Predestination unto Life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby (before the Foundations of the World were laid) he hath constantly decreed by his Counsel, secret unto us, to deliver from Curse and Damnation, those whom he hath chosen [] out of Mankind, to bring them by Christ to everlasting Salvation, as Vessels made to Honour. Wherefore they which be endued with so excellent a Benefit of God, be called according to God's Purpose, by his Spirit working in due season, they through Grace obey the calling, they be justified freely, they are made Sons of Adoption, they are made like the Image of the only begotten Jesus Christ, they walk Religiously in good Works, and at length by God's Mercy, they attain to everlasting Felicity.

As the Godly Consideration of Predestination and our Election in Christ, is full of sweet, pleasant and unspeakable Comfort to godly Persons, and such as feel in themselves the working of the Spirit of Christ; mortifying the Works of the Flesh, and their Earthly Members, and drawing up their Minds to high and heavenly Things, as well because it doth greatly esta-

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King Edward's Articles.

blish and confirm their Faith of Eternal Salvation, to be enjoyed through Christ, as because it doth fervently kindle their Love towards God: So for curious and carnal Persons lacking the Spirit of Christ, to have continually before their Eyes the Sentence of God's Predestination, is a most dangerous downfall, whereby the Devil doth thrust them either into Desperation, or into Wretchfulness of most unclean Living: no less perilous than Desperation. Furthermore, though the Decrees of Predestination be unknown to us, yet must we receive God's promises in such wise as they be generally set forth to us in Holy Scripture; and in our doings that Will of God is to be followed, which we have expressly declared unto us in the Word of God.

XVIII. *Everlasting Salvation to be obtained only in the Name of Christ.*

They also are to be accursed, &c. as in Queen Elizabeth's Article.

Queen Elizabeth's Articles

confirm their Faith of eternal Salvation, to be enjoyed thro' Christ, as because it doth fervently kindle their Love towards God: So for curious and carnal Persons, lacking the Spirit of Christ, to have continually before their Eyes the Sentence of God's Predestination, is a most dangerous downfall, whereby the Devil doth thrust them either into Desperation or into Wretchfulness of most unclean Living: no less perilous than Desperation. Furthermore [] we must receive God's Promises in such wise, as they be generally set forth to us in Holy Scripture; and in our Doings that Will of God is to be followed, which we have expressly declared unto us in the Word of God.

XVIII. *Of obtaining Eternal Salvation only by the Name of Christ.*

They are also to be accursed, that presume to say, that every Man shall be saved by the Law or Sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame his Life according to that Law, and the light of Nature. For Holy Scripture doth set out unto us only the Name of Jesus Christ, whereby Men must be saved.

*King Edward's Articles.**Queen Elizabeth's Articles*

XIX. *All Men are bound to keep the Precepts of the Moral Law.*

Although the Law given from God by Moses, as touching Ceremonies and Rites, do not bind Christian Men, nor the Civil Precepts thereof ought of necessity to be received in any Common-wealth; yet notwithstanding no Christian Man whatsoever is free from the Obedience of the Commandments which are called Moral. * Wherefore they are not to be heard which teach that the Holy Scriptures were given to none but to the weak; and brag continually of the Spirit, by which they do pretend, that all whatsoever they Preach is suggested to them, though manifestly contrary to the Holy Scripture

XX. *Of the Church.*

The Visible Church of Christ is a Congregation of faithful Men, &c.—As in Queen Elizabeth's 19th.

This K. Edward's 19th Article is not in this place of Q. Elizabeth's Book; but the latter part of her 7th Article is made up of the former part of this.

* The latter part of this Article is no where in Queen Elizabeth's Book.

XIX. *Of the Church.*

The Visible Church of Christ is a Congregation of faithful Men, in the which the Pure Word of God is Preached, and the Sacraments be duly Administered according to Christ's Ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same. As to the Church of Jerusalem, Alexandria and Antioch have erred, so also the Church of Rome have erred, not only in their Living and manner of Ceremonies, but also in matters of Faith.

XXI.

*King Edward's Articles.**Queen Elizabeth's Articles***XXI.** *Of the Authority of the Church.*

[It is not lawful for the Church to Ordain any thing that is contrary to God's Word written, neither may it so expound one place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another; Wherefore although the Church be a Witness and Keeper of Holy Writ, yet as it ought not to decree any thing against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce any thing to be believed for necessity of Salvation.

XX. *Of the Authority of the Church.*

The Church hath Power to Decree Rites or Ceremonies, and Authority in Controversies of Faith. And yet it is not lawful for the Church to Ordain any thing that is contrary to God's Word written; neither may it so expound one place of Scripture, that it be repugnant to another. Wherefore although the Church be a Witness and Keeper of Holy Writ, yet, as it ought not to Decree to any thing against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce any thing to be believed for necessity of Salvation.

XXII. *Of the Authority of General Councils.*

General Councils may not be gathered together without Commandment and Will of Princes, &c.—As in Queen Elizabeth's 21st.

XXI. *Of the Authority of General Councils.*

General Councils may not be gathered together without the Commandment and Will of Princes, and when they be gathered together (forasmuch as they be an Assembly of Men whereof all be not Governed with the Spirit and Word of God) they may err, and sometime have erred, even in things pertaining unto God. Wherefore things ordained by them as necessary to Salvation, have neither Strength nor Authority, unless it may be declared that they are taken out of Holy Scriptures.

King Edward's Articles

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XXIII. Of Purgatory.

The Doctrine of the School Men concerning Purgatory, Pardons, Worshipping and Adoration as well of Images as of Relicks, and also Invocation of Saints is a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warrant of Scripture, but rather perniciously repugnant to the Word of God.

XXIV. No Man to Minister in the Church, except he be called.

It is not Lawful for any Man to take upon him the Office, &c.—It is the same with Queen Elizabeth's 29d Article.

✠ The Reader may gather from the Articles, that both in King Edward's time, and long after, they held only chusing and calling (without Episcopal Ordination) sufficient to qualify Ministers for the Lord's Vineyard. Burnet B. of Sarum, speaking of only a Company of Laymen, says, That if such a Body (of Laymen) should by a common Consent desire some of their own number to Minister to them in holy things, this is not condemned nor annulled by the Article: For we are sure, says he, that not only those who penned the Articles, but the Body of this

XXII. Of Purgatory.

The Romish Doctrine concerning Purgatory, Pardons, Worshipping and Adoration, as well of Images as of Relicks, and also Invocation of Saints is a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warrant of Scripture, but rather [] repugnant to the Word of God.

XXIII. Of Ministering in the Congregation.

It is not Lawful for any Man to take upon him the Office of public Preaching or Ministering the Sacraments in the Congregation, before he be lawfully called and sent to execute the same. And those we ought to Judge lawfully called and sent, which be chosen and called to this Work by Men, who have public Authority given unto them, in the Congregation, to call and send Ministers into the Lord's Vineyard.

*King Edward's Articles.**Queen Elizabeth's Articles*

Church for above half an Age after, did acknowledge the foreign Churches so constituted, to be true Churches, as to all the Essentials of a Church. See his Exposition on this 23d Article, p. 259.

XXV. *All things to be done in the Congregation in such a Tongue as is understood by the People.*

It is most fit and most agreeable to the Word of God that nothing be read or rehearsed in the Congregation in a Tongue not known unto the People. Which Paul hath forbidden to be done, unless some be present to interpret.

XXVI. *Of the Sacraments.*

Our Lord Jesus Christ gathered his People into a Society, by Sacraments very few in number, and most easy to be kept, and of most excellent Signification, that is to say, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. [] The Sacraments are not ordained of Christ to be gazed upon, or to be carried about, but that we should duly use them: And in such only as worthily receive the same they have a wholesome Effect or Operation; not as some say, ex opere operato, which terms, as they are strange and utterly unknown to the Holy Scripture, so they do yield a sense

XXIV. *Of speaking in the Congregation in such a Tongue as the People understandeth.*

It is a thing plainly repugnant to the Word of God, and the Custom of the primitive Church; to have public Prayers in the Church, or to Minister the Sacraments in a Tongue not understood by the People.

XXV. *Of the Sacraments.*

[] Sacraments ordained of Christ, be not only Badges and Tokens of Christian Mens Profession, but rather they be certain sure Witnesses, and effectual signs of Grace and God's good Will towards us, by the which he doth work invisibly in us, and doth not only quicken, but also strengthen and confirm our Faith in him. There are two Sacraments ordained of Christ our Lord in the Gospel; that is to say, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. Those five commonly called Sacraments, that is to say, Confirmation, Penance, Orders, Matrimony and Extreme Unction,

*King Edward's Articles.**Queen Elizabeth's Articles*

which savoureth of little Piety, but of much Superstition; but they that receive them unworthily receive to themselves Damnation. The Sacraments ordained by the Word of God be not only Badges or Tokens of Christian Men's Profession but rather they be certain sure Witnesses, effectual Signs of Grace, and God's good Will towards us by the which he doth work invisibly in us, and doth not only quicken but also strengthen and confirm our Faith in him.

XXVII. *The Wickedness of the Ministers takes not away the Efficacy of Divine Institution.*

Although in the Visible Church the Evil be ever mingled with the Good, &c.—As in Queen Elizabeth's 26th Article.

Unction, are not to be counted for Sacraments of the Gospel; being such as have grown partly of the corrupt following of the Apostles, partly are States of Life allowed in the Scriptures, but yet have not the like nature of Sacraments with Baptism, and the Lord's Supper: For that they have not any visible Sign or Ceremony ordained of God. The Sacraments were not ordained of Christ to be gazed upon, or to be carried about, but that we should duly use them. And in such only as worthily receive the same, they have a wholesome Effect or Operation; [] but they that receive them unworthily, purchase to themselves Damnation, as St. Paul saith.

XXVI. *Of the Unworthiness of the Ministers, which hinders not the Effect of the Sacraments.*

Although in the Visible Church the Evil be ever mingled with the Good; and sometimes the Evil have chief Authority in the Ministration of the Word and Sacraments; yet for as much as they do not the same in their own Name, but in Christ's, and do Minister by his Commission and Authority, we may use their Ministry both in hearing the Word of God, and in receiving the Sacraments.

*King Edward's Articles.**Queen Elizabeth's Articles*

ments. Neither is the Effect of Christ's Ordinance taken away by their Wickedness: Nor the Grace of God's Gifts diminished from such as by Faith, and rightly do receive the Sacraments Ministred unto them, which be effectual because of Christ's Institution and Promises, although they be Ministred by evil Men, nevertheless it appertaineth to the Discipline of the Church, that enquiry be made of *Evil Ministers*; and that they be accused by those that have knowledge of their Offences, and finally being found guilty by just Judgment be deposed.

XXVIII. Of Baptism.

This Article is the same with that of the 29th of Queen Elizabeth's, till it come to the last Period or Sentence, which is as follows.

* The Custom of the Church for Baptizing young Children, is both to be commended, and by all means to be retained in the Church.

XXVII. Of Baptism.

Baptism is not only a Sign of Profession and Mark of Difference, whereby Christian Men are discerned from others that be not Christened; but it is also a Sign of Regeneration or new Birth, whereby, as by an Instrument, they that receive Baptism rightly, are grafted into the Church; the Promises of the Forgiveness of Sin, of our Adoption to be the Sons of God by the Holy Ghost, are visibly Signed and Sealed: Faith is confirmed and Grace increased by virtue of Prayer to God.

* The Baptism of young Children is in any wise to be retained in the Church, as most agreeable with the Institution of Christ.

XXIX.

*King Edward's Articles.**Queen Elizabeth's Articles*XXIX. *Of the LORD'S Supper.*

The Supper of the Lord is not only a sign of Love that Christians ought to have among themselves one to another; but rather it is a Sacrament of our Redemption by Christ's Death: Infomuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with Faith, receive the same, the Bread which we break is a partaking of the Body of Christ, and likewise the Cup of Blessing is a partaking of the Blood of Christ. Transubstantiation (or the change of the Substance of Bread and Wine) in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ; but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture [] and hath given occasion to many Superstitions. [] Since the very Being of human Nature doth require that the Body of one and the same Man cannot be, at one and the same time, in many places, but of necessity must be in some certain and determinate place; therefore the Body of Christ cannot be present in many different places at the same time. And since as the Holy Scriptures testify Christ has been taken up into Heaven, and there is to abide till the end of the World; it becometh not any of the Faithful to believe or profess that there is

XXVIII. *Of the LORD'S Supper.*

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a Real or Corporal Presence (as they Phraſe it) of the Body and Blood of Chriſt in the Holy Eucharift. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Chriſt's Ordinance reſerved, carried about, liſted up or worſhipped.

This 29th Article is not in *King Edward's Book*.

Nor is this 30 one of *King Edward's Articles*.

King Edward's 30th Article is the ſame with this 31ſt of *Queen Elizabeth's*, only it has not the word *Blasphemous* in it.

XXIX. *Of the wicked which Eat not the Body of Chriſt in the uſe of the Lord's Supper.*

The wicked and ſuch as be void of a lively Faith, altho' they do carnally and viſibly preſs with their teeth (as St. Auſtin ſaith) the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Chriſt, yet in no wiſe are they Partakers of Chriſt; but rather, to their condemnation, do eat and drink the ſign or Sacrament of ſo great a thing.

XXX. *Of both Kinds.*

The Cup of the Lord is not to be denied to Lay-People; for both parts of the Sacrament, by Chriſt's Ordinance and Commandment, ought to be miniſtred to all Chriſtian Men alike.

XXXI. *Of the one Oblation of Chriſt finiſhed upon the Croſs.*

The offering of Chriſt once made is that perfect Redemption, Propitiation and Satisfaction for all the Sins of the whole World, both Original and

King Edward's Articles, Queen Elizabeth's Articles

and Actual? And there is none other Satisfaction for Sin but that alone: Wherefore in the Sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the Priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain and guilt, were *Blastphemous* fables and dangerous deceits.

XXXI. *A single Life is imposed on none by the Word of God.*

Bishops, Priests, and Deacons are not commanded by God's Law, either to Vow the Estate of a single Life, or to abstain from Marriage.
[]

XXXII. *Excommunicated Persons are to be avoided.*

This Article is the same with the 33d of Queen Elizabeth's.

XXXII. *Of the Marriage of Priests.*

Bishops, Priests, and Deacons are not commanded by God's Law, either to Vow the Estate of a single Life, or to abstain from Marriage: Therefore it is lawful for them as well as for all Christian Men, to Marry at their own Discretion, as they shall judge the same to serve better for Godliness.

XXXIII. *Of Excommunicated Persons, how they are to be avoided.*

That Person which by open denunciation of the Church, is rightly cut off from the Unity of the Church, and Excommunicate, ought to be taken of the whole multitude of the faithful as a *Heathen Publican*: until he be openly reconciled by Penance, and be received into the Church by a Judge that hath Authority thereunto.

XXXIII.

King Edward's Articles. Queen Elizabeth's Articles

XXXIII. Of the Traditions of the Church.

It is not necessary that Traditions and Ceremonies, &c. This is the same with Queen Elizabeth's 34th Article, till it come to the words that are added after weak Brethren. [viz * Every particular or National Church, &c. Which Sentence is not in King Edward's Book.

XXXIV. Of the Traditions of the Church.

It is not necessary that Traditions and Ceremonies be in all places one, or utterly like, for at all times they have been divers, and may be changed according to the diversity of Countries, Times and Men's manners, so that nothing be ordained against God's word. Whosoever, through his private Judgment, willingly and purposely doth openly break the Traditions and Ceremonies of the Church, which be not repugnant to the word of God, and be ordained and approved by common Authority, ought to be rebuked openly (that others may fear to do the like) as one that offendeth against the common Order of the Church, and hurteth the Authority of the Magistrate, and woundeth the Consciences of weak Brethren. — * Every particular or National Church hath Authority to Ordain, Change and Abolish Ceremonies or Rites of the Church, ordained only by Mens Authority; so that all things be done to edifying.

XXXIV. Of the Homilies.

[] The Homilies lately delivered and commended to the Church of England by the King's Injunctions, do contain a godly and wholsome Doctrine [] and fit to be

XXV. Of Homilies.

[] The second Book of Homilies, the several Titles whereof we have joined under this Article, doth contain a Godly and wholsome Doctrine [] and necessary for embraced

King Edward's Articles. Queen Elizabeth's Articles

embraced by all Men; and
[] for that cause they are
diligently, plainly and distinct-
ly to be read to the People.
[]

these times, as doth the former
Book of Homilies which were
set forth in the time of Ed-
ward VI. and therefore we
judge them to be read in
Churches by the Ministers,
diligently and distinctly, that
they may be understood of the
People.

None of the Names of the Homilies are in *King Edward's Articles*.

The Names of the Homilies.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Of the right use of the Church. | 10. Of the Reverend Estimation of God's Word. |
| 2. Against perill of Idolatry. | 11. Of Alms-doing. |
| 3. Of repairing and keeping clean of Churches. | 12. Of the Nativity of Christ. |
| 4. Of Good Works, first of Fasting. | 13. Of the Passion of Christ. |
| 5. Against Gluttony and Drunkenness. | 14. Of the Resurrection of Christ. |
| 6. Against excess of Apparel. | 15. Of the worthy Receiving of the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. |
| 7. Of Prayer. | 16. Of the Gifts of the Holy Ghost. |
| 8. Of the place and time of Prayer. | 17. For the Rogation Days. |
| 9. That Common Prayers and Sacraments ought to be Ministred in a known Tongue. | 18. Of the State of Matrimony. |
| | 19. Of Repentance. |
| | 20. Against Idleness. |
| | 21. Against Rebellion. |

XXXV. *Of the Book of Common-Prayer, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England.*

The Book lately delivered to the Church of England by the Authority of the King and

XXXVI. *Of Consecration of Bishops and Ministers.*

The Book of Consecration of Archbishops and Bishops, and Ordering of Priests and Parliament,

King Edward's Articles.

Parliament, containing the Manner and Form of Public Prayer, and the Ministration of the Sacraments, in the said Church of England, as also the Book published by the same Authority for ordering Ministers in the Church, are both of them very Pious, as to truth of Doctrine; in nothing contrary, but agreeable to the wholsome Doctrine of the Gospel, which they do very much promote and illustrate. And for that cause they are by all faithful Members of the Church of England, but chiefly of the Ministers of the Word, with all thankfulness and readiness of Mind to be received, approved and commended to the People of God.

XXXVI. *Of the Civil Magistrates.*

The King of England is after Christ the Supreme Head on Earth of the Church of England and Ireland. The Bishop of Rome hath no Jurisdiction in this Realm of England. The Civil Magistrate is Ordained, and approved by God, and therefore is to be obeyed, not only for fear of Wrath, but for Conscience sake. [] Civil and Temporal Laws may punish Christian Men with Death for heinous and grievous Offences. It is Lawful for Christian Men, at the command-

Queen Elizabeth's Articles

Deacons, lately set forth in the time of King *Edward VI.* and confirmed at the same time by Authority of Parliament, doth contain all things necessary to such Consecration and Ordering; neither hath it any thing that of itself is Superstitious and Ungodly. And therefore whosoever are Consecrated and Ordered according to the Rites of that Book, since the second Year of the fore-named King *Edward* unto this time, or hereafter shall be Consecrated or Ordered according to the same Rites: We Decree all such to be rightly, orderly, and lawfully Consecrated and Ordered.

XXXVII. *Of the Civil Magistrates.*

The Queen's Majesty [] hath the chief Power in the Realm of England and other her Dominions, under whom the chief Government of all Estates of this Realm, whether they be Ecclesiastical or Civil, in all Causes, doth appertain, and is not nor ought to be subject to any foreign Jurisdiction. [] Where we attribute to the Queen's Majesty the chief Government, by which Title we understand the Minds of some slanderous Folks to be offended: we give not to our Princes the Ministering

*King Edward's Articles.**Queen Elizabeth's Articles*

ment of the Magistrate, to wear Weapons, and to serve in the Wars.

string either of God's Word or of the Sacraments; the which thing the Injunctions also lately set forth by Elizabeth our Queen, do most plainly testify; but that only Prerogative, which we see to have been given always to all Godly Princes in Holy Scriptures by God himself, that is, That they should Rule all Estates and Degrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be Ecclesiastical or Temporal, and restrain with the civil Sword the stubborn and evil-doers. The Bishop of Rome hath no Jurisdiction in this Realm of England.—The Laws of the Realm may punish Christian Men with Death for heinous and grievous Offences.—It is Lawful for Christian Men, at the commandment of the Magistrate, to wear Weapons and serve in the Wars.

XXXVII. *The Goods of Christians are not common.*

This Article is the same with Queen Elizabeth's 38th.

XXXVIII. *Of Christian Mens Goods which are not common.*

The Riches and Goods of Christians are not common, as touching the Right, Title and Possession of the same, as certain Anabaptists do falsely boast. Notwithstanding every Man ought, of such things as he possesseth, liberally to give Alms to the Poor, according to his Ability.

XXXVIII.

King Edward's Articles. Queen Elizabeth's Articles

XXXVIII. *It is Lawful for a Christian to take an Oath.*

This differs not from Queen Elizabeth's 39th Article.

XXXIX. *Of a Christian Mans Oath.*

We confess that vain and rash Swearing is forbidden Christian Men by our Lord Jesus Christ, and James his Apostle, so we judge that Christian Religion doth not prohibit, but that a Man may Swear when the Magistrate requireth, in a cause of Faith and Charity, so it being done according to the Prophet's teaching, in Justice, Judgment and Truth.

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XXXIX. *The Resurrection of the Dead is not past already*

The Resurrection of the Dead is not past already, as if it belonged only to the Soul, which by the Grace of Christ is raised from the Death of Sin, but is to be expected by all Men in the last Day: For at that time (as the Scripture doth most apparently testify) the Dead shall be restored to their own Bodies, Flesh and Bones; to the end that Man, according as either Righteously or Wickedly he hath passed this Life, may according to his Works receive Rewards or Punishments.

N. B. Queen Elizabeth's Faith-makers holding, that good Works are not meritorious, (as in their 11th Article) were forced to omit this 39th of King Edward's, because it teaches, that Men receive Rewards, &c. according to their Works.

XL. *The Souls of Men Deceased do neither perish with their Bodies.*

They who maintain that the Souls of Men deceased, do either sleep without all manner of Sense to the Day of Judgment, or affirm that they die together with the Body, and shall be raised therewith at the last Day, do wholly differ from the right Faith, and Orthodox Belief, which is delivered to us in the Holy Scriptures.

XLI. *Of the Millenarians.*

They who endeavour to revive the Fable of the Millenarians are therein contrary to the Holy Scriptures, and cast themselves down headlong into Jewish Dotages.

XLII. *All Men not to be saved at last.*

They also deserve to be condemned, who endeavour to restore that pernicious Opinion, that all Men (though never so ungodly) shall at last be saved; when for a certain time, appointed by the Divine Justice, they have endured punishment for their Sins committed.

The End of King EDWARD 6 Articles.

As to Queen Elizabeth's Articles, you must know that the Original Manuscripts of them, that were signed by both Houses of Convocation (Anno 1562) do differ in many Places from the printed Editions, "as in the 3d Article." In the Print there is only this, "As Christ died for us and was buried, so also it is to be believed that he went down into Hell;" But in the original and subscribed Manuscript, the rest of the Article is set down at large, as in King Edward's Article above. They believed the Doctrine of Limbus Patrum in the Manuscript, but disbelieved it in the Print, tho' not a Year between them.

The 29th Article in the Manuscript is but the 28th in the Print. Their Title is the same *i. e.* Of the Lord's Supper. But that of the Manuscript (like King Edward's 29th) does so confine and shut up our Saviour Christ in Heaven, as not to allow it, by any means, possible for him to be present in the Blessed Sacrament. No, nor on Earth till the Day of Judgment. But this foolish impious and blasphemous Conceit is left out in the printed Article.

In the Year 1571, in a Synod holden at London, the Bishops of both Provinces considering that neither K. Edward's Articles, nor their own subscribed Manuscript of 1562, nor the printed Editions which they published to the People were right; they resolved to review and make a second Publication of them; which they did, altering it from the original Manuscript and printed Editions in above Three-score places. A Catalogue of which the B. of Sarum (Dr. Burnet) gives us
in

in his Exposition of the 39 Articles. He calls them but small Alterations, and indeed many of them are so very small that one would think they made them meerly for the Itch of Change. Yet others of them are not so small but can easily bear Reflection. For instance, they added to the 20th Article these words, "The Church hath Power to decree Rites" and Ceremonies and Authority in Controversies of Faith." Yet they were neither in their original Manuscript nor printed Editions. I cannot find (says Burnet) in what Year they were put in the printed Copies.

Here's a remarkable Change. Congregation (in 10 or 11 Years time) Metamorphosed into Church with Authority in matters of Faith.

At their fall from the Catholic Church, finding it as great a Madness to pretend to as impossibility to get the name Church, especially having no Bishop to give colour to such a Title, they were forced to sit down under the contemptible Name of Congregation: And for this Reason raised the very word Church out of their Bibles (as is shewn below) and put the word Congregation in its place. But by and by, their Numbers increasing; the Queen excluding the Catholic Bishops; thrusting these her pretended Bishops into their Chairs; giving them their Bishopricks, consequently a pretence to their Dignities and Authority; enacting them Bishops by Act of Parliament (Stat. 8. Eliz.) and finally establishing all By-laws. Then they became ashamed of their original Title; they quarrel with Congregation; out of their Bibles goes Congregation; in again comes Church: Congregation must needs be Church of England, and have power to censure, judge and condemn Heresies and Hereticks, and all such Sectaries as fall from it, as if it were indeed the very Catholic Church itself. And to Support and Authorize this pretended Power they have made it an Article of their Faith, that the Church hath Authority in Controversies of Faith; meaning their now called Church of England: If their pretended Church can claim this Authority, then 'tis certain they cannot deny it to the Church they left, consequently they must own the Condemnation of their Errors and Heresies by that Church just and lawful.

The Articles are Authorized by Act of Parliament in 13 Eliz. 12. and by these following Canons.

Cap. 5. Whosoever shall hereafter affirm that any of the Thirty-nine Articles, agreed upon by the Archbishops and Bishops of both Provinces, and the whole Clergy in Convocation

cation holden at London, in the Year of our Lord 1562, (for establishing Consent touching true Religion) are in any part Superstitious or Erroneous, or such as he may not with a good Conscience subscribe unto, let him be Excommunicated *ipso facto*; and not restored but only by the Archbishop, after his Repentance and public Revocation of such his wicked Errors. Can. 36. obliges the Clergy to Subscribe to them all.

It is here to be remarked, that the Book of Articles, mentioned by the Canons, can be truly meant of no other but only the original Manuscript made in the Year 1562, or a true Copy of it. Now that Manuscript has laid ever since dormant in *Corpus Christi College* in *Cambridge*, utterly unknown to the People, and a true Copy of it was never yet in Print. The Bishop of Sarum sets down eight or nine remarkable Differences between that Manuscript and those printed Editions now extant. One of which is the foresaid Addition to the 20th Article; of which he says, "This Alteration of Importance was made in the Year 1571."

And yet the printed Editions are entituled, "Articles agreed upon, &c. in the Year 1562." (as the M. S. is) But it is a false and unduly imposed Title: on purpose to make the young subscribing Clergy and the People believe, that the printed Copies do in all things agree exactly with the original Manuscript.

Thus a false unauthorised Copy of Protestant Articles of Faith is obtruded upon the People and ignorant Clergy, under the Notion and Title of a true one; which in plain Terms is, The imposing a *Lye* upon them, and binding them by Canons, to believe it under pain of Excommunication.

Those Thirty-nine they do impose,
 Tho' most are *Negatives* and *Noes*,
 For Faith: yet know they not that made 'em,
 More than a *Turk* that never read 'em,
 Whether they're true or false, or whether
 To be affirm'd, deny'd, or neither;
 For how the D——l should they tell
 Since their new Church is *Fallible*?
 And yet whosoever does avow
 That any of 'em is not true,
 He's blasted with a heavy Curse,
 That Damns him, if it do no Worse.

In Sixteen Hundred three or four,
 When *Hampton-Court* Dispute was o'er,
Canons they made to Authorise
Prayer, Articles, and Homilies (n).
 And force Folk, under pain of Curse,
 To take for better and for worse,
 The Doctrines taught in every one,
 Tho' perfect Contradiction.
 This Curse at first some vainly dreaded,
 But now not two in twenty heed it,
 Because they find it falls upon
Both sides of Contradiction;
 So that hold either good or ill
 It Damns, take whether side you will.
 Compare the second Homilie
 With the Sixteenth, then shall you see

(n) The 2d Homily, which is entituled, Against Peril of Idolatry, Teaches that, Laity and Clergy, Learned and Unlearned, all Ages, Sexes and Degrees of Men, Women and Children of Whole Christendom, have been at once drowned in abominable and damnable Idolatry, and that by the space of 800 Years and more. To the Destruction and Subversion of all good Religion universally. The 16. Entituled, Of the Gift of the Holy Ghost, teaches the quite contrary Doctrine, viz. That the Holy Ghost the Spirit of Truth, hath been and will be always present with the Church, Governing and Directing it to the World's end. So that it never has wanted, nor ever will want, while the World endure. PURE and SOUND Doctrine, The Sacraments Ministred according to Christ's holy Institution, and the Right use of Ecclesiastical Discipline.

Flat Contradiction lie between 'em;
 You'll wonder at it when you've seen 'em:
 And yet they must believe 'em both,
 And all they teach for *Faith* and *Troth*,
 Else are they by the *Canons* smitten
 And Headlong sent away to *Satan*.

Now let us back return again
 To the Fore-end of *Besse's* Reign,
 And a new *Liturgy* prepare,
 From *Ned's* last Book of *Common-Prayer*;
 We should be blamed, had we left it,
 By Parsons that are meanly gifted:
 For where Extemporary Cant
 Is wanting, this supplies the Want.

In *Almaine* 'twas no sooner known
 That *El'zabeth* had got the Crown,
 But those at *Frankfort* cast off Mourning,
 And now bethink 'em of Returning:
 To *England* now in Shoals they throng,
 And bring their *Liturgy* along;
 That self-same *Common-Prayer* that they
 Had with them when they went away;
 The same that caus'd the strife 'tween *Cox*,
Whitehead, and *Horn*, and old *Jack Knox*.

Now *Bess* surmising this might cause
 New Fewds amongst dissenting Foes,
 Calls *Parker*, and who else she thought fit,
 No wit, says she, is like to bought-wit;
 I would not have you quarrel Sirs,
 About your Prayers, like Cats and Curs,
 As you at *Frankfort* did of late;
 The Church is mine, as well as State,
 So it behoves me to take Care
 About Reforming of your Pray'r:
 Therefore, good *Parker*, on your life,
 See to correct that Book of Strife,
 That neither Sentence, Word nor Sense,
 Nor Doctrine in't may give Offence

To

To your weak Brethren; for my mind
Is to have all in Worship joyn'd.

Beside, take care your Book be made
Fit for a *Romanist* to read.

The Doctrine of the *Real Presence*
Handle so moderately, that the Sense
May not by *Rubricks* seem or *Prayers*
To be much different from theirs.

Yet, on the other Side, you must
To the *Reform'd* give no disgust.

Use therefore Words so variable
As to each Side are applicable;

Thus we the *Puritans* may win,
And bring the heedless *Papists* in.

By wisely handling Matters thus,
Our Church will soon grow numerous.

Go therefore, and in Spite of Fate
Make your Religion suit the State.

Parker and seven Coadjutors (o),
Like Shoemaker and's Under-suitors,
Make haste to their Reforming Shop,
And for Prayer-Coblers they set up.
The Names of those that *Parker* took
To help him to correct his Book,
Were *Grindal*, *Cox*, and *Pilkinton*,
And Master *Whitehead* he was one,
The rest were *Smith*, and *Bill*, and *May*,
Who meeting on th' appointed Day,
E're they took seat, the wrangling Asses
Fell into strife about their Places,
Contending each, what he was able,
For the High-end of their round Table.

(o) Cambden tells us, that the Care of Correcting the Liturgy which under King Edward the sixth was set forth in the Vulgar Tongue, was Committed to Parker, Bill, May, Cox, Grindal, Whitehead and Pilkinton, Learned and Moderate Divines, and to Sir Thomas Smith Knight, a most Learned Gentleman. The matter being Imparted to no Man but the Earl of Bedford, John Gray of Percy, and Cecyl. Hist. of Q. Eliz. l. 1. p. 16. Edit. 3, 1675. And Heylin in his Eccles. Restaur. p. 277.

Till at the last speaks learned *Bill*,
 Who in Geometry had Skill,
 Could tell a Circle from a Square,
 And measure Angles to a Hair.
 My Lords, quoth he, Ends are not found
 In Tables made exactly Round.
 But if it please you I'll divide,
 By Lines of *Chalk*, from Side to Side;
 The *Circumference* into Eight,
 All parts shall in the *Center* meet.
 So that none can discern, if try'd,
 The highest from the lowest Side:
 Thus we shall all have equal Parts.
 Marry, quó' they, with all our Hearts.
 Board thus divided, *Parker's* Grace,
 Sat down; and each one took his place,
 Giving preheminance of Order
 To *Parker's* Highness, but no further:
 For none allow'd him Jurisdiction
 Beyond his own Chalk of Restriction.

Seated they gravely fall to Work,
 And each one, like a learned Clerk,
 With Pen and Ink, and fullen look,
 Fell to correct the Common-Book.
 What any of 'em deem'd not right,
 It was expos'd to other's Sight,
 And very seriously debated,
 If it should be Obliterated,
 Or from its former Sense estrang'd,
 Or only in Expression chang'd,
 Or else stand, without any more
 Done to't, than barely reading o'er.

The Form of *General Confession* (p),
 Was the first thing they call'd in question.

(p) Their Form of General Confession in the Common-Prayer.

Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy Ways like lost Sheep: We have followed too much the Devices and Desires of our own Hearts: We have offended against thy Holy Laws: We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. And there is no Health in us, &c.

A Piece compos'd, as wise Men think,
 By Providential Instinct;
 That brought forth Truths they never meant,
 Or thought to be involved in't;
 So *Caiphas*, the cruel Jew,
 Told truth, but knew't not to be true:
 For when Reformers went astray
 And erred from the Ancient way,
 Their Fathers Faith refus'd to hold,
 Like wand'ring Sheep broke from the Fold,
 Their Pastors Counsel undervalu'd,
 And their own fond Devices follow'd,
 Then 'twas they made this true Confession,
 Right levell'd at their Reformation.
 Not seeing the great Truth hid in't
 They clos'd with this Acknowledgment.

There is no Health in us. If so
 Then Wo to Protestancy; Wo!
 This brought (I say) into debate
 Not one saw what it level'd at,
 Nor any of them ever thought
 Of having't chang'd, or blotted out.

The Creeds they also over-leap'd,
 And 'twas a mercy they escap'd,
 And that the Church, by Alteration,
 Was now transform'd to Congregation,
 And Catholic to Protestant:
 But this *Mat. Parker* would not grant;
 For had Correction so gone on
 Th' *Apostle's Creed* must thus (q) have run;
 And in (r) like manner that of *Nice*;
 The *Athanasian Creed* likewise
 Must have been thus (s) chang'd by this Trick
 To Protestant from Catholic.

(q) I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Protestant Congregation, the Communion of Saints.

(r) I believe one Holy Protestant and Apostolick Congregation.

(s) Whosoever will be saved, it is necessary that they hold fast the Protestant Faith.

But

But *Parker*, who consider'd well,
 And could the event of things foretell,
 Advis'd them not at all to handle
 The Creeds, for fear of giving Scandal.
 Christ's Holy Church, says he, has ever
 Been termed *Catholic*, and never
 Can lose that Title, nor indeed
 Admit of changing't in the Creed.
 Yet when you make a new Translation
 Of Bible (t) put down *Congregation*
 Where-ever Church comes into play,
 And *Catholic* cast quite away.
 For in the Bible 'tis no more
 Than changing One in Twenty score,
 But in the Creed, to change it, then
 'Twill almost be a word in Ten,
 Which must the People much alarm,
 And doubtless do a deal of Harm.
 Besides, the Creed Folk every day
 Do once or twice, or ten times say,
 So that the Words, being learn'd by Rote,
 Cannot so quickly be forgot;
 Hence uncouth Words will to the Nation
 Appear like Terms of Conjuraton,
 And scandalize our Reformation.
 Those his Objections being made,
 They acquiesc'd in what he said,
 And let the Creeds, 'thout more a-do,
 Remain just as in *Statu-quo*.

Take my Advice, quoth *Smith* the Knight,
 It seldom fails in things of Weight,
 Which is, to use great Moderation
 In this our Prayer-Book's Reformation.
 The Queen is in her Heart a Papist,
 We may suppose, as much as a Priest;

(t) In the Bible set out in the Year 1560. The word Church is not to be found. But *Congregation* always in place of it. As in St. Mat. c. 18. v. 17. The translator tells the *Congregation*, and he will not hear the *Congregation*.

She went to Mass in *Mary's* Reign,
 Practis'd Confession of her Sin,
 The Catholic Religion own'd
 In every point, when she was Crown'd;
 Still to maintain the same she swore,
 As other Princes did before;
 Considering which, 'tis good that we
 To humour her do all agree;
 Let's therefore make the Common-Pray'r
 As like the *Mass-Book* as we dare:
 In Substance not, I mean in show,
 That vulgar People may not know,
 If to themselves 'twere put to reference,
 Wherein to find an Aglet difference.
 He said, and up starts Gaffer *May*,
 Give ear, says he, to what I say,
 The Queen, thro' Policy of State,
 Has broke the Oath she took of late,
 And, mauger Popish Education,
 Resolves upon a Reformation,
 Let's therefore warily contrive it,
 Just as her Majesty would have it;
 That is, as near as e'er we can
 To please all Sides, and every Man.
 We'll therefore now put out, or in,
 What may or may not, please the Queen.

Well then, quoth *Parker*, let's agree
 To blot out of the Litany (*u*),
 According to the Queen's Commission,
 This harsh unmannerly Petition:
 To wit, *To be deliver'd from*
Th' enormous Tyrannies of Rome.
 Till this be out, there is no hope
 Of gaining such as love the Pope.
 'Gainst what he said was no dispute,
 So that Petition was raz'd out.

(*u*) In King Edward's Litany stood this Petition. From the Ty-
 ranny and detestable Enormities of the Bishop of Rome. Good
 Lord deliver us.

There is another thing beside,
Which not a Papist can abide,
An Heathenish *Rubrick* (x), out upon't,
The Queen will hang us if we don't
Out of the Book eradicate it;
I know she mortally does hate it,
And well enough I understand,
From Verses writ by her own Hand,
That she believes the *Real Presence*,
Read you them o'er and judge of the Sense.

*Christ was the Word that spake it,
He took the Bread and brake it,
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe and Take it.*

This shews she'll hate our Book of Pray'r,
If that black Rubrick be left there.
Upon my Soul it does more ill
Than Heart can think, or Tongue can tell.
The very *Luth'rans* do not care
To read our Book, while it stands there,
This Rubrick *Cranmer* did invent
'Gainst Worshipping the Sacrament,

(x) This following Rubrick stood in K. Edw. 2d. Liturgy, but was cast out by Q. E. And at K. Charles II. Restauration. It was by his Convocation, reassumed, and placed in the Common-Prayer, in favour of the Presbyterians. Whereas it is Ordained in the Administration of the Lord's Supper, that the Communicants kneeling, should receive the Holy Communion, which thing is well meant for a Signification of the humble and grateful Acknowledgment of the Benefits of Christ given unto the worthy Receiver, and to avoid the Profanation and Disorders, which about the Holy Communion might also ensue, lest, yet the same kneeling might be thought or taken otherwise; we do declare that, it is not meant thereby that any Adoration is done, or ought to be done, either unto the Sacramental Bread or Wine there bodily received, or unto any Real or Essential presence there being of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood: For as concerning the Sacramental Bread and Wine, they remain still in their natural Substance, and therefore may not be adored, for that were Idolatry: And as concerning the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ, they are in Heaven and not here: For it is against the Truth of Christ's true natural Body to be in more places than one at a time.

But pray-ye let us throw't away,
 That People, if it please 'em, may
 Adore our Lord as present there,
 Or else blot out this ancient (y) Prayer;
 For not a Man alive can see
 What way to make them both agree.
 The Prayer we must retain, says *Bill*,
 But we'll blot this out, if you will,
 (z) *In these holy Mysteries*,
 Because I find the same implies
 Christ's Body and his Blood are there.
 So does, says *May*, the rest o'th' Prayer,
 And so our *Catechism* too.

Quoth *Mat*. I know not what to do,
 With *Catechism* (a) we must not part;
 Because Folk have it all by heart:
 Nor is it fit to vex the Nation
 By such notorious Alteration.
 But raze that Line out, if you will,
 Which now was noted by Sir *Bill*.

Yes, yes, says *Whitehead*, out with this,
 And let the *Rubrick* stand where 'tis;
 For *Calvin*, *Beza*, and good *Tyndal*,
 The real Presence never handle,
 Unless to Contradict the same,
 Let's imitate those Men of Fame,
 And let it ne'er be said, that we
 With such Apostles disagree.

For my part I am not, like *Tyndal*,
 Inflexible; says Master *Grindal*,

(y) They call this Prayer, The Prayer of Humble Access.—
 We do not presume to come to thy holy Table, O merciful
 Lord, trusting in our own Righteousness, &c. Grant us therefore,
 gracious Lord, so to eat the Flesh of thy dear Son JESUS CHRIST,
 and to drink his Blood.

(z) In these Holy Mysteries, that we may continually dwell in
 him and he in us; that our sinful Bodies may be clean by his Body,
 and our Souls washed through his most precious Blood. Amen.

(a) In the *Catechism*. Quest. What is the inward Part or thing
 signified? Answ. The Body and Blood of Christ, which are verily
 and indeed taken and received by the Faithful in the Lord's Supper.

Take therefore whether fide you please,
I can comply with mickle ease.

So cannot I, quoth *Pilkinton*,
Because the Queen will have it done,
And, right or wrong, you know we must
Obey her. Marry, 'tis but just,
Says *Mat*. So let's no more dispute,
But blot that wicked Rubrick out.
This motion pleas'd not Gaffer *Whitehead*.
Says *Smith* (the Man that had been Knighted)
No matter, if the rest consent;
They did: And out the *Rubrick* went.
So did the Line *Bill* noted down,
And *Holy Mysteries* they have none.

The next thing that they fell upon
Was how to give Communion,
Whether their Form should it design
For Flesh and Blood, or Bread and Wine.

Quoth *Parker*, in King *Edward's* Reign
We had two diff'rent Forms; but then
We had two diff'rent Books of *Pray'r*,
The first of which we do declare
The *Holy Ghost* himself did aid
Our good Reformers, when't was made:
In this Book, while the Book was good,
The first Form of Communion stood.
But as our Gospel gather'd ground,
So did our *Common-Prayers* abound;
And up a second Book of *Pray'r*
Rose, e'er the first had reign'd three Year;
This very boldly took the Post
Of that, made by the Holy Ghost.
And taught a new Form of Receiving,
This (*This new Nothing*) with *Thanksgiving* (b),
Both Forms are here, My Lords, pray see
How th'one with 'other does agree.

(b) See the Order of the Communion set out by K. Edward 6.
printed by R. Grafton, 1547.

The Form of delivering the Communion, according to King Edward's first Order of Communion.

Rubrick. When the Priest doth deliver the Sacrament of the Body of Christ, he shall say to every one these Words following;

The Body of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, which was given for thee, preserve thy Body unto Everlasting Life.

Rubrick. The Priest delivering the Sacrament of the Blood shall say;

The Blood of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, which was shed for thee, preserve thy Soul unto Everlasting Life.

The Form in K. Edward's second Common-Prayer-Book.

Take and Eat this in Remembrance that Christ died for thee; and feed on him in thy Heart by Faith with Thanksgiving.

At giving the Cup.

Drink this in Remembrance that Christ's Blood was shed for thee, and be thankful.

Pray read 'em over, Master Bill,
That we may all observe 'em well.
Bill reads, they think, and having done,
Thus opens Master Pilkinton.

In the first Form, I find the Word
Applies the Body of our Lord
To save our Bodies *only*, never
Naming the Soul of the Receiver,
As if our Souls no Benefit
Receive when we his Body eat.
The Blood again, on t'other side,
Is only to the Soul apply'd;
As if our Bodies have no good
From the Receiving of the Blood (c).

(c) The Form of giving the Sacrament in the first Liturgy of K. E. (says Heylin) being thought by Calvin and his Disciples to give some Countenance to the Gross and carnal Presence of Christ in the Sacrament, was altered into this Form in the second Liturgy,
that

Quoth Goodman *Grindal*, hold your peace,
 Till I relate the Cause of this,
 'Tis to make simple Folk believe,
 That when they but one kind receive,
 They take but half of Christ, which can
 Preserve but only half the Man,
 So Body is appropriated
 To Body, Blood to Soul related.
 For our Reformed Church designs
 That all shall take it in both kinds.
 And giving of it thus, they thought
 A likely way to bring them to't.

But pray, quoth Master *Pilkinton*,
 What shall we do? Now there's not one
 Kind left in *Edward's* second *Pray'r*:
 We're ten times worse than e'er we were.
 Whereas in Papist times they did
 Receive Christ's Body and his Blood
 Under one Species. We get neither;
 Tho' both the Kinds we take together.
 For, in this second Form, the Priest
 Pretends not to give ought of Christ.
 Take and Eat *This*, says he, but what
 This *This* is, he Interprets not:
 Take and Eat *This*, This What, O *Parker*?
 No Substantive? Sure this is darker
 Than Riddles that in time of old
 Grandames to their Grand-children told.
 Quoth *Mat.* from what in Rubrick's said,
 I think it must be meant *This Bread*,

If so, says *Smith*, it is no more
 When Consecrated, than before

that is to say, Take and Eat this in Remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on him in thy Heart by Faith, with Thanksgiving. Take and drink this, &c. But the Revisors of the Book joined both Forms together, lest under colour of Rejecting a Carnal, they might be thought also to deny such a Real Presence as was defended in the Writings of the Ancient Father; upon which ground they Expunged also a whole Rubrick at the End of the Communion Service. &c. (This is the Rubrick mentioned above) See Heylin p. 283.

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What do the Sacred Words avail?
 Is *Blessing* ineffectual?
 And how can you these Words make good,
This is my Body, This is my Blood?
 For Christ himself, 'tis very plain,
 Being God, could nothing speak in vain.
 The Ancient Fathers understood
 Christ gave his *Body* and his *Blood*
 Under the *Form* of Bread and Wine,
 And thought the *Eucharist* Divine.
 And, by *Tradition*, we from them
 Ought to believe the very same.

At this up starts me Master *Whitehead*,
 And scratching for a while his Light-head,
 Soft, Sirs, says he, my Fancy gathers,
 That these were Errors in the Fathers.
 Not I alone imagine thus,
 But *Calvin* and *Carlstadius*,
Beza, and *Zuinglius*, by name,
Cranmer and *Bucer* say the same,
 And in plain Syllables declare
 That only Bread and Wine are present there.
 And therefore pra-ye, let us now
 Be very cautious what we do,
 And not dissent, in any Case,
 From Men so largely stock'd with Grace;
 Nor leave, upon a light pretence,
 The Judgment of such Men of Sense.
Whitehead his Spirit scarce had spent,
 When *Bill* his Stock began to vent.
 Two diff'rent Judgments in the Land
 There are, says he, I understand,
 Those who believe 'tis chang'd from Bread,
 The first Form answers to their Creed;
 And those who do deny the same,
 The second Form is fit for them.
 What think-ye therefore if we give it
 By both, as diff'rent Men believe it?

And

And this may easily be done :
 When Folk come to Communion,
 It is but parting *YEAS* from *NOES*,
 And at God's-Board the Herd dispose ;
 So that the *Yeas* on one Side fit,
 The *Noes* on t'other Side of it ;
 Then let the Parson take his Stand,
 (It matters not at whether End)
 And, as by proper Form apply'd,
 Dispense his Gifts to either Side,
 By either Form alone; in troth,
 I find we cannot please them both,

Quoth *Parker*, but since it is thus,
 Let's make a Form ambiguous,
 Which, as they please, may be apply'd
 To this, or to the other side.

Parker his Speech had scarcely done,
 When up again gets *Pilkinton*,
 And, by the motion of his Thumb,
 Prevails with *Parker* to be Dumb.
 Good Sirs, says he, be all attentive,
 My Brains are wonderful inventive,
 And must as certainly produce,
 As *Æsop's* Mountain did his Mouse.
 I have a project in my Head,
 Will stand the Church in special stead,
 And be a Means, sure as a Gun,
 To make a blessed Union.
 To the first Form, which *Edward* made,
 We'll cunningly the second add,
 And so, by making both but one,
 Administer Communion.
 By this means each Man, as he list,
 May to his Palate fit the Feast.
 He said, and did a Scroul present,
 With both the Forms together pent,
 Which was approv'd on by all there,
 And placed in the Common-Prayer :

Where

Where all sorts of 'em, with *Thanksgiving*,
Make it the *Standard* of *Receiving*.

*The Form of Administring the Communion, according to
Queen Elizabeth's Common-Prayer.*

At giving the Bread,

*The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given
for thee, preserve thy Body and Soul unto Everlasting
Life. Take and Eat this in Remembrance that Christ
died for thee; and Feed on him in thine Heart by Faith
with Thanksgiving.*

At giving the Cup,

*The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed
for thee, preserve thy Body and Soul unto Everlasting
Life; And drink this in Remembrance that Christ's
Blood was shed for thee, and be Thankful.*

Thus, in the space of twice six Year,
You see three diff'rent Forms appear.
The Reader need not think it strange
To find 'em thus *Chop* Faith and *Change*,
When he reflects they knew not whether
'Twas *Flesh* or *Bread*, they took, or neither.

They cast away, in the Conclusion,
King *Edward's* Form of *Absolution* (d),

(d) King *Edward's* Form of *Absolution* before *Receiving*.

After the Parson has made the General Confession, in the Name
of all those that are minded to receive the Communion. Then says
the Rubrick, shall the Priest stand up, and turning him to the
People say thus,

Our Blessed Lord, who hath left the Power to his Church, to
Absolve Penitent Sinners from their sins, and to restore to the grace
of the Heavenly Father, such as truly believe in Christ, have Mer-
cy upon you, Pardon and Deliver you from all your sins, Confirm
and Strengthen you in all goodness, and bring you to everlasting
Life.

Queen Elizabeth's Form of *Absolution* before *Receiving* the
Communion.

Almighty God and Heavenly Father, who of his great Mercy
hath promised Forgiveness of Sins to all them that with hearty Re-
pentance

Because they thought it gave too much
Absolving Power unto the Church ;
And put another in its place,
That neither Power owns, nor Grace.

Since here we have cast out of Door
Th' Acknowledgment of Church's Pow'r,
Why also do not we part with
That other Form, says honest *Smith*,
By which the Sick Absolved are ?
For the same Power is owned there.
The Parson too makes them believe
That he has Power to Forgive,
Absolve and *Pardon* all Transgression
Revealed to him in *Confession*.

No, no, says *Parker*, we'll connive at
That *Rubrick* for Confession private,
Folk give the Parson, when they're ill,
A good round Legacy by Will,
For his receiving their Confessions,
And Pardoning all their Transgressions
That which redounds thus to our gain,
Be't right or wrong, we must retain.
To what he said all acquiesc'd,
And there it stands. Gra-mercy Grist.

Of other Changes that they made,
I find not much in Story said :

penitance and true Faith turn unto him ; Have Mercy upon you, &c.
Notwithstanding their blotting out this Acknowledgment of the
Church's Power in this Place, yet, in the Visitation of the Sick
they let it stand in the Form of Absolution.

Rubrick. The Minister should not omit earnestly to move such
Sick Persons as are of Ability to be liberal to the Poor, (he expects
their looking on him as one of the number.) Here shall the Sick Per-
son be moved to make a special Confession of his Sins, if he feel his
Conscience troubled with any weighty matter. After which Con-
fession, the Priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily desire
it) after this Sort ; Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left Power to
his Church to Absolve all Sinners who truly repent and believe in
him, Of his great Mercy forgive thee thine Offences. And by his
Authority Committed to me, I Absolve thee from all thy Sins. In
the Name of the Father, &c.

However

However if you list to know,
Take pains, as I am forc'd to do,
And *Edward's* Liturgies compare
With *El'zabeth's* new *Common-Prayer*.

This precious Work, when 'twas in hand,
With so great Secrecy was mann'd,
That few could tell, till it came out,
What eight Wise-Men had been about.
Mean while her Highness was not idle,
But busy as a Wench in Bridewell,
After her Brother *Ned's* Example,
To make room for it in the Temple.
Th' *Epistle* and the *Gospel*, she,
Together with the *Litany*,
In *English* Tongue caus'd to be read;
And then the *Mass* abolished.
Not all at once; for she proceeded
By easy Steps, that none might heed it;
For Innovation durst not venture
Too rudely into Kirk to enter,
But slyly kept in by degrees,
And drove the *Mass* out piece by piece.

Next came a Proclamation^(e) out,
That none should preach, pray or dispute,
Or move a Lip thro' all the Nation,
In what related to Salvation,
Nor make one single step to Heaven,
Till she had further Orders given.
Religion now was at a stand,
As if she meant to damn the Land:

(e) The Queen set out a Proclamation, by which it was Com-
manded, That no Man (of what Perswasion soever he was in the
Points of Religion) should be suffered from thenceforth to preach in
Publick, but only such as should be Licensed by her Authority.
Which Proclamation was observed with such care and Strictness,
that no Sermon was Preached at St. Pauls Cross, or any publick
Place in London, till the Easter following. (This came out in De-
cember, 1559) Vid. Heylin fol. 276.

On the 24. of June, An. Reg. Eliz. 1. 1559. the Publick Li-
turgy was to be officiated in all the Churches of the Kingdom.

At

At last up starts the Common-Prayer,
Appears in Churches every where,
And thrusts itself into the Place
Of the great *Sacrifice*, the *Mass*.
In Temple thus th' Abomination
Of ghostly Death and Desolation,
Seated itself by violent Pow'r
Of *Bess*, the Beast or Scarlet-Whore.

As he who by a sudden Fright
Of Goblin in the dusk of Night,
Has both his Eyes set in his Head,
As still, as if the Man were Dead;
His Hair on end, as if his Skull
Were stuck with Knitting needles full,
So every Body stood amaz'd,
And us distracted star'd and gaz'd,
When such a Spectre did appear,
Under the borrow'd shape of Prayer.
But when it spoke in Mother-Tongue,
And *Hopkins* Psalms in Metre sung,
Bless us! How all fell down before it,
And for their *Moloch* did adore it,
The Anti-Priests that took in hand (f)
To serve this *Idol*, could Command

(f) There past an Act (An. Reg. Eliz. 1. 1558) says Heylin, for Recommending and Imposing the Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacrament according to such Alterations and Corrections as were made therein by those who were appointed to Revise it. In the performance of which Service there was great Care taken for expunging all such Passages in it as might give any Scandal or Offence to the Popish party. In the Litany first made and published by King Henry VIII. and afterwards continued in the Liturgies of King Edward VI. There was a prayer to be delivered from the Tyranny and all the detestable Enormities of the Bishop of Rome. Which was thought fit to be Expunged. (Then he relates the joyning of the Forms of Communion, and Expunging the Rubrick as noted above. After which he tells us) That to come up the Closer to those of the Church of Rome. It was ordered by the Queen's Injunction, that the Sacramental Bread should be made Round in Fashion of Wafers used in the time of Queen Mary. She also ordered that the Lord's Table should be placed where

Of Hypocritick Tears an Ocean,
 Which, with a whining, feign'd Devotion,
 They would so freely vent in Pulpit,
 That others wept, and could not help it,
 Till Cheeks were drown'd, from Nose to Ears,
 In Floods of Sympathetick Tears.
 In Cant and Wheedle most expert
 They were, they wanted nought of Art
 Whereby to gain the Women: Then
 The Women went and brought the Men;
 The Children, th'noenwt ohey kt wither,
 Follow'd to H— their *Dad* and *Mother*.
 Till *Common-Prayer* had gather'd soon
 Nine Tenths or more in every Town.

The Queen (*g*), in other things, thought fit
 To shew a little of her Wit,
 In Compliment to Catholicks,
 (She'd skill in Hypocritick tricks,)
 Communion Bread, made up with Leaven,
 Under King *Ned* in *Cubes* was given,
 But now her Highness does declare
 It shall be (*h*) Round, as *Wafers* are.

where the Altar stood, That the accustomed Reverence should be made at the name JESUS, Musick retained in the Church. And all the old Festivals observed, with their several Eves, By which Compliances, and Expunging of the Passages before remembred, the Book was made so passible, &c. Heylin p. 203. And in p. 208 He relates the Queen's Injunctions more fully. And when he speaks of that for retaining Musick in Churches, he gives these Reasons or Motives why it was retained, viz. For the Encouragement of Art, and the Continuance of use of singing in the Church of England. And for the Comforting of such as delight in Musick.

The Queen Authorises and Establishes this her new Common Prayer, first by several Injunctions, (which, say they, the Queen's Majesty Ministreth unto her Clergy) as Injunct. 18, 33, 36, 52. Then by an Act of Parliament, called, An Act of Uniformity of Prayer, and Administration of Sacraments. The Injunctions and this Act were Published in the 1st year of her Reign, 1559. In the 8 year she Confirms the said Act for Uniformity of Parliament. See also her Advertisement or Articles for Doctrine and Preaching, printed in 1564.

(*g*) See the Queen's Injunctions Apd Sparrow, p. 63.

(*h*) Injunction p. 79.

No more must they in Gobbets shred
Their old stale Loaves of common Bread.

When they Name (i) JESUS all must Bow,
As Catholicks are wont to do.

The *Cross* in Baptism yet remain'd.

Musick (k) in Churches she retain'd,

Not to incite the tender Motion

Which Musick raises to Devotion;

Nor for Solemnity, as *David*,

When he to God sung Praise, would have it,

But rather for encouraging

Young Lasses and young Lads to sing:

And to please such as love the *Lute*,

The *Bag-pipe*, *Fiddle*, or the *Flute*.

Brave Motives! And denote her Zeal

To play Folk merrily to H—.

God's Board, (l) she also gave command,

Should in the place of Altar stand,

Unless when People were Receiving

Their *This*, (*et cætera*) with *Thanksgiving*.

The Board in her own Chappel she

Adorn'd, as *Altars* use to be,

(i) Whensoever the Name of Jesus shall be any Lesson, Sermon or otherwise in the Church pronounced, that due Reverence be made of all Persons young and old, with lowliness of Courtesie, and Uncovering of Heads of the Menkind, as thereunto doth necessarily belong, and hath been Accustomed. Injunction 52.

(k) See Injunction 59 and Heylin.

(l) It is ordered, That the Holy Table in every Church be decently made, and set in the place where the Altar stood, and there commonly Covered as thereto belongeth, and so to stand, saving when the Communion of the Sacrament is to be distributed. After Communion is done, from time to time, the same Holy Table to be placed where it stood before Injunct. in Spar. p. 75.

In the Queen's Chapel, says Heylin, The Altar was furnish'd with Plate, two fair gilt Candlesticks with tapers in them, and a Massie Crucifix of Silver in the midst thereof. Which last remained there some Years, till it was broke in Pieces by Patch the Fool, at the Solicitation of Sir Fra. Knolls, one who openly appeared in favour of the Schism at Frankford.

With Silver *Crucifix* upon it,
 Two Candles also she had on it,
 Unlighted, never seen to burn,
 But as the Flame in Ancient *Urn*.
 Stood still, without the least Decay,
 Till *Knolls* took Candlesticks away,
 Goes to the Kitchen Fire, and in it
 Consumes her Candles in a Minute,
 Which else, by Magick Art of Queen,
 Had two perpetual Candles been.

For Putitanick Zeal and Light,
 Mov'd *Patch* and this advent'rous Knight,
 In spite of Queen, or dread of Halter,
 To spoil her God's-Board or Mock-Altar;
 And tumble all things to the Ground,
 That they in Royal Chappel found.
 Thus *Patch* the Fool, and *Knolls* the Knave,
 Did neither Cross nor Candle leave,
 Nor any thing besides, that might
 Grace represent, or Gospel-light.

One would have thought they had by now
 Done all that they design'd to do,
 In the Reforming of the Land.
 Reforming's never at a stand.
 For now the Zealots of the Nation
 Desire a further Reformation;
 And fall a playing o'er again
 Their Pranks, just as in *Edward's* Reign.
 The Queen grew every day more Brain-sick,
 And gave at last Command to ransack
 Churches and Chappels through the Land,
 And not to let an Image (*n*) stand,
 Tho' 'twas our *Saviour Christ's* or *Mary's*;
 And yet her *own*, and *Ned's*, and *Harry's*,
 They without Scruple made, and kept
 In Churches, Halls, and where they slept;

(*n*) Against Images, see the Q's Injunctions 2, 33, 35, and Father Parlon's, in his Examination of Fox his Calendar.

So *Fox* raz'd from his Calendar
 Our *Blessed Lady's* Name, and there,
 Saint-like, put *Bess's* in its stead,
 In Letters Capital and Red.

Communion Bread must be no more
 Made in the Form it was before,
 But cut in Cubick-shape of Dice,
 From Penny-loaf, and of a Size
 Sometimes so large that few could chew it,
 Without a Draught of Claret to it;
 Sometimes it hap't, a greedy Gull
 Would get his Gullet cram'd so full
 Ast' make him glore, and gasp for Wind,
 Till skill'd *Old Trott* would come behind,
 And with her *Fist*, between his shoulders,
 Thump, to the wonder of beholders,
 Till by her Strokes, laid on in haste,
 Out of his Throat she'd drive the Paste.

And now God's-Board they turn about,
 From East to West, from North to South.
 And, from the place where Altars were,
 Remove it to the midst of Quire,
 And back again into the place
 Where *Altar-wise*, at first it was.
 But now its End, and not its Side,
 They to the Eastern Wall apply'd.
 Ne'er *Cock-boat*, forc'd from broken *Cable*,
 Was tost like their *Communion-Table*.

Religious Ornaments they burn,
 And sacred things to Ashes turn,
 Break Chalices, and Corporals rent,
 Blaspheme the *Blessed Sacrament*.
 And thus what Int'rest first begun,
 Zeal Puritannick carry'd on,
 Till nought, in fine, but Desolation
 Attended this mad Reformation.

At this rate Church-affairs went on,
 Till their wild Reformation

Became, to thinking People, hateful,
 Thousands abhor what late seem'd grateful:
 And back into the Church amain,
 From whence they fell, return again.

The Prelates finding no Conforming,
 As they expected, fell a Storming;
 And casting in their Minds about
 What way they might compel 'em to't,
 Found nought would do, at any rate,
 Without the help of Magistrate:
 So they resolved to Address
 Themselves to *Parl'ament* and *Befs*,
 And in such solemn sort to do't
 As could not fail of gaining Suit.
 They to their cruel Clergy, and
 Who else in Blood would have a hand,
 Send out their Pastoral Command
 To meet their Graces; and to bring
 For Execution, any thing
 That might seem proper, or could be
 Useful in Act of Tragedy.
 The *Black* obey: As fast they come
 As Soldiers call'd by beat of Drum.
 And every Parson brings his Pack
 Of murdering Tools upon his Back;
 Some *Scourges* bring and some *Battoons*,
 Some come with Halberds, Swords and Guns,
 Others with Gibbets, Halters, Racks,
 And some with Gullet-Knife, and Ax,
 And after these do other some
 With lying Books and Ballads come,
 Which here and there abroad they throw,
 Among the Rabble, as they go,
 Thereby the better to prepare 'em
 To Murder every *Papist* near 'em.
 In rear of all this mad Procession
 The *Prelates* come with their Petition,
 And all the Arguments they had,
 Whereby t' excite the Queen to Blood.

In order thus, as you have seen,
They all appear before the Queen,
The Parl'ament, and chiefs of State,
And thus their Grievances relate.

It is not long since Fortune gave us
Yourself, O blessed *Bess*! to save us
From *Poper*y; which you have done,
Till now, to Admiration.
Nor doubt we but to you is given,
In spite of Pope, his Church or Heaven,
To Guard us and our Country still
From their Religion. That I will,
Quoth *Bess*. But you supernal Powers
Bless us, and shield what's ever ours!
I th' Name of Wonder what d'you mean
Thus to appear before your Queen?
Why bring you here in such confusion,
Those Instruments of Execution?
Amaz'd she stops. Then they go on
With this their dire Oration.

Know that the Papists every hour
Do gather Courage, Strength and Power;
And still Increase and Multiply
In Numbers most prodigiously.
Who fell, when you began to Reign,
Do now return as fast again,
As having been impos'd upon,
By this our Reformation,
E'er they consider'd what they'd done.
Besides they preach, write and dispute,
And every day say *Mafs* to boot,
Which draws vast Numbers of the People
Into their Chapels, from the Steeple.
Here's *Stapleton* and Doctor *Harding*,
Value our *Jewel* not a Farthing,
Nor Bishop *Horn* do they regard
More than they do a Grecian's Beard;

These two, and Doctor *Sanderſon*,
 Have brought our Reformation
 Into Contempt, and loſs of Credit,
 That very few of late do heed it.
 But that which grieves us, we proteſt,
 More twenty times than all the reſt,
 Our *Articles* and *Common-Pray'r*
 They'll not ſubſcribe: Nor will they ſwear,
Madam, that you are *Chriſt's Vicegerent*,
 By Virtue to your Crown Inherent.
 But that which moſt diſturbs our Eaſe,
 Five hundred thouſand times than theſe,
 The *Pope* againſt yourſelf and Nation
 Has ſent an *Excommunication*,
 And curſt us all for Hereticks,
 Uncapable of Biſhopricks.
 And the whole Church, even at this day,
 Tremble at his *Anathema*,
 And think't as juſt as that by which
 St. *PETER* curſt *Simon* the Witch.
 So that, if order be not taken,
 You'll be by all the World forſaken:
 Your Biſhops too, muſt every Man
 For *Heathen* paſs and *Publican*.

In this, quoth *Befs*, what ſhall I do?
 We'd have, ſay they, your Highneſs know
 The Caſe is deſp'rate, be't as't will;
 There are but two ways, both are ill;
 You muſt think either of Compliance,
 Or to his Curſes bid Deſiance.
 The firſt of theſe to our Eſtates,
 The ſecond to our Souls relates.
 Complying is the laying down
 We of our Caps, you of your Crown,
 Leaves Reformation in the Lurch,
 And brings us back into the Church:
 Then we and all our Clergy muſt
 From all our Tythes and Rents be thruſt,

And

And *Romish Clergy* be restor'd,
 From such an Ill, defend us Lord.
 For what must we maintain our Wives with?
 And what support our merry Lives with?
 For our parts, we're not us'd to thrashing,
 Unless it be on Pulpit-Cushion,
 Nor our fine Wives to ought but Dressing.

Again, if, on the other Side,
 The Pope's *Anathema's* defy'd,
 And we curst by the See of *Rome*,
 We hazard all i'th' Life to come:
 For what on Earth the Church does tie
 Is bound in *Heaven* as certainly,
 And those who are excluded here
 Out of the Church, can ne'er come there,
 If all those Texts be true and right
 Which Scriptures sacred *Pen-men* write.

At what you say I'm much surpriz'd,
 And do desire to be advis'd,
 In weighty matters, such as this,
 Pray Counsel me aright, quoth *Bess*.

If we, say they, must you advise,
 Chuse you the latter, if you're wise,
 Regard not you his *Curse* a Rush:
A Bird in Hand's worth two in *Bush*,
 Here we have Riches, Ease and Laughter,
 But know not what shall follow after,
 Let's therefore hold what is possest,
 And trust the Lord with all the rest.

As for the *Catholic Religion*,
 Extirpate it out of the Region;
 Let not a Man of that Opinion
 Remain, in all your large Dominion.
 Nay, quo' the Queen, to ruin all
 Will speak me too Tyrannical,
 And brand my Name in deathless Pages
 For bloody, to succeeding Ages.

Your

Your Majesty, say they, must know
 That all things shall be done by *Law*(o):
 If arbitrarily 'twere done,
 Then good were your Objection,
 But when there's *Law* for what you do,
 Then 'tis the *Law* that kills, not you.

Judges are not accountable
 For Blood, tho' guileless Blood they spill,
 Provided that they keep in Bounds,
 Of *Law*, and go on legal Grounds.
 Such *Penal Laws* we will invent,
 As Death, or long Imprisonment,
 Shall be the Punishment of those
 That do our Kirk or us oppose.
 We'll make it Treason to become
 A Member of the Church of *Rome*.
 By Law we'll bring't within the Reach
 Of Death, for Papists Priests to preach,

(o) Penal Laws. Statute 1, Eliz. 1. Abolishes the Pope's Authority, and enacts the Queen Head of the Church, or (as they word it) Chief Governess of all Ecclesiastical Affairs. By this and Stat. 5. Eliz. 1. Those who maintain the Jurisdiction of the See of Rome, incur a Præmunire. In that 1. Stat. the Oath of Supremacy was imposed: first Refusal of that Oath is a Præmunire; the second refusing, and also the second Maintaining the Jurisdiction of the See of Rome (if Convicted) is High Treason.

Stat. 13. Eliz. 2. To obtain or use any Bull of Absolution, or Reconciliation from the Bishop of Rome; or Absolve, or be Absolved thereby, shall be High Treason. The Comforters and Maintainers of such Offenders shall incur a Præmunire; and their Counsellors Misprision of Treason.

Stat. 23. Eliz. 1. To say Mass is the forfeit of 200 Marks, and one year's Imprisonment. To hear Mass is the forfeit of 100 Marks, and one year's Imprisonment. By this Act every Person repairing not to Church, according to Stat. 1 Eliz. 2. shall forfeit 20l. a Month.

Stat. 27 Eliz. 2. All Jesuits and Priests, and other Ecclesiastical Persons, born within any of the Queen's Dominions, and ordained or made such by the Jurisdiction of the See of Rome, which come into or remain in any of the said Dominions, shall be adjudged Guilty of High Treason; and their Receivers, Aiders and Maintainers shall be adjudged Felons without Benefit of Clergy. With a great many more which you may find at Large in the Statute Books.

Say Mafs, or even to be found
In any place on *English* Ground:
Nor will we Mercy have, or spare them,
Who either Harbour Priests, or hear them.
Behold the *Laws*, for we have drawn 'em
In Form, as here: Do you but own 'em
By your declaring your Consent,
And then they're *Acts of Parliament*.

We've also brought these Tools you see,
Into your Presence, purposely,
That by the *Penal-Laws* and these
You m' *Hang* and *Head* them when you please.

The Pope you see has smitten us all
With his keen Sword Spiritual,
Thereby expecting, but in vain,
To bring us back to him again,
And make us all Obedient
To Faith, and to Church-Government:
But this we'll never more endure,
Tho' he from Christ derive his Pow'r.
We therefore pray you, potent *Befs*,
Revenge us on his Holiness,
Grasp temp'ral Weapon in your Hand,
Smite all the Papists in the Land:
Bestir yourself; about you lay,
Like *Joan of Orleans* in fray,
And neither Lord nor Beggar spare,
Nor Age, nor Sex, nor Friend forbear,
But pitiless as Death go on,
And hack, and hang, and hew them down
With these our Instruments of Blood,
As Woodmen do their Underwood.

Then at her Feet (these Words be'ng said)
Their *Penal-Laws* and Tools, they laid,
And bad her go and use the same,
(In *Nero's* and the Devil's Name)
For in your Deeds can be no flaw,
While you do nothing but by *Law*.

Nay,

Nay, if I be secur'd by Law,
 I care not what it is I do,
 Quoth she, I therefore give Consent
 To all your Acts of Parliament;
 And with those Instruments you bring
 I'll lay about like any thing.
 No Magistrate in all the Land
 But shall have Halters in his Hand,
 And Jails and Gibbets at Command.

She said, Then authoriz'd the Men-all
 To execute her *Statutes-Penal*.
 And Priests and Jesuits were martyr'd,
 Cut up, beheaded, drawn and quarter'd.
 Such haste the cruel Butchers made
 To rip them up, e'er they were dead,
 That one might see them sometimes look
 On their own Hearts, from Body took,
 And hear the pious Martyrs pray
 For those that tore their Hearts away.
 For then the way of taking Life,
 Was first half-hanging, then the Knife
 Ript open the blessed Martyr's Breast,
 His Heart and Liver, and the rest
 Of inward parts, into the Fire
 They flung; Thus did those Saints expire.

Of those Beatified, one
 Was Reverend Father *Campion*,
 That learned *Jesuit* who bore
 Long time his Shackles in the Tow'r.
Cerwin, Short, Bryant, Victims fell
Johnson and *Fourd*; I mourn to tell (p)
 That scarce the Knife with these had done,
 When *Philby, Kirby, Richardson*,
Nelson, and Cotham, Hansy, Mayn,
Kirkman, and Lacy, Thompson, Payn,

(p) There Suffered above 103 Priests, besides others. F. Parsons in Discus. p, 107.

Thirlkel, and *Hawood* suffered,
 So *Bell*, and *Hart*, and *Hadock* did :
 With *Emford*, *Nutter*, *Munden*, *Fen*,
 And other Priests a numerous Train;
 Who dying for the Faith of Christ.
 Increas'd the Holy Martyrs List.
 Nor suffer'd Priests alone, for then
 They Sacrific'd the Gentlemen;
 Of lesser rank many were try'd,
 And of both Sexes numbers dy'd.
 In *York* the good Dame *Chuthrey's* Breath
 They stopt, by pressing her to Death.
 He who but harboured a Priest,
 Past for a *Traytor*, at the least;
 And who was known to hear a *Mass*,
 Must for an impious *Felon* pass :
 Such Laws those *Herods* did invent,
 To Murther all the Innocent.

Besides the Blood profusely spill'd,
 All Prisons in the Land were fill'd,
 Where cruel usage, stench and whips,
 And hunger, slaughter'd them in heaps.
 In short, not many 'scap'd the Jaws
 Of all devouring Penal Laws,
 But either were depriv'd of Bread,
 Or thrown in Jails, or Murthered.
 For 'twas design'd, by Queen and State,
 Religion to eradicate.
 But by a Pow'r Divine their Malice
 Has still been curb'd, as that of *Hell* is.

By Plots, and Letters Counterfeit,
 By cunning Trick, and subtile Cheat,
 By suborn'd Evidence, and Lyes,
Leister and *Walsingham* devise
 Strange Traps t' ensnare the Innocent,
 For Traytors to the Government;
 As *Leyburn*, *Arden*, *Paget*, and
Norfolk, and good *Northumberland*,

And

And *Arundel* (q) his Son, and *Shelly*,
 And lamentable 'tis to tell-ye
 That the black Venom of their Spleen
 Was shed against their lawful Queen,

(q) *Cambden* in his history of the Life of Q. *Eliz.* Edit. 3. Says of the Lord *Arundel*, and other Catholicks that were forced to fly the Land, that they heavily complain'd of the Subtile Artifices of *Leicester* and *Walsingham*: That strange kind of Tricks and Cheats were invented, and secret Snares so closely laid, that they must, whether they would or no, and before they were aware, be involved in the guilt of High Treason. And (continues he) verily there were at this time some subtile ways taken to try how Men stood affected. Counterfeit Letters were privily sent in name of the Queen of Scots and the Fugitives, and left in Papists Houses, Spies were sent abroad up and down the Country to take notice of Peoples discourse, and hold of their words. Reporters of vain and idle Stories were admitted and Credited: Hereupon many were brought into Suspicion, and amongst the rest *Henry* Earl of Northumberland, his Son *Ralph* Earl of *Arundel*, p. 294.

Again, Such as bore a mortal hatred against the Queen of Scots, took occasion to hasten her Death. And to strike the greater Terror into the Queen (*Elizabeth*) they caused false Rumours and Terrifying Reports daily to be spread all over England, That the Spanish Fleet was landed at *Milford Haven*, That the Scots were broken into England, That the Queen of Scots was Escaped out of Prison, and had raised an Army, that the Northern parts were up in Rebellion, That there was a new Conspiracy on foot to kill the Queen *Elizabeth* and set the City of *London* on Fire; yea that the Queen (*Elizabeth*) was dead with other such like Stories. p. 379.

With such Scarcrows and affrighting Arguments as these they drew the Queen's (*Eliz.*) wavering and perplexed Mind to that pass, she Signed a Warrant for putting the Sentence of Death in Execution, p. 379.

Again, Upon the Account of difference in Religion, the hot Protestants thought that the Queen of Scots, though her title were most undoubted, yet because she was of another Religion, was to be rejected, p. 73. Others that she should at once be deprived both of Regal Authority and of Life, and put to Death. And this *Knox* and some Ministers of the word Thundered out of the Pulpits, p. 95.

When the Warrant of Execution was read, she undauntedly (says *Cambden*) and with a composed Spirit made this Answer, I did not think the Queen, my Sister, would have consented to my Death, who am no Subject of your Law and Jurisdiction, but seeing her Pleasure is so, Death shall be to me most Welcome; neither is that Soul worthy of the High Everlasting Joys above, whose Body cannot endure one Stroke of the Executioner.

She

The pious *Mary*, Queen of *Scots* :
For when, through *Knox* and *Murray's* Plots,

She desired that she might have Conference with her Confessor. For her Confessor it was flatly deny'd that he should come at her; and the Earls recommended unto her the Bishop and Dean of Peterborow to Comfort her; whom she refusing, The Earl of Kent in a hot burning Zeal to Religion, turning towards her, brake forth into these words, among other Speeches, your Life will be the Death of our Religion, as a Contrariwise your Death will be the Life thereof. At this she asked Burgoin, her Physician, whether he did not now find the force of Truth to be great? They say (quoth she) that I must die because I have plotted against the Queen's Life, yet the Earl of Kent tells me that there is no other Cause of my death but they are afraid of their Religion because of me. Neither hath mine Offences against the Queen but their Fears because of me, drawn this End upon me. See Cambden, p. 383, 384, 385. Baker in his Chronicle says, that Buckhurst and Beal were sent to the Queen of Scots to let her understand that Sentence was pronounc'd against her, and Confirmed by Parliament, and that the Execution of it was earnestly desired by the Nobility and the Commons Intimating, that if she lived the Religion received in England could not Subsist, p. 373.

When at the Block, Fletcher Dean of Peterborow, began a long Speech, touching her Life, past, present and to come. She interrupted him once or twice, and prays him not to trouble himself, protesting that she was firmly fixed and resolved in the Ancient Catholick Roman Religion, and for it was ready to shed her last Blood. Camb. p. 384.

She requested, says Baker, that she might have some Catholick Priest to administer the Sacrament to her, but was denied; which deemed, not Inhuman only, but Tyrannical and Heathenish. She falling down on her knees, and holding up an Ivory Crucifix in her Hands. Prayed with her Servants in Latin, out of the Office of the Blessed Virgin. Prayers being ended, she kissed the Crucifix, and Signing herself with the Sign of the Cross, said, as thy Arms, O Christ, were spread forth upon the Cross, so 'embrace me with the open Arms of thy Mercy, and forgive me my Sins. And laying down her Head upon the Block she repeated the Psalm, Domine in te speravi, ne Confundar in aeternum. See Baker, p. 373, 374. Edit. 7. Cambden adds, That she repeated many Times ino thy hands, O Lord, I commend my Spirit. And her head was stricken of at two Stroaks. The Dean crying out, so let Queen Elizabeth's Enemies perish; The Earl of Kent Answering Amen. And the People Sighing and Sobbing. He also gives her Character in these Words. A Lady fixed and constant in her Religion, of Singular Piety towards GOD, Invincible Magnanimity of Mind, Wildom above her Sex, and Admirable Beauty, p. 385.

Expell'd

Expell'd her Land, she hither fled
 For Refuge, and a promis'd Aid,
 In barb'rous and unmat'ral Manner,
 'Gainst Law of Nations, Justice, Honour,
 And *promise to her of Protection,*
Against the Scottish Insurrection,
 She was into a Prison thrown
 By *Bess*, that had usurp'd her Crown,
 Where eighteen Years confin'd she lay,
 Beset with Miseries ev'ry way;
 Till she was freed by cruel Death,
 And sent to Joys above from Pains beneath;
 The *AX*, more merciful in this,
 Than cruel and perfidious *Bess*.

The Warrant signed by the Chief
 Head of their Kirk to take her Life,
Buckhurst, and *Beal*, the Earl of *Kent*,
 A canting *Dean* and *Bishop* went
 To put that final Resolution,
The Writ of Death, in Execution.
 Madam, say they, from Court we come,
 To bring you notice of your Doom,
 Lo here the Warrant for your Death,
 Sign'd by our good Queen *El'zabeth*.
 Prepare you then, for we must see
 Your Head cut off immediately.

I am no Subject to your Law,
 Says she, but since the matter's so,
 Come welcome Death, the Gate to Bliss,
 My *Lord* for me dy'd on the *Cross*,
 And shall not I with joy embrace this Death
 For my Redeemer, and his holy Faith?
 Welcome a thousand times the fatal Stroke,
 She said, and made her ready for the Block.

Where when with Tears she did desire
 To have her *Confessarius* by her,
 To give the *Holy Sacrament*;
 No, no! Cries out the Earl of *Kent*,

No

No Sacrament, no Priests forgiving,
 We kill but half, while half is living.
 The Body is but half the Man,
 The Soul the other half, why then
 Shou'd we not punish this, be'ng faulty
 As that? It's the whole Man that's guilty:
 In Sin they jointly Act together,
 Hence we must punish both or neither:
 Let's then Behead the outward Man,
 And damn the inward if we can.
 First we must carefully prevent
 Her taking of the Sacrament;
 No *Confessarius*, I protest,
 Shall at her Death her Soul assist.
 You, my Lord Bishop, or Dean *Fletcher*,
 Go try gin you can over-reach her:
 If you her ancient Faith can shock,
 At the last moment on the Block,
 And fill her Soul with Clouds of Doubt,
 Then she'll be damn'd, without dispute.
 At this away goes wicked Dean,
 To preach strange Doctrines to the Queen;
 And offers her, in the conclusion,
 His Common-Prayer-Book's *Absolution*,
 But Dean and Bishop she rejects
 With Scorn: and all they say neglects,
 Telling them, she will hold till Death
 The *Catholic* and *Roman* Faith.
 At this the Earl of *Kent* from Seat
 Starts up, and tells her in great heat,
 Madam, *Your Life will be the Death:*
Your Death the Life of our New Faith.
 No more her Persecutors said.

Before a *Crucifix* she pray'd,
 Lifting her Heart and Hands to Heaven,
 Begg'd all her Sins might be forgiven,
 Into our Saviour's hands she recommended,
 Her pious Soul, and thither it Ascended,

From

From her calm Breast, whose Head upon the Block
Struck off, her Soul fled at the second Stroke.
But let us leave this Purple flood,
And those tempest'ous Seas of Blood,
And of more pleasant matters sing
Till the *Hybernian* Mountains ring.

Remember that above 'tis said
That every one that could but Read,
Were by the Queen put into Gowns,
And made the Teachers of the Towns;
A wond'rous easy way of Earning
Their Bread; who could not wish for Learning.
This hopeful Trade inclin'd the Muddy
Dull Blockheads to begin to study,
And *Weavers, Taylors, Carters, Colliers,*
Got their dull Brood set up for Scholars,
In expectation, that as soon
As they could Read and get a Gown,
They might pick up a handsome Living,
Without ought else of Parents giving:
But this at last, fill'd all the Land
With Sable Knights o'th' little Band,
And smirking Parsons did abound,
As Gnats are wont in Fenny Ground,
Till Benefices, ne'er so bad,
For one in ten could not be had;
So that they were, for want of Bread,
Half starv'd, and Gowns as bare as Thread.
When lo, the Providence of Queen,
Whose Eye, all-seeing, this had seen;
Compassion took on her poor Learned,
That had no Food but what they earn'd,
Nor Work to set themselves about,
Whereby to Earn what Belly sought,
Unless by spunging up and down
'Mong Brother Clergy of the Town.
Bethought her self, not far off lay
An *Island* in the Western Sea,

Stor'd

Stor'd with good Eatables great plenty,
 Cheefe, Butter, Eggs a penny Twenty (r):
 Curds, Cream, and Hatted-Bonnaclaber,
 Wou'd make a hungry Parson Caper.
 This, by deep skill in Politicks,
 She found would feed her Canonicks:
 For yet tho' so great plenty, there
 No Parson was, nor Common-Pray'r.
 Therefore bids *Cecil* Edicts write
 To *Ireland* (so that *Island* hight)
 That they should quit, thro' all the Region,
 Their Ancient Faith, for new Religion,
 And in their Churches entertain
 Her *Common-Prayer* and *Clergy-Men*.
 She also sends out her Command
 To every Parson in the Land,
 That wanted Living and lay idle,
 To get a Prayer-Book and a Bible,
 And make them ready out of Hand
 For Mission to a foreign Land.
 Full glad they were to hear of Work,
 And that their Province in the Kirk
 Was to convert an unknown Land,
 That not a Word could understand,
 Nor knew the Language of their Pray'rs,
 Or Preaching, more than they did theirs;
 (For Miracles do not belong
 To Protestants, nor Gift of Tongue)
 However this they heeded not,
 But every Man his *Bible* got,
 And *Common-Prayer*, to read them o'er
 In *English*, on the *Irish* shore.

Provided thus, they haste away,
 Each on his Back his *Omnia*,

(r) Let us now pass over to Ireland, says Heylin, where we shall find the Queen as active in Advancing the Reformed Religion as she had been in either of the other Kingdoms (England and Scotland)
 p. 300.

To wit, Bread, Cheefe, and other Meat,
 For Travellers must often Eat.
 But as for Cloaths they had no more
 Than only what they daily wore,
 Which one may guess was e'en but bad,
 When one o'th' sprucest thus was clad.

A long Crown'd Hat on Head he wore,
 Hung down behind, and cock'd before:
 A beneficial Hat, for when
 A saucy Wind, or Shower of Rain,
 Affaulted him on either Ear,
 He turn'd the hanging Side on't there;
 And when the Rain beat in his Face,
 He turn'd it still to th' grieved place:
 Yet tho' it hung before his Sight,
 Holes it had in't to give him Light,
 So that he never mist his Way,
 If so he wore it all the Day.
 He'd under it a Sattin-cap,
 Made of his Grandfires Doublet-Lap,
 And edg'd within with shred of white,
 Turn'd outwards, obvious to Sight,
 Much like a *Sergeant's Quois* 'twas made,
 In which he preach'd, and slept, and pray'd.
 A Shirt he had made of coarse Harden,
 A Collar-band not worth a Farthing,
 And little Cuffs round either Wrist,
 And Wollen Mittons on each Fist,
 Which luckily supply'd the place
 Of Handkerchief, to wipe his Face:
 For things superfluous he had none
 More than *Diogenes* had on.
 As for the Caslock on his Back,
 'Twas party-colour'd, the Ground-black:
 For when in any part worn out,
 On went, of any Colour, a Clout.
 To cover all, he wore a Black
 Canonick Garment on his back;

By Father wove and Mother spun,
 Call'd in the days of Yore a Gown;
 But now so rent like *Swisses* Breeches,
 That how to nam't no Author teaches:
 Yet long enough it was, they say,
 Sometimes to sweep the dirty way.
 As to his Ornament of Foot,
 On one of them he wore a Boot;
 But on the other had a Shoe,
 Hid by his Coats that none might know:
 And 'twas not unadvisedly neither
 That Boot and Shoe were worn together,
 For, as sometimes it hapt, when he,
 Fell into genteel Company,
 The cleanly Shoe wou'd soon appear,
 Which careful Boot had sav'd from Mire:
 For Ditch he always plumm'd with Boot,
 Thereby to keep the other out.
 As for his Stockings Authors do
 Give small account, whether one or two,
 Some think but one, which was help'd out
 By Supplemental Leg of Boot.
 About his Waist he wore a *Zone*,
 Kept all things fast that he had on.
 A useful Surcingle it was,
 Fasten'd with Buckle made with Brass,
 Which, as his Paunch was full or swamp,
 He'd wider make, or straiter cramp,
 By letting out a hole or so,
 Just as he found his Belly grow;
 Before him at his Girth did hing
Ink-horn, and *Pen-case*, in a string;
Ruler and *Pencil* too, that made
 Of broken *Arrow*, this of *Lead*;
 Tools that he could not be without,
 So wisely carry'd them about.
 What else they had, I think I may
 Cut off with an *Et cætera*,

As being things of little worth,
That likewise hung at Belly-Girth.

Provided thus for long Voyage,
Having no other Equipage
Save Stick of Bavin for his Horse,
And little Knapfack at his A——,
With fare ye-wells, and shaking hands,
He takes his leave of all his Friends,
And, as 'tis usual, having cry'd
A while, he makes for Water-side.

Had you at *L'erpoo* been or *West-*
Chester, O Heav'n's! You wou'd ha' blest
Yourself, and crost and sign'd your Ey'n,
Such Shoals of Parsons to have seen,
As thither from all parts came Skipping
For *Dublin*, and staid there for Shipping.

Being come at last a-shore in *Dublin*,
They all the Country fell a troubling,
For as a Leprosy does spread
To Sole of Foot from Crown of Head,
Or like a Pestilential Air,
Those Parsons and their *Common-Pray'r*
Spread *Ireland* over in a trice,
As thick as *Egypt* was with *Lice*;
And more molesting were by far
Than *Frogs*, or *Lice*, or *Locusts* there.

The Publick *Mafs* was put to flight (*s*),
As Day is banish'd by the Night;

(*s*) King Harry 8th broke the Ice, says Heylin, by taking to himself the Title of Supream Head on Earth of the Church of Ireland, exterminating the Pope's Authority, and suppressing the Monasteries and Religious Houses. In Matters Doctrinal and forms of Worship, as there was nothing done by him, so neither was there much Endeavoured in the time of King Edward. And whatsoever was done, was presently undone again in the Reign of Queen Mary But Queen Elizabeth having settled her affairs in England, and undertaking the Protection of the Scots (who as he tells us. p. 299. had bound themselves by their Subscription to embrace the Liturgy and all the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England. Which for a time remained the only Worship for the Kirk of Scotland)

A work perform'd, not by the dint
 Of Parson's *Prayer* or *Argument*,
 But by a strongly Armed Power,
 Provided by the Queen before.
 An easy way to make Folk come
 To Kirk, when summon'd by a *Drum*,
 Yet all they heard when they came there
 Was, in strange Tongue, a *Common-Pray'r*.

As Polish'd Parsons without blushing
 Will Cant and Bawl and Cuff their Cushion,
 Correcting others for the Sin
 Themselves are deepest plunged in,
 So here in *England* none more keen
 Than Parsons, Bishops, and the Queen,
 To cry the *Mafs* down, 'cause (they said)
 The Priest in unknown Language pray'd:
 And yet themselves their *Pray'r*-book sent
 To such as knew not what it meant.
 And it was read, and *Psalms* were fung,
 And Sermons preach'd in unknown Tongue,

land) conceived herself obliged, in point of Piety, that Ireland, should also be made Partaker of so great a Benefit. A Parliament is therefore held on the 12 of January, (An. Reg. 2. 1560.) Where past an Act Restoring to the Crown the Ancient Jurisdictions over all Ecclesiastical and Spiritual Persons: By which Statute were established, both the Oath of Supremacy and the high Commission, as before in England. There also past an Act for the Uniformity of Common-Prayer, with a permission of saying the same in Latin, in such Church or places where the Minister had not the Knowledge of the English Tongue. But for Translating into Irish there was no Care taken, either in this Parliament or in any following.

For want whereof, as also for not having the Scriptures in their Native Language, most of the Natural Irish here retained their old Customs, and adhered to the Church of Rome. The People by that Statute are required, under severe Penalties, to frequent at the Reading the English Liturgy, which they understood no more than they do the *Mafs*. By which Means the Irish were not only kept in continual Ignorance, as to the Doctrines and Devotions of the Church of England, but we have furnished the Papists with an excellent Argument against ourselves, for having the Divine Service celebrated in such Language as the People do not understand. Thus Dr. Heylin Hist. p. 300.

Among *Wild-Irish*, where not One
 Knew what they said; But cry'd, O *Hone!*
 O *Hone!* they cry'd and, shak'd their Heads
 With Grief, to change the *Mafs* and *Beads*,
 For what they knew to be a Pray'r
 No more poor Souls than *Banks* his Mare.

It wou'd have pleas'd ye to have seen
 Some of those *English* Parsons when,
 They took possession of the Steeple,
 And fell a Praying 'mongst the People.
 Behold one in a Country Kirk
 Performing thus his Sunday's Work.
 Making his Entry into Desk,
 He turn'd his Book to Sunday's Task,
 Stroak'd down his Beard, compos'd his Face,
 And gets him set in proper place;
 Let fall the Casement of his Eyes,
 Thereby to make 'em leave the Skies,
 Till being turn'd to downward Look,
 He sets 'em open on his Book:
 All which perform'd; in Graceful Tone,
 Thus he his Liturgy begun.

At what time Sinners do Repent,
Et cætera, for on he went,
 As if his Rev'ence were inspir'd;
 The People mightily admir'd,
 And at his antick Gestures gaz'd,
 But at his Language most amaz'd;
 And grieved to the very Soul,
 To change their Priest for such an Owl.
 At last be'ng all brimful of Tears,
 And he at this part of his Pray'rs,
We ha' done what W' ought not to have done,
 Out breaks O-*Hone!* O-*Hone!* O-*Hone!*
 From all parts of the Congregation,
 Which struck him into Admiration,
 And made him, thro' excess of Fear,
 Break off in middle of his Pray'r.

With

With trembling Lips, and Face as pale
 As Death, tho' lately flush'd with Ale;
 But having ceased their *O-Hone*,
 And nought of Harm to Parson done,
 He, like a Man, o'ercame his Fear,
 And re-assumes his Book of Pray'r;
 With which, and in his former Tone,
 He very leisurely went on,
 Till being come to *Open thou*
Our Lips. Another *Hub-ub-boo*
 Sounded from all sides of the Kirk,
 And scar'd him from his godly Work,
 From Desk and all, and made him fly
 As fast as ever he could hye,
 Till stopt by *Sexton*, as he ran,
 (The Sexton was his Country Man
 And of his Cloth too; but for want
 Of Benefice, was then content
 To say *Amen*, and set out *Psalms*,
 Make *Graves*, and into Kirk to Call'm
 By sound of Bell, when e're the Time
 Pointed to him the Hour of *Chime*;)
 But stopt (I say) and seeing no ill
 Meant by the Noise, for all sat still;
 He came at last out of his Fits,
 And gather'd up his scatter'd Wits,
 Assum'd new Courage, and grew brisk,
 And took his journey to his Desk:
 Where being seated in his Chair,
 Gives *Laud and Praise*, and falls to Pray'r,
 When lo another *Whill-tit-tit-im*,
 Which he mistook for *Kill-kill-kill him*,
 So stunn'd him that he could not pray
 One word, but strove to get away:
 But apprehending that his Case
 Was worse a thousand times than 'twas,
 A sudden trembling seiz'd each Limb,
 His Senses fail'd, his Eyes grew dim,

And

And in a cold Sweat down he fell,
 Alive or dead he could not tell.
 Which they perceiving, came and made
 Their usual noise as for the Dead,
 For so they thought he was, poor Man,
 And thus the *Dirge* they thus began.

Oh! *Hub-bub-boo!* for all did weep,
 To see the Parson dead asleep,
 What made thee Die? Oh! Dear *Aroon*,
 What made thee go away so soon,
 And leave thy Tythes behind, *Hub-boo!*
 Hadst thou not Tythe of Calf and Cow,
 Of Lambs and Ews, and new shorn Fleece,
 Of Honey, Wax, and Bees, and Geese?
 O *Hone!* Tythe Duck, and Sow and Pigs.
 Tythe Chickens, Hens, and Easter Eggs,
 Hay, Corn, and what in Gardens grow;
 Thou tyth'd our *Wives* and *Daughters* too.
 And was't not all enough, Dear *Joy*,
 But thou must needs take pet and die?
 O *Hone!* O *Hone!* Alas poor Man,
 He'll ne'er read Common-Pray'r again.
 O *Hone!* O *Hone!* *Hub-bub-bub-boo*,
Ill-lill-lill-lill-lill-lill-lill-loo!

This Note awakes him from his Dream,
 And up he sets a horrid Scream,
 With open Mouth and staring look,
I'm took! (yells he) *I'm took!* *I'm took!*
 For he, deceived in his Dream,
 Thought as he fled they follow'd him;
 And they, no wiser tho' awake,
 Thought it the Parson's Sprite that spake:
 Crying O *Hone!* He walks again,
 Hark how his Spirit does complain,
 Lo how't appears with ghastly look,
 Yelling with horrid shrieks *I'm took!*
 As if those ugly Fiends that dwell
 Below, were dragging him to *Hell*.

At which, struck with a pannick Fear,
 They left the Kirk and Parson there,
 And scamper'd there, e'en as they were mad,
 Each one to that poor home he had.
 When by and by th' amazed *Parson*
 Being set, by *Sexton's* help, his *A—* on,
 And found some Signs of Life appear,
 Groans out, *Alas my Common-Prayer!*
 His Book, good Man, ran in his Head,
 Now that he was no longer Dead.

By this time *Madge* his Wife was come,
 Who had a while before slept home,
 As soon as she perceiv'd him rattle,
 To fetch her *Aqua-Vitæ-Bottle*:
 With which she rubb'd, for she was wise,
 His Temples, Nostrils, and his Eyes;
 As well conceiving that the Stream;
 Piercing his Pores, would comfort him.
 And so it did: for, at the length,
 He found an Increase of his Strength.
 Then to his Lips *Madge* held the Bottle,
 On which he suck'd, as Child at Duddle,
 Which chear'd far more his fainting Heart,
 Than if she'd chaf'd, without, a Quart.
 By such Endeavours 'twas not long
 E're he got a perfect use of Tongue.
 Relating what his Soul had seen
 The while it in a Trance had been;
 Did many wond'rous Stories tell
 Of passages observ'd in Hell,
 How Goblins came, threefold and thick,
 With open Mouths to eat them quick,
 Yet, when at point, they started back,
 Because he was so ragg'd and black,
 And smelt so rank of nat'ral Balsam,
 That they believ'd he was not wholesome.
 Thus on he talk'd, yet small could he do,
 In imitating *Don-Quevedo*,
 Because his Memory was bad,
 And no familiar *Fiend* he had

That was so kind as explicate
 The Customs of th' infernal *Statte*,
 Or insight give him into things
 Touching its Government and Kings:
 The Reason given him for this,
 Was, least discovering things to *Bess*,
 Relating to their Government,
 She might perceive some Weakness in't;
 And thence presume to go about
 The turning of *Beelzebub* out,
 And set herself up Head-Supreme
 O'er all Dominions under him.
Madge finding him talk thus at random,
 Dreaded some else might understand him,
 As if, relating what he'd seen,
 He did reflect upon the Queen;
 Speaks therefore thus to *Sexton* trusty,
 Friend, you are strong and I am lusty,
 Let's try, I pray, if we can get him
 Home to his Bed: for if we let him
 Sit raving here in this wild manner,
 He'll Treason speak to his dishonour;
 Which if the Magistrate but know,
 'Twill cost his Life, and our Lives too.

This said, his Arms about her Neck
 She gets; at low parts of his Back
 The *Sexton* lifts, till round her Waist
 She gets his Legs, to hold him fast:
 Thus, *Like the Devil upon Dun*,
Madge with her Burthen marches on;
 The *Sexton* lifting still behind,
 At side to which the Weight inclin'd.
 Be'ng thus in Safety home convey'd,
 He gets his Supper, and to bed:
 For always, whether well or ill,
 His Stomach was infallible.
Their Church itself was never so
Infallible as Parsons Maw.

ENGLAND'S Reformation.

The Argument of the Third CANTO.

*I Sing the Scriptures New Translations,
And Bibles under three Impressions
Th' Advantage Sectaries had thence,
By wresting it to private Sense.
Of Counter-scuffles, next I tell,
That 'tween Reformed Kirks befel.
Objections 'gainst the Common-Pray'r,
And Ornaments that Bishops wear.
Of Wandsworth-Junco, and of Classes
Form'd here and there in divers places.
Of Hatton's luck to save his Life,
When Hawkins fell by Burchet's Knife.
How Bels Old Whitgift Consecrates:
How Church Affairs he Regulates.
How Whitgift's hamper'd by a fell
Hot-headed Puritan, call'd Beal;
How he, and Bishops Nine or Ten,
Their Grievances tell to the Queen.
She kindly promises Redress;
But then comes Death and summons Bels.
In t' other World she meets her Dad,
Eager to know what News she had;
After some thundering Discourses,
Both Vanish in a Cloud of Curses.*

CANTO the THIRD.

A Rosicrucian Virtuoso
Wou'd undertake (strange he wou'd do so)
By Number, Measure, Weight and Time,
To make a new *Materia Prime*,

And

And *Form* it too, as he thought fit,
 Into more Shapes than have been yet.
 And state 'em all in true perfection
 By Philosophick Wit's *Projection*;
 But must have this his Undertaking
 Perform'd by Tools of his own making.
 For not a *White-Smith* nor a *Black*
 Could frame such things as he would lack:
 Only *himself*, that did conceive
 The Work, could tell what he would have.
Furnace he fram'd with his own hand,
 His *Glasses*, *Athanore*, and *Sand*,
 His *Retorts*, *Limbecks*, *Crucibles*,
Sublimatories, and his *Stills*,
 His *Manica Hippocratis*,
 And stranger Tools by far than this;
 His *Balances*, his *Measures*, *Weights*,
 His *Rule* to square his things to rights,
 His *Chizels*, *Gouges*, *Wimbles*, *Saws*,
Moul, *Wedges*, *Axes* free from flaws,
 To split and hew his *Atoms* with,
 (Things subtiller than *Fishes Breath*)
 And bring his Matter into Form,
 As Folk from Cream do Butter churn.

Just so these new Reformers acted,
 When in their Faiths they grew distracted,
 Each his deep Head for matter traces,
 Thro' vast imaginary Spaces,
 On which to frame a new Religion,
 To fit all Fancies in the Region.
 Yet e're the Work they undertook
 They first prepar'd their *Bible-Book*,
 Fitting it for a Tool to cut-out
 Such *Forms of Faith* as they wou'd put out.
 Thus *Luther*, thus *Castellio*,
 Thus *Beza*, *Knox*, and many more,
 Made such Translations as they thought
 Wou'd suit the Doctrines each Man taught.

Tho'

Tho' every one's Faith differ'd from
 Each other's, all from that of *Rome*.
 On this Account one Master *Tyndal*
 Sets out his Bible; but old *Gryndal*
 And other Elders, two or three,
 Of *Naggs-Head* Confraternity,
 Thought it not right in every part,
 (Tho' *Tyndal* was a Man of Art)
 And therefore put in *Besse's* Head
 To have another *Version* made.

She grants, and calls a Convocation
 Of the choice Bishops in her Nation,
 Wherein, disorder to prevent,
Parker himself sat President.
 The full Assembly being met,
 And on their proper Benches set,
Parker, with Rev'rend look and wise,
 From *Triple-footed-Stool* did rise;
 (For *Core*, wrought out of *Wooden-bowl*,
 By *Turners* Chiffel, was his Stool,
 Plac'd at the Head of two long Planks,
 On which his Fellows sat in Ranks,
 Or Lines resembling certain Fowl,
 Which, when on wing, fly *Cheek-by-jowl*.)
 Standing upright (I say) his Grace
 To fitting Posture skrew'd his Face,
 And stroak'd his Whiskers, that the Hair
 Might let his hidden Lips appear;
 Bows to both Ranks of Convocation,
 Then utters thus his wise Oration.

My Lords and Rev'rend Clergy, who
 Are here, I doubt not but you know
 How learned Clerks, in days of yore,
 Writ, preach'd, and pray'd, and ne'er gave o'er;
 Such was their Zeal and Charity,
 Tho' ev'n in days of Popery;
 Why then shall we neglect to write,
 Who over-flow with Gospel-light?

Why

Why may not we become as famous
 To after-times, and get a Name as
 Remarkable as any yet,
 That since th' Apostles times have writ?
 Matter we have enough to write on:
 For my part I have lately light on
 Some antient *Manuscripts*, from which
 Stories of Note I mean to fetch;
 Which Bound together in one Volume,
 (t) *British Antiquities* I'll call 'em.
 But whatsoe'er we write, the Scope
 Of all must be against the Pope.

You who are in Contention skill'd,
 And, right or wrong, will never yield;
 You who in Arguments Defence
 Can *Fathers* quote in any Sense,
 And change their Words, by dext'rous stroke,
 Contrary quite to what they spoke.
 Come, *Master Jewel*, you and *Horn*
 Are th' only Men for such a turn.
 But when you write this Caution take,
 And don't forget it, for my sake,
 When *Ordination* comes in play,
 Take as light Notice as you may;
 But wave their Arguments, and bring
 For your Discourse some other thing,
 And let it never once be nam'd
 By whom, where, how we were Ordain'd.

I would have Reasons put in print
 To please such as are discontent
 With this our present Reformation.
 (u) Apologies will please the Nation.

But, Brethren, yet a greater Matter
 I must to all your Graces utter,

(t) Parker writ his *Antiquitates Britanniae*.

(u) Jewel writes his *Apology*.

Pope *Damasus*, I understand,
 Gave to (v) *St. Hierom* a Command
 The scatter'd Scriptures up to gather
 Into one Volume, which the Father
 Was willing here and there to seek,
 And turn'd to *Latin* from the *Greek*
 And *Hebrew* Tongues, long time ago,
 I think twelve hundred Years or more,
 And *Rome* this Version does allow
 For most *Authenticall* and *True*;
 But verily from end to end
 It does the *Roman* Faith defend;
 Nor contradicts in any place
 One single point that they profess;
 Of which 'tis fitting we consider:
 And therefore why we are call'd hither,
 Is to adapt a new *Translation*
 To this new Faith we teach the Nation.

Join all your Wits in one to do't,
 Mine shall not fail to help you out,
 But mind what Copies you Translate,
 That of *St. Hierom* now I hate,
 Take therefore some *Greek* Copy, which
 You may with greater Freedom stretch,

(v) *St. Hierom* in his Preface to the New Testament Dedicated to Pope *Damasus*; and in the End of his Catalogue writes thus to the Pope; You constrain me to make a New Work of an Old, that after so many Copies of Scriptures dispers'd through the World, I should sit as a certain Judge which of them agree with the true *Greek*. I have restored the new Testament to the Truth of the *Greek*, and have Translated the Old according to the *Hebrew*.

Truly, I will affirm it confidently, and will produce many Witnesses of this Work, That I have changed nothing from the Truth of the *Hebrew*.

St. Augustin thus commends the Translation of *St. Hierom's*. In these our days *Hierom* a Priest, a Man most Learned and Skillful in all the three Tongues, who not only from the *Greek*, but from the *Hebrew*, Translated the same Scriptures into *Latin*, whose learned Labour even the Jews confess to be True. Vid. de Civit. dei li. 18. & Ep. 80. ad *Hierom*. & lib. 2. Doct. Christi.

Because

Because but few are skill'd so well
 In *Greek* and *Hebrew*, as to tell
 When from th' Originals you vary:
 Thus *Tyndal* did in days of *Harry*.
 Pray therefore also read well o'er
 That Version *Tyndal* made before.
 Be Critical, and every Line
 Of the Originals refine,
 From what may favour Popery,
 Or with our own Sect disagree.
 For *Commas* sometimes *Periods* change,
 A Letter may the sense estrange:
 Words add, words alter, words transplace,
 And the Word which you like not raze:
 Whole Sentences you may transplant,
 And new ones make too, when you want:
 Blot Chapters out, cast Books away,
 Or brand them with *Apocrypha*.

One thing especially, I pray,
 Let not the word *Church* come in play,
 Nor *Catholic*; but turn the one
 From *Church* to *Congregation*;
 The other into *General*:
 For 'tis Ridiculous to call
 Ourselves a *Church*, or make Pretence
 To *Catholic*, in any Sense.
 In short, our Bible must be made,
 Fit for all *Protestants* to read;
 Who will, as soon as you have done it,
 With Diligence begin to con it,
 Till growing quick, by frequent Reading,
 As practis'd *Lawyers* are by pleading,
 May Papists now and then confute,
 However match them in dispute:
 Nay, I assure ye, this Translation
 May so be made as't turn the Nation,
 From Ancient Popery, unto
 What Faith we please to set up now.

Or let them their Religions draw
 From thence, it matters not a straw;
 For if but Popery they miss
 All's one to us what's ever 'tis.
 This said, he'd little more to say;
 And *DIXI* lighting in his way,
 A word as common as to breathe,
 To end his Declamations with,
 He said it; and be'ng once begun
 To end his Speech, he held his Tongue.

To this grave Speech, not one Objection
 Was made, but streight, by his Direction,
 They fell a setting out *Translations*,
 And chang'd them in their next Impressions;
 All *Different*, none of 'em *True*;
 And which to stick to no man knew.
 Here some took one, and there another,
 And some were for them all together:
 For all were publish'd with Allowance,
 And had Authority for *True-ones*;
Tho' sure when Contradictions meet,
Both of 'em cannot be i'th' Right.

This made King *James* the first avow
 Of all their Bibles none was true.
 Yet worse than these, was that invented
 By *Knox*, and at *Geneva* printed.
Besse's and *Knox's* were not at all
 'Tween *James* the first and *Harry's* Fall:
 But 'tis not worth my time to read 'em,
 Nor yours, and therefore never heed 'em,
 More than to Judge, from diff'rent Rules
 Of Faith, how all could save their Souls.

Corruptions found in those *Translations*,
 And some few gross *Falsifications*,
 I underneath will here rehearse
 From *Bible*, *Chapter*, *Book*, and *Verse*,

Queen Elizabeth had no sooner left the Catholic Church, but she and her pretended Bishops published a Translation of Scripture, under the Title of The Holy Bible in English. According to the Translation that is appointed to be Read in Churches. Anno 1560.

In this, and the other Impressions, they have left out the word Catholic, which used to stand in the Title of several Epistles in the New Testament; and, for any thing known to the contrary, have been their Title ever since the Apostles times that writ them. As the Catholic Epistle of James, the Catholic Epistle of Peter, of John, and of Jude. But in their Bibles of 1598, 1599, they took in the word General instead of Catholic. The General Epistle of James: The Epistle General of Peter, &c. Nor would they to this day, ever re-admit the word Catholic into any of their Bibles.

To blot out Catholic, they knew would be to small purpose, while Church stood in the Bible. And therefore in this said Bible of 1560, they took care, that the Name Church should never once sound in the poor deluded Peoples Ears: For, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of the Revelations, it is not once to be found; but Congregation in place of it: As in St. Mat. cha. 18. v. 17. "Tell it unto the Congregation. If he neglect to hear the Congregation let him be to thee as an Heathen and a Publican. Ephesians c. v. 25. 27. Love your Wives as Christ loved the Congregation. A glorious Congregation, &c. 1 Tim. c. 3. 15." The House of God, which is the Congregation of the living God, the Pillar and Ground of Truth.

As they obliterated the Catholic Church, so did they also the Name Priest turning it into Elder, and Priesthood into Eldership. As in St. James c. 5. "If any be diseased among you, let him call for the Elders of the Congregation," Bible 1560. Act c. 14. When they had Ordained to them Elders by Election in every Congregation, Bible 1560.

These Words, By Election, were thrust into the Text by Tyndale, in K. H. 8th time, and retained in it by Cranmer and all the pretended Reformers of K. Edward 6. Reign; so here in Queen Elizabeth's Bibles, as may be seen in those Editions of 1560, 1577, 1579, 1598, 1599. Now were they Obliterated till K. James the first made a New Translation. Whence 'tis evident that the Church or Congregation of England, in those times, held and taught that Election only, without any Episcopal Consecration or Ordination, was sufficient to make Bishops and Priests. We are therefore very certain, that if Mat. Parker, Q. Elizabeth's first pretended Archbishop

Archbishop of Canterbury, had been truly Consecrated by Catholic Bishops, so that he could justly have laid claim to the Character of Bishop, by Divine Right and Apostolical Succession; If, I say, he had been thus truly Consecrated a Bishop, it is certain that he, Grindal, Whitgift, Jewel, Horn, and the rest, would not thus wretchedly have corrupted their Bibles, in direct Opposition to the Character and Divine Institution of Holy Orders, by making the Text Ordain them by Election. Nor would they have published this vain Doctrine of Election, or only calling and sending, without the least mention of other sort of Ordaining, in the 23d of their 39 Articles. Nor would they have also, in the 25th of their Articles, have made it even a Point of their Faith that Order is no Sacrament, nor has any visible Sign or Ceremony Ordained of God: By which they are obliged to profess and believe that the visible Sign or Ceremony of Imposition of Hands (tho' themselves use it) is not Ordained of God. And therefore, at the best can stand them no more in stead than a bare Sign of Election. And thus they may Elect a Man to the Office of Constable of a Parish, if they please. Nor would they ever have contented themselves with those naked Forms of Consecration and Ordination devised by the Zuinglians in K. Edward 6 time, which have neither the Name Bishop or Priest in them, nor any other Word equivalent to the same, to denote either Character or Office.

Nor finally, would they, to disgrace the Sacrament of Holy Order, have falsely Translated Gift instead of Grace. As in 1 Tim. c. 4. v. 14. Bibles 1598, 1599, they make St. Paul say, "Despise not the Gift which is in thee by Prophecy, with the laying on of the Hands of the Company of the Eldership." And in Bible 1560. 2 Tim. c. 1. v. 6. "I warn thee, that thou stir up the Gift of God which is in thee, by the putting on of my Hands."

All which considered, it is to be wondered that Archbishop Abbot, and his Chaplain Mr. Francis Mason, should so confidently publish to the World (in the 13th Year of King James I) a certain Register, or Records, to shew that Matt. Parker was truly Consecrated at Lambeth. But for this I refer the Reader to what is said of the Lambeth Records, in King James I. Reign, Canto 4, when they first appeared. See also the Naggs-Head Consecration in Canto 2. All which you may confer with what is said concerning their making New Forms of Consecration and Ordination, in King Charles II. Reign, Canto 4, rejecting those made by the Zuinglian Gospellers in King Edward VI. time.

Against the Real Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ, in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, they change the word Blessed and Blessing, into Given Thanks. On purpose to take away our Saviour's Divine Benediction or Consecration of the Holy Sacrament. See St. Matt. c. 26. v. 26. and St. Mark c. 14. v. 22. Where the true Text is, "Jesus took Bread and Blessed, and brake and gave to his Disciples, saying, take, Eat, this is my Body, &c."

But they falsely Translate thus, "Jesus took Bread, and when he had given Thanks he break it, &c."

Against Confession in St. James c. 5. v. 16. They Translate, Acknowledge your Faults, instead of Confess your Sins one to another. Bible 1560, 1598, 1589.

Against the Sacrament of Penance, they change the word Penance into Repentance, to take away all Penitential and Satisfactory works. As in St. Matt. 3. St. Luke 10. and in all other places through their Bibles.

To dishonour and disgrace our Blessed Lady the Mother of God. They turn the Angel's Salutation, St. Luke, c. 28. which was, Hail full of Grace. Into, Hail thou art freely beloved. Bibles 1577, 1598, 1599.

To Dishonour the Sacred Images of our Blessed Saviour and his Saints, they turn the word Idol into Image, as in Exodus 20. v. 4. Thou shalt not make to thyself any Graven Image, say they, whereas, according to the Hebrew, it is, Thou shalt not make to thyself any Graven Thing. The 70 Interpreters, to keep the true Sense of the Hebrew Text, Translated it into Greek, thus, Thou shalt not make to thyself any Graven Idol.

Again, 1 John 5 "Babes keep yourselves from Images." It should be from Idols. (I have seen this writ upon their Churches Walls, to scare them with Images even from their Cradles) They as absurdly call a covetous Man a Worshipper of Images, Ephe. c. 5. v. 5. Bible 1560. Their Bible of 1599, Corrects it thus, "A Covetous Person which is an Idolater."

Again, 2 Cor. c. 6. v. 16. which is, "What agreement hath the Temple of God with Idols." They Translate, "How agreeth the Temple of God with Images." And 1 Cor. c. 10. v. 7. Where the Apostle says, "Neither become you Idolaters, &c." They falsely turn it to "be not Worshippers of Images." Bible 1560.

Against Limbus Patrum and Purgatory, they adfurdly Translate Grave instead of Hell. As in Acts 2. v. 27. "Thou wilt not leave my Soul in Grave." And Psalm 86. v. 13. Instead

Instead of *Lower-Hell* they say Lowest Grave. Bibles 1598, 1599. So in many other places.

Against Apostolical Traditions, they turn'd the Word Traditions into Ordinances and Instructions. As in 2 *Thessal.* c. 2. v. 15. and c. 3. v. 6.

Besides their Corrupting their Bibles against all or most Points of Catholic Doctrine, they even Change the Ancient Catholick and Accustomed use of Words of Scripture into the new devised Terms. As for Church, *Congregation*: for Charity, *Love*, for Priest *Elder* and *Minister*: for Eucharist, *Thanksgiving*: for Grace, *Gift*: for Sacrament, *Mystery*: for Baptism, *Washing*: for Penance, *Repentance*: for Angel *Messenger*: for Apostle, *Embassador*: for Christ, *Anointed*: for Holy-Ghost, *Holy Wind*.

It is not my Business here to enumerate all their Heretical Corruptions: I therefore refer the Reader to Dr. Gregory Martin's Book entituled A Discovery of the Heretical Translations of the Bible. It was Printed at Rhemes, anno 1582. See the Catalogue or Table of Corruptions found in the Bibles of 1562, 1577, 1579. You will find it in the End of the Rhemist Testament. See also the Errata to the Protestant Bible Printed in 1688.

Their *Bibles* thus fit to a hair,
They bound 'em up 'twixt *Psalms* and *Pray'r*;
And in one Volume quickly spread 'em
O'er all the Land, for Folk to read 'em.
And their Religions thence to take,
Just as themselves are pleas'd to make.
To Kirks with *Bibles* under Arm,
Like *Bagpipes*, from each Country Farm
They trudge, each Plow-man had his Book,
In which the Text and Proofs to look,
As Parsons in the Pulpits quote 'em.
Which so much pains and study took 'em,
That little else they gain'd from him,
Than hearing Proofs, and seeking them:
And he to profit most was held,
Whose Bible was the biggest swell'd
With dogs-ear'd Leaves he had turn'd down,
As places by the Parson shewn.

Return'd

Return'd from Kirk, the pious Flock,
 Of Texts and Proofs stor'd with a stock,
 Would fall a seeking out from thence
 To every Text a proper sense.
 From Lord to Beggar *none* were idle,
 But all employ'd in Text of Bible.
 The zealous Lady and her Woman
 Found Senses out that were not common;
 And for sound Doctrines set 'em out
 To all the Neighbourhood about;
 Who, from Authority of *Madam*,
 Believ'd 'em true, and glad they had 'em,
 To mix with points of Faith, already
 Gain'd by themselves from Scripture study;
 As judging *Madam's* would set off,
 With better grace, their homely stuff.

So *Moll* the Kitchen-wench was stor'd
 With Doctrines learned from the Word,
 And would set up to teach the *Groom*,
 Or any else that pleas'd to come.
 The Prentice-boys of every Trade,
 Before 'em had their Bibles laid,
 On which their Understandings fed,
 While with their Hands they wrought for Bread.

The *Weaver*, nodding at his Loom,
 Could bring a Text for every Thrum,
 Prove it forbid, *from the beginning*,
 To weave up Wollen-Yarn with Linen.
 The House-wife search'd for Texts as plain,
 For contradicting this again;
 And when she could not find 'em, thought
 Some cunning Rogue had stole 'em out:
 For she had Dreamed long ago,
From the Beginning 'twas not so.

Smiths fell with *Fidlers* in Contention,
 About their Handicrafts Invention,
 Whether of more *Antiquity*,
 And who more noble in degree:

For both alledg'd the Text shew'd plain
 Their Pedigree from *Tubal Cain*,
 Till Parson's Wife, to end dispute,
 The hidden Sense of Text found out,
 And solv'd between 'em thus the Riddle,
Tubal an *Arvil* had for *Fiddle*,
 And for his *Fiddle-stick* a *Hammer*,
 That struck the *Treble*, *Mean*, and *Tenor*,
 And *Base* too; if *Base Notes* were then
 Us'd by such honourable Men.
 And he by whom a *Hammer's* made
 You'll grant must be a *Smith* by trade.
 Hence follows he was first a *Smith*.
 The Fidler was convinc'd herewith,
 And this was all we ever Read on
 That Bible Disputants agreed on.

Their Bibles cannot reconcile
 Parsons themselves, when once in broil,
 Or any else fall'n into Wrath
 About self-found out *Points of Faith*:
 For every one has leave to cite
 Texts to his fancy, *Wrong* or *Right*,
 And put what Sense he pleases on 'em:

This brought ten thousand *Sects* among 'em,
 And rais'd up in all places Preachers,
Hammant and *Kett* set up for Teachers.
Carlisle, and *Bannister*, and *Glover*(*w*),
 Did each a diff'rent Faith discover.
 So *Hacket*, *Arthington*, and *Brown*,
 Had diff'rent Faiths, each Man his own.
 And so had *Harrison* and *Barrow*,
 And *Snape*, and *Wigston*, *Payn*, and *Parlow*.
 Another sort did more approve
 Of (*x*) H. N's *Family of Love*.

(*w*) Concerning these See *Cambd.* p. 453.

(*x*) Henry Nicholas of Leyden, Chief of the Family of Love, as he call'd his Sect. They taught, That those only were Elected and should be Saved who were admitted into that Family, and all the rest Reprobates and to be damn'd. They held it Lawful to de-

Hume's, Paget's, Gifford's Catechisms
 Rent Protestantcy into Schisms;
 And every Leader had his Sect
 Of disagreeing Subjects packt;
 Yet to the *Bible* all pretended
 And what they held, swore it defended
 The Bishops, as before is said,
 Allowing each his Book to read,
 And in what Sense he pleas'd to take it
 And, for his Faith, from thence to make it;
 They after could have no pretence
 To bind Folk up to th' *Parson's* Sense.
 Nor *Parsons* wou'd submit their Reasons
 To the Sense of their *Diocesans*,
 Or th' Archeb's Bishop in the Land:
 This put their Graces to a stand.

Thus when those *Naggs-head* Bishops found
 Themselves beginning to lose ground,
 And their Authority decay,
 And their *Herd's* to run astray,
 A thing they knew must needs undo 'em,
 And, if not stopt, be fatal to 'em,
 They beg the Queen t' espouse their Cause,
 And help 'em out by *Penal-Laws*.
 To which she yielding fell to bang
 With *Crabtree* some, and others Hang,
 To death she roasted (y) *Mathew Hammon*,
 Broil'd *Kett* like slice of Bacon Gammon,
 And set a twitch on *Hacket's* Weason,
 And starv'd poor *Coppinger* in Prison.

ny upon their Oath before a Magistrate whatsoever they pleased.
 This H. Nicholas sent English Books under the Title of the Gospel of the Kingdom. The Prophecy of the Spirit of Love. The Publishing of Peace upon Earth. See Camb. p. 141.

(y) Mat. Hammond, burnt at Norwich, anno 1579. Francis Ket, burnt at Norwich, anno 1588. See Rogers, in his Explanation of the 39 Articles, Art. 2, p. 9. See also Hollinghead and Stow.

The 22d of July, two Dutchmen, Anabaptists, were burned in Smithfield, who died in great Horror, Roaring and Crying. Hows upon Stow, p. 679.

Thocker

Thocker she Hang'd, with other *Brownists*,
 On Gallows-Trees as high as *Crow-nests*.
 And burn'd two *Anabaptist* Teachers,
 That *Bedlam* shou'd have had for Preachers,
 And might have held forth at the rate
 That *Noll's* old Porter did of late.

This rough proceeding of the Queen
 Turn'd all the petty Sects to spleen.
 Letting her Bishops loose upon 'em,
 And heartening those Bull-Dogs on 'em,
 Who had no Mercy nor Compassion,
 On such as own'd not their Profession;
 Provok'd 'em all to deadly Wrath,
 'Gainst *Prayer-book*, *Discipline*, and *Faith*;
 Especially the *Puritans*:

And these were join'd by other *Clans*,
 So that they made a numerous Party
 Of sturdy Combatants and hardy (z);
 Such as the Bishops never yet
 Could beat, or force to fly the Pit.
 And now's a proper place to tell
 What Bickerings between 'em fell
 In *Besse's* Reign, for afterward
 They fought more bloodily and hard,

(z) Many (says Heylin) were raised to great Preferment, who having spent their time of Exile in such Foreign Churches, as followed the Platform of Geneva, returned so Disaffected to Episcopal Government, and to the Rites and Ceremonies here by Law Established, as not long after filled the Church with most sad Disorders. Nothing was more Considered in them than their Zeal against Popery, and their Abilities in Learning, to Confirm that Zeal. On which account we find the Queens Professor in Oxford to pass amongst the Nonconformists. And Cartwright, the Lady Margaret's Professor in Cambridge, to prove an Unextinguished Fire-brand to the Church of England. Whittington the chief Ringleader of the Frankford Schismatics, prefer'd to the Deanery of Durham, from thence encouraging Knox and Goodman in setting up Presbytery and Sedition in the Kirk of Scotland. Samson advanced unto the Deanery of Christ's Church and turned out again few years after, for an Incurable Nonconformist. Hardiman one of the first 12 Prebendaries of Westminster, deprived soon after for throwing down the Altars and defacing the Church. Thus Heylin p. 287.

As shall be shewn, if I go on
To Sixteen hundred Forty-one.

Deep Naturalists, if all be right,
 That they from curious Searches write,
 Do tell of dire Antipathies
 'Tween scaly Snakes and Ashen-Trees;
 'Tween Toad and Spider; Frog and Mouse;
 'Tween Cat and Pur in empty house;
 'Tween Wolves and Sheeps Guts made in Therms;
 'Tween Charms and proper Counter-Charms:
 Greater Antipathy than these
 'Tween Bishops is and Presbyters.
 For this is now the Name they hold
 Whom we call'd Puritans of old.
John Calvin first began the War
 'Gainst Bishops and the Common-Pray'r,
Knox prosecuted it at *Frankfort*,
 Till he had like to have been hang'd for't.
 From *Calvin's* School came *Whittington*,
Samson, *Cartwright*, and *Hardiman*;
 And these in *England* carry'd on
 The War that *Calvin* had begun;
 And gave Assistance to *John Knox*
 In *Scotland* 'gainst the *Orthodox*;
 (By the Name *Orthodox* they now
 Would fain be stil'd; because they know
 They never can by Art or Trick
 Steal the Church-Title *CATHOLICK*.)
 Thus 'twas (as you before have read)
 That *Presbyterianism* bred.

Its Off-spring, now a Rampant Cattle,
 Enter again the Lists of Battle (a)

(a) Coleman, Burton, Hallingham, Benson, and others, who with burning Zeal professing a more Sincere Religion, allowed nothing but what was drawn from the Fountains of Holy Scriptures, or out of an Affectation of a more pure Discipline, Novelty or Dissension, openly called in Question the Received Discipline of the Church of England, the Liturgy and the Vocation of Bishops, yea Condemned them as Savouring too much of the Romish Religion (with

'Gainst *Bishops, Common-Prayer, and Princess,*
 As fierce as Monsters in Romances
 Encountering sometimes Man for Man,
 Then all at once as, *Clan and Clan.*
 The Earl of *Leister* head the Faction,
 But subtilly keeps out of Action
 Sets *Cartwright, Fox, and Kneustubs* on:
Snape, Udal, Penry, Egerton,
 And *Hardiman,* themselves prepare
 To attack the Prelates and their Prayer.
Lord North, and Knolls, and Walsingham,
 Add Fuel daily to the flame.
 For these long'd now to be at work
 In Purging o'er again the *Kirk.*
 Aiming thereby to lay their Hands
 On Bishops Revenues and Lands.

Old Bishop *Grindal* (*b*), that Arch-Traitor,
 A *Presbyterian* by nature,

(with which to have any Communion they cryed out was Impious)
 using all the means they could that all things in the Church of England might be Reformed according to the Pattern of the Church of Geneva. Incredible it is how much the Followers of this Sect increased every where; though a certain Obstinate Willfulness in them, Indiscretion of the Bishops, and a Secret Favour of a certain Nobleman who gaped after the Wealth of the Church: Which Sect began presently to be known by the Odious Name of Puritans. Camden page 107. Edit. 3.

(*b*) Dr. Heylin tells us, that the Puritans were encouraged underhand by Leicester, North, Knolls and Walsingham, who aimed apparently at the ruin of the Bishops and Cathedral Churches. And that Grindal Archbishop of Canterbury, sought to promote the Presbyterian Designs, making great Alterations in the Church of England. A breach happened (lays he) betwixt Grindal and Leicester that mighty Patron of the Puritan Faction, occasioned by Grindal's denying, at the Earl's request to alineate his House and Manor of Lambeth, that it might serve for a Retiring place to that mighty Favourite; and hereunto he contributed further by Refusing to grant a Dispensation to Marry one that was near of kindred to him. Leicester, exceedingly vext, left all Passages which before were shut, against Grindal's Enemies free and open; whereupon they acquainted the Queen what neglect there was of the Publick Liturgy in most parts of the Kingdom, what ruin and decay of Churches what Innovations made already, and what more projected, by which she

And never Friend to Common-Pray'r,
 Tho' now in *Canterbury's* Chair,
 Sat as asleep, without once heeding,
 Unless to help on their proceeding.
 And what in greater Courage put 'em,
 The Queen herself connived at 'em.
 Till *Grindal* had denyed *Leister*
 A Cottage-House, scarce worth a *Tester*,
 Hight *Lambeth*, which the Earl requested,
 Because 'twould hold a little Bedstead,
 And serve him for a Summer-House,
 When Heats of Court were out of use:
 And had besides a little Garden,
 And some out Lands that were not barr'd in,
 In which he might (the Weather fair)
 Take the cool morn and evening Air.
 This *Leister* begg'd that the Archbishop
 Would alienate to his Worship:
 But *Grindal* wisely begg'd his pardon,
 And to himself kept House and Garden.

Another Boon *Leister* beside
 Of *Grindal* begg'd, but was deny'd;
 And it was this, he lov'd a Lady,
 Gay as a Cowslip on a May day,
 But in prohibited Degrees,
 Perhaps his Sister or his Niece,
 It matters not a Farthing whether,
 Nor need you care a Straw if neither,
 Seeing she was so nigh Relation,
 They could not Wed 'thout *Dispensation*.
 So begg'd of *Grindal* to dispense
 With this his Marriage of the Wench:
 But sullen *Grindal* this deny'd him,
 And *Leister* ru'd that e're he try'd him.

she would be eased in time of all the Cares of Government, and find the same to be transferred to the Puritan Consistories. See Heylin's History of Presbytery. p. 271. And Historical Collections p. 312.

Thus

Thus broke their Friendship: *Grindal* never
Had after that the least of Favour.

Leister gives ear to all Complaints
Against him and his Fellow-Saints,
Telling the Queen that their Increase
Would soon disturb her Church's Peace.
She blames false *Grindal* for neglecting
The public Worship, and protecting
Those that did open War declare
'Gainst Bishops, and their Common-Pray'r.

Griev'd at this Check, tho' but a slight one,
In greater Fury now they fight on.

Martin-Marr-Prelate (c) he steps out,
A Giant terrible and stout,
With him a *Dwarf* (d) to undermine
The Bishops Walls of *Discipline*,
Grub up the Ground-work, and shake loose
The Pillars of their sandy House:
These issu'd out of *Penry's* Brain,
And *Udal's* fruitful Pericrane.

Another, fierce as either, went,

Admonisher (e) to th' Parliament:

And after this, another (f) came,

As *Champion* to defend the same.

Thus these grim Warriors in print,

In neck of one another went,

With full design to lay for Dead

The Order of the Horses-Head.

In Rear of these fell *Cartwright* comes (g)
Beating with fist his *Pulpit-drums*.

(c) A bitter Libel writ against the Prelates.

(d) Administration of Discipline.

(e) The Admonition to the Parliament.

(f) And the Defence of the Admonition. See Baker in Q. Eliz.

(g) Now comes Cartwright on the Stage, on which he Acted more than any of the Puritan Faction, He coming from Geneva (to which place he had fled before, from the shame of being worsted in a Disputation before the Queen, at Cambridge, by one Preston) became more Practical, or Pragmatical rather, Condemning the Vocation of Archbishops, and Bishops, Archdeacons and other Ecclesiastical

Till *Cambridge* Boys, of all degrees,
 For *Chamlet* Coats left *Surplices*;
 And made 'em ready to dispute
 For turning *Prayer* and *Prelates* out.
Benson, and *Hallingham*, and *Burton*,
 Began to squeak like *Hoggs-of-Norton*,
 And, by their grunting up and down,
 Scar'd Common-Prayer-Books from the Town.
 In place of which they usher'd in
John Calvin's wholesome Discipline;
 Mounting the Pulpits in their Frocks,
 To preach down Cross and Weathercocks.
 The lofty Pride of Crowned Steeple,
 Was bad example to the People,
 Whose Faith, and Worship, and their Manners,
 Ought to be void of Poms and Honours,
 And in Simplicity profess,
 Without the Trappings of the Beast,
 Or Ceremonies vain and pompous,
 But kept within the Gospel-compass.

This superstitious Common-Prayer,
 And all its Ceremonies are
 But dry Devotions for the *Saints*,
 And purer sort of Protestants,
 That by their Godly Lives do merit
 The Gift of braying by the Spirit.

fiastical Officers, the Administration of the Sacraments, and Observation of our Rites and Ceremonies. And buzzing these Conceits into the Heads of many young preachers, and Scholars of the University, he drew after him a great Number of Disciples, and Followers; among whom he prevailed so far, by all his practices, but much more by a Sermon, which he preached on a Sunday Morning in the College Chappel, that in the Afternoon, all the Fellows and Scholars threw aside their Surplices (which by the Statute of the House they were bound to wear) and went to the Divine Service only in their Gowns and Caps. But he, not content with that which he had done in the College, puts up his Disciples into all the Pulpits in the University; where he, and they, inveigh most bitterly against the Government of the Church and the Governors of it; the Ordination of Priests and Deacons, the Liturgy and rites thereof. *Historical Collections*, p. 107. For which he Cites *Heylin's History of Presbytery*, p. 263.

The *Cross* made in the Infants Forehead
 (All Godly Protestants abhor it)
 Is Superstition, so are *Crosses*
 In Kirk-Garths, and in Market-places.
 Who was it, but a *Pope*, that sent
 The *Cross* to *Ethelbert* of *Kent*,
 By those that first Baptiz'd our Nation?
 'Tis then, you see, a Popish Fashion,
 Brought at the first from *Babylon*,
 Down therefore with it, down, down, down.
 Tho' *Rome's* Expositors do tell us
 The *Cross* that Sacred *Sign* and *Seal* is
 With which twelve thousand Souls were sign'd
 Of every *Tribe* of *Jacob's* kind;
 And that the *Angel* seal'd with it
 Of other Nations infinite.
 And tho' the Devil shun the *Cross*,
 As, did the *Angel*, *Baalams* Ass,
 Yet nought can make us more secure
 Than what we have, the *Gospel-pure*.
 Nay tho' they say *Redemption* was
 Accomplished upon a *Cross*,
 And, if we will believe 'em, can
 Prove it the *Sign* o'th' *Son of Man*,
 Which at the last day we shall see
 Come in the Clouds with Majesty;
 Yet give no ear, Beloved, pray-ye,
 Nor let their Arguments dismay-ye;
 But slight whatever they can say
 In its defence, and throw't away.
 Nor *Cross* your little Children more
 When they're Baptiz'd, but give it o'er.
 Is't fit that we shou'd e'er come nigh it,
 When ev'n the Devil himself does fly it?
 To give the *Bride* a *Wedding-Ring*
 Is an abominable thing;
 Worse than the *Wedding* of the *Sea*-is
 By superstitious Dukes of *Venice*,

Who

Who with great Ceremony fling
 Into the Sea a little Ring,
 Holding from that day, during Life,
 The Gulph for Spouse (the better Wife.)

But, *with my Body I thee Worship!*
Lard, what Idolatry in Courtship!
 'Tis next adoring Stock or Stone,
 For Woman's but a moving one.
 What Man is then so dull a Clod,
 As think his Wife a living God?
 Why therefore shou'd he, in this Manner,
The mighty Lard of Hosts dishonour,
 And give a Woman what, in fine,
 Is due to God, Worship Divine?
 Papists themselves will never grant
GOD's Worship to the highest Saint;
 Shall we then, who lead purest Lives,
 Make *Common Idols* of our Wives?
 Adore not therefore such a one,
 The Gospel, we rely upon,
 Bids us to *Honour God alone.*

But worship Women! O beloved,
 We find no Bible-Text to prove it (*h*).

Good-Friday's Fast, and *Christmas Feast*,
 Are not in holy Writ exprest.
 The *Fast of Lent*, that old Tradition,
 Is but a Popish Superstition.

'Tis true they're of an ancient standing,
 And from th' *Apostles* came, by handing

(*b*) Baker tells us that Coleman Burton, Hallingham, and Benson, and others, making professions of the pure Religion, would allow of nothing but what was directly taken out of the Scriptures: Openly Condemning the received Discipline of the Church of England, together with the Church Liturgy and the very calling of Bishops, as favouring too much of the Romish Religion; protesting in the Pulpits that it was an Impious thing to hold any thing common with the Church of Rome. And used all diligence to have the Church of England Reformed in every point according to the Church of Geneva. Chron. p. 357.

Down to our Times, as we must own,
 'Cause no beginning of 'em's known.
 But, dear Beloved, what o'that,
 Since they are not in *Scripture* set.

For keeping of those Days they call
 The Feast of *Peter, John* and *Paul*,
 Of *Mary, Thomas, Philip, James*,
 And all the Calendar of Names
 That in the Common-Prayer-Book stand,
 We find in *Scripture* no Command.
 Nor is there one Text in the Bible
 That bids us any day keep idle,
 Unless the *Sabbath*: And for it
 In (1) *Exodus* there's something writ.
 But in that Text it is exprest
 That we may Labour all the rest.
 'Tis true, the day we *Sabbath* call,
 Is, of the sev'n, the *last* of all,
 Th' Ungodly call it *Saturday*,
 They work on't, and on Sunday pray;
 So we: In *Them* it is a Breach
 Of what the holy *Scriptures* teach:
 But not in *us*. 'Tis true we find
 It has been told, time out of mind;
 Tho' some will say, if this we grant,
 'Twill auth'rize th' *Feast* of many a *Saint*:
 Well, well, Beloved, tho' they do,
 Yet in your Answer let 'em know,
 That, *To the Lards Elected all things*
Are free, the great and eke the small things;
 So that the *Saints* may well allow
 What the *Ungodly* must not do.

The bowing at the *Name* of *JESUS*.
 (A Popish Custom) does not please us:
 For what's a Name but a bare Sound?
 And where is any *Scripture* found

(1) *Exod.* 20.

That bids us worship Sounds of Words?
 The *Bible* no such Text affords.
 Or when we read the Character,
 What see we but an *Image* there?
 Or something upon Paper printed,
 By which our *Saviour's* represented?
 Which in effect is just the same
 With that which we an *Image* name:
 For to th' Imagination both
 The same thing represent, in troth.
 If we should then bow when we frame
 Thoughts of him from the Sound of *Name*,
 Or *Name* expressed by the Letter,
 Pray what are we, Beloved, better
 Than *Papists*? For they do no more
 But in his *Name* and *Image* him adore.
 And if this then in *Papists* be,
 As we affirm, Idolatry,
 The same it needs must be in *Us*
 To worship J-E-S-U-S.
 We know 'tis said, *All knees shall bow,*
In Heaven, and Earth, and Hell below,
 At naming of this *Sacred Name*;
 Yet surely we shall be to blame,
 If we stand cringing every foot
 The Common-Prayer-Book puts us to't:
 And if not always when we hear it,
 Why shou'd we bow at all, or fear it?
 We own indeed, the Devils *Fear*
And Tremble; when this *Name* they hear,
 And could be glad 'twere in their Nature
 To *Love him* too: But that's no matter,
 We're not so fond as t' imitate
 Those *Fiends*, we rather ought to hate.
 Beloved, let us then give o'er,
And never Worship JESUS more.

Besides, this Common-Prayer-Book pesters
 Us with a thousand antick Gestures;

As kneeling when we take Communion;
 A thing as fond, in our Opinion,
 As if we should fall on our knees
 When we at home eat *Bread* and *Cheese*.
 For certainly you're not so mad
 As think the *Bread* and *Wine* a God.
 Why therefore kneel you down before it,
 Or shew as if you did *Adore* it?
 In our Conceits it is more proper
 To take it a fitting on your Crupper,
 As you are wont your other Meat,
 When you at home your Dinners eat.

The *Papists* have a better plea
 Than you; when they *Adore*'t, they say
 It is no longer *Bread* and *Wine*,
 But changed by the Word *Divine*
 Into the *Body* of our Lord;
 And therefore ought to be *Ador'd*.

We must confess Christ promised
 To give to us his *Flesh* and *Blood*,
 To *Eat* and *Drink*, that thereby we
 Might with himself *united* be,
 And afterwards, but who'll believe it?
 Made good his Promise, and did give it.
 For verily there is a Text
 That says, when he the Species blest,
 (*k*) *This is my Body, this my Blood*,
 But this must not be understood
 As *Papists* take it, for a *Truth*,
 Tho' spoken by our *Saviour's* Mouth:
 For from another Text as plain
 We partly thus object again,
 (*l*) *How can this Man give us to Eat*
His Flesh and Blood, for Drink and Meat?
 And this Authority's enough
 To over-weigh the other Proof;

(*k*) St. Matt. 26.

(*l*) St. John, 6.

Because the *Jews* were thinking Men,
 And Christ but One, when they were Ten,
 Perhaps a Dozen, or a Score,
 It matters not if less or more,
 For they by far out-number'd him :
 And where most *Votes* are, side with them.
 Gowns, Rochets, Lawn-Sleeves, and that Gear
 Which Bishops and their Clergy wear,
 Have no Authority at all
 In Scripture : but we read that *Paul*
 Wore a short Cloak upon his Back
 At *holding forth* : Its colour Black,
 As we suppose, or Grey, or Brown,
 For this in Scripture's not put down ;
 Yet plain it is, as to its Shape,
 'Twas like a Mantle with a Cape ;
 Which, when at *Ephesus* forgot,
 We judge he held-forth in his Coat.
 So that, dearly Belov'd, of these
Cloak, Mantle, Coat, take which you please,
 But never use that vain attire
 That the proud Clergy so admire.

Nor do their Trappings only grieve us,
 Their *Tyranny* is most mischievous :
 They keep our *Kirks* at under, more
 Than all the *Popes* did heretofore.
 Pretending to a Jurisdiction,
 By *Right Divine*, from their *Election* ;
 And exercise Dominion o'er
 Us *Presbyters*, with boundless Pow'r.
 Not suff'ring us to pray or preach,
 But in dry Forms, that they must teach
 In Common-Prayers, and Homilies,
 Or any other way they please ;
 As if from them, and not the Lord,
 The *Saints* were to receive the Word.
 Whereas the *Elect*, now are free
 To practice *Gospel-Liberty*,

And

And not to have the *Spirit* stinted,
 By Forms which human Art invented.
 'Tis true (if all be true that's said)
 A certain *Form* of Pray'r was made,
 And in plain words, by Christ himself,
 Taught and deliver'd to the Twelve:
 But, Brethren, tho' Christ did so much,
 'Twas in the *Childhood* of the Church,
 When his Apostles knew not how
 To pray by *inward-light*, as we do now.
 Forms deafen the predestin'd Ears,
 But never cause Soul-melting Tears,
 As those are wont, of special worth,
 Which we Extempore breath forth (*m*),
 From an inflam'd Zeal-burning Mind
 Sufflated by the *Holy-Wind*.

And, which is worse than all that's noted,
 When our young Sisters, well-devoted,
 Chance (as they call'd) to go astray,
 That is, with Godly Brothers play,
 Their *Spy-knaves* have no better Sport
 Than to inform the Bishops Court:
 From whence comes out first a *Citation*,
 And then an *Excommunication*.
 And when at last they get you in,
 They'll fleeee you to the very Skin,
 And when the Stock you have is done,
 You must do Penance, not till then.
 But, Brethren, who can suffer this,
 When not a Saint but has his *Mifs*?
 'Tis therefore fitting we begin
 T' oppose those mighty Men of Sin,
 Till they are willing to incline
 To better Form of *Discipline*,
 And cast their *Common-Prayer* away,
 With all its Stubble, Wood and Hay.

(*m*) In their first Bibles they call'd the Spirit of God the wind of God: The Holy-Ghost, the Holy-Wind.

Th' effect of what they preached thus
Quickly appear'd, and thus it was.

The chiefest Heads of all their Sect
Did (*n*) a *Presbytery* erect.

Which grand Assembly, I conceive,
To be a Company of grave
Gray-bearded *Elders*, the most Sage
Their Sect afforded in that Age;
Men not unlike (if right I guess)
Old Inn-keepers among the *Swiss*.

These being in Assembly met,
Of all their Wits made one huge Wit,
Which set to work, fell to refine
Their *Worship*, *Prayer*, and *Discipline*,
Till these could easily endure
A *Bible-Test*; for they were pure.
To all the *Kirks* they sent Commands forth,
Entitled *Orders made at Wandsworth*;
For *Wandsworth* was the famous place,
Where this *Convention* formed was.
All the Affairs this Council sat on
Opposed were by one Sir *Hatton*;
A mighty Man that time in Court,
And *Chancellor*, as some report,

(*n*) A Presbytery was erected on the 20th of November 1572, at a small Village in Surry, called Wandsworth. The first Establishment they endorsed by the Name of the Orders of Wandsworth: In which the Elders Names are agreed on, the manner of the Election declared, the Approvers of them, their Offices agreed on also, and described. Sir Christopher Hatton was at that time in special Favour, of known Averseness to the Earl of Leicester, and consequently no friend to the Puritan Faction. This Obstacle must be removed out some way or other. This office Burchet undertakes upon this opinion, that it was lawful to Assassinate any Man who opposed the Gospel. But he mistakes the Man; and stabs one Hawkins desperately with a Ponyard, conceiving him to be Hatton. But by the Terror of a Proclamation, and the Execution of this Burchet, they were restrained from Practising any further. *Histo. Collections* p. 310. He Cites Heylin's History of Presbytery.

This Sir Christopher Hatton was Captain of the Guard, Vice-chamberlain, one of the privy Council, and was made *Ld. Chancellor*, &c. See *Hows upon Stow*. p. 741.

Nor was there any noble *Peer*
 Had more than he *Queen Bess's* Ear.
 Nothing could be at *Wandsworth* hatched,
 But *Hatton* had a way to catch it:
 What *Leister*, *Knolls* or *Walsingham*
 Promoted, *Hatton* crost the same:
 The *Wandsworth* Sages this perceiving,
 Fell all a plotting and contriving,
 How to remove, without delay,
 This Block of Courtier out o'th' way,
 But found it could not well be done
 Without *Assassination*.

The Case of Conscience fairly stated,
 And by their *Casuits* debated
 " Whether 'twere lawful to take Life
 " Upon th' account of Gospel Strife?
 With one consent they answer give,
 Deciding in th' *Affirmative*,
 By dictate of their inward Light,
 And so resolv'd to kill the Knight.

To do the bloody deed they pitch'd
 On a grim Russian called *Burchet*.
 One pure from Sin, and worldly Fortune:
 Yet wore a Dagger, but a short one.
 The desp'rate Tool had its abode
 Under a Cloak of th' Elect mode,
 Which always kept it out of Sight,
 Thus arm'd he goes in quest of Knight.
 But meeting in convenient place
 One *Hawkins*, both in Garb and Face
 Like *Hatton*; *Burchet* falls to work,
 And into *Hawkins* sticks his Durk.

It was not long before Report
 Reach'd all the Ears in Town and Court,
 And gave account what *Burchet* did:
 (Such Deeds as this are seldom hid.)
 Who, being seiz'd and clapt in Fetters,
 Discover'd his *Wandsworth* Abettors,

And

And told the Arguments they brought
That moved him (poor fool) to do't.
In short they hang'd him for his Wages,
And drove out all the *Wandsworth* Sages,

This bloody deed, and dreadful clamour
Made *Bessy* (as indeed became her)
To stir her *Stumps*, and look about her,
At things within, and things without door;
And settle in th' Archbishop's Chair
Old *Whitgift*, with his Common-Prayer:
With Orders to reform Abuses,
Both in the Church, and private Houses.

But e're, good Man, he would be seen
In *Primate's* Chair, the *Pontif-Queen*
Was pleas'd (if all be true that's said)
To lay her *Hands* upon his *Head*.

Quoth he, your Majesty (and kneel'd)
Head of our Church is, (*n*) therefore yield
To *Consecrate* me: For your Pow'r
Is more than *PETER's* I am sure,
At least to *Us*, divided from
The *Apostolick See of Rome*.

On your blest Brow is stamp'd the mark
Of Pope and Supreme Patriarch.
At this the Queen her Ear inclin'd,
And with sweet looks and speeches kind,
Told him she took it well, that he
Regarded her *Supremacy*.

For, tho' a Woman, I am sure,
Says she, the *Pope* has no such Power.
For by our Doctrine it is plain
The *Prince* (tho' *Female*) may *Ordain*,
Absolve, and *Consecration* give:
Which if you cannot well believe
Behold the *Keys*, for your Conviction,
Of *Order*, and of *Jurisdiction*,

(*n*) See an Old Book call'd the Catholic Apology; writ long
before that of the Lord Castlemain's which has the same Title.

Which did belong to two late Kings,
I carry at my Apron-strings.

She said, and look'd down to her Knees,
Where the Authoritative *Keys*
Hung both together in a Chain,
Such as Dutch *Ufrouws* hang 'em in:
Which having reach'd, she let him see
First one, and then the other Key.
Assuring him they were the same
That from her Predecessors came.
By *Ned* and *Harry* wrested from
The *Pope*, when they made War with *Rome*.
He own'd they were; and said he knew 'em,
She needed not take pains to shew 'em,
At which her Majesty expands
The thumbs and fingers of her Hands,
And in a solemn manner laid
All her ten *Digits* on his Head;
Holding them there till she had done
These words of Jurisdiction (o),
"Take thou Authority to *Preach*
"God's Word sincerely; and to *Teach*,
"Or force the People to become
"In Faith and Worship uniform.
"To *bind* and *loose* take thou the *Keys*,
"And rule thy Flock by *awful* ways."

This said, she bad the Bishop's Grace
To *Canterbury* hie a-pace,
And see who durst his Power oppose.
Then up the potent Prelate rose,
And fell, by strong compulsive Pow'r
To mend what was amiss before.

(o) The Queen acquaints Whitgift that she determin'd to discharge herself from the Trouble of all Church Government, and leave them wholly to his Care. But that notwithstanding he must resolve not only to assert the Episcopal Power, but also to restore the Uniformity in Worship. Hist. Coll. p. 316. from Heylin's Hist. of Presbytery, p. 362.

Conformity

Conformity to such a stretch
 He screw'd, that wider grew the Breach:
 For those who seem'd conjoin'd of late
 In the same *Chaos*, separate,
 As not content to keep in *Union*
 Upon such hard terms of Communion.
 But rather chuse to quit the *Steeple*,
 And preach in *Barns* among the People.

Whilst *Whitgift*, on the other side,
 Permitted none in *Kirk* to bide,
 That durst refuse his *Common-Pray'r*
 Or the least *Ceremony* there.
 But sharply lash'd 'em all away
 With his Nine-tail'd *Anathema*:
 A sort of *Whip* before untry'd
 Upon a Puritan's back-side.

This treating of 'em thus severely,
 Set 'em a praying, late and early (p),
 That some great Dev'l wou'd break his Neck,
 Or, *Korah* like, Earth eat him quick.
 With greater Fury now than ever
 To cross his Measures they endeavour;
 Set Pen and Ink, and *Beal* to work,
Beal was a keen, and active Spark
 In hunting *Jesuits* up and down,
 And seeking *Priests*, o'er all the Town;

(p) The Brethern moved Heaven and Earth, the Court and Country, and all the Clergy and Laity, to come to their Assistance in this time of their Tryal.

By means whereof they raised so strong an Opposition against *Whitgift's* Proceedings, that it put him to great Difficulties.

Some great Men about the Court, who had engaged themselves in the Puritan Quarrels, thought best to stand a while behind the Curtain, and set *Beal* upon him, of whose Impetuosity and edge against him they were well assured.

This *Beal* was in himself a most eager Puritan, trained up by *Walsingham*, to draw dry-foot after Priests and Jesuits; his extream hatred to those Men being looked on as the only good Quality that he could pretend to. He conceived that the Bishops were to be esteemed no more than the Sons of Antichrist. See *Heylin's History of Presbytery*, p. 302, and *Hist. Coll.* p. 317.

Which

Which Property, as *Leister* said,
 Was all the good Tricks that he had,
 Yet was his Talent more than this,
 He hated *Protestants* no less;
 For, all their *Bishops* and their *Priests*
 He took for little *Antichrists*.
 This moved *Walsingham* and *Leister*
 To egg on that fell Curr to pester
 Old Bishop *Whitgift*, by exclaiming,
 By writing, railing, and defaming
 Church-Government, and Common-Pray'r,
 And the strange Garb their Bishops wear.
 Which *Beal* performed in such sort
 As pleas'd the Puritans at Court.

His Deeds could not have by the Queen
 At any rate been overseen,
 If *Leister*, *North*, and *Walsingham*,
 And *Knolls*, had not protected him:
 For when Complaints against him came,
 As soon as *Bessy* heard his Name,
 She'd answer, *Never mind fond Beal*,
His Indiscretion springs from Zeal.

Thus wink'd at and encourag'd, he
 Grew insolent to the high'st degree,
 And claw'd old *Whitgift*, and his *Surplice*,
 And *Common-Prayer-Book*, to a purpose.
 Nor was it only *Beal* alone,
 For the whole Brother-hood fell on,
 Grapling with *Whitgift*, with intent
 To wrest from him Church-Government.
 But finding 'twould not do by force,
 Resolve to steer another Course.

In *Grindal's* days (*q*) came flocking hither
Swedes, *Dutch*, and *Danes*, in Shoals together,

(*q*) By Calvin's Letters to Grindal, and the Friends they had about the Queen, way was given to such of the French-Nation as had repaired hither, to enjoy the Freedom of their own Religion, to have a Church unto themselves. They could not but remember those many Advantages which John Lasco and his Church of Strangers

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French Hugonots, Genevans too,
 Such as had little else to do
 But seek their Bread in foreign Lands,
 Under the trade of Vagabonds.
Calvin, Knox, Beza, Peter Martyr,
 Blew loud from the *Genevan* quarter,
 Desiring all to fall to work,
 In modelling the *English Kirk*.
 Letters they write, in pressing sort,
 To several Grandees of the Court,
 That they would move the *Female-Head*
 To pity the *Genevan-Breed*,
 That were come hither from afar,
 To beg some o'er-worn House of Pray'r,
 As *John a Lasko* did of late,
 When blessed *Edward* rul'd the State.
 This *John* brought o'er a crew of *Poles*,
 Of bodies lean, but *starved* Souls,
 'Till they got Kirks wherein to eat,
 From *Lasko's* Mouth, the *Gospel-Meat*;
Ned gives the *Savoy* to the Men,
 To feed both Souls and Bodies in,
 Who soon got each a double Chin. }
 Now they, from hope of like success,
 Beg the like Favour of *Queen Bess*;
 And that her Highness would allow 'em,
 By granting public Churches to 'em,
 Freely to preach God's Holy Word
 As they receiv'd it from the Lord.

gers afforded to the Zuinglian Gospellers in the Reign of K. Edward the Sixth. They got a French Church settled upon Calvin's Principles in London. Upon the News of this Success, both French and Dutch repaired into England, planting themselves in the Sea-Towns, and openly professing the Reformed Religion; under which covert they disguised their several Heterodoxies, and Blaspheinous Doctrines; all endeavouring to disperse their Heretical Doctrines, and to empoison the People. They erected many French and Dutch Churches in the Maritime Ports, which they Infected with some of their Phrensies. See Hist. Coll. out of Heylin's Hist. of Presb. p. 270.

Leister

Leister and Knolls, and Walsingham,
In Calvin's, Knox's, Beza's Name,
 Beg her to yield to their Request,
 And Churches grant to their Opprest.

How can I yield to this? quoth she;
 Their Faith and ours do not agree,
 Their Worship and their Discipline
 Can never suit (you know) with mine.

Madam, quoth *Cecil (r)*, give me leave
 To speak a Word or two. You have,
 My Lord (quoth *El'zabeth*) go on.
 Says he, those Men's Religion,
 'Tis true, from ours differs quite,
 Yet notwithstanding both are right:
Theirs right to *them*, so *ours* to *us*,
 Which easily is proved thus;
 By their Faith *they*, by ours *we*,
 Are sav'd, as *our Divines* agree:
 Hence certainly both Faiths are true,
 For false Faith cannot save, you know.
 God's Word to divers People hath
 Reveal'd quite different Points of Faith;
 Nay, tho' both true, sometimes they vary
 So far as to be quite contrary.

So *Luther's Consubstantiation*
 God ne'er reveal'd to the *Helvetian*,
 Nor to the *Scotch*, nor *English Nation*:
 Yet by the *Saxon, Dane, and Swede*,
 'Tis held the best point in their Creed;
 And by *the Book of God* reveal'd
 To them, tho' yet from us conceal'd.
 So those who do deny the same,
 The contrary's as *true* to them.

(r) Mr. John Chamberlayne, in his present State of England. Edit. 21. Printed in 1704, agrees well with this Discourse of *Cecil's*. The Church of England, says he, is truly Transcendant: It hath the great Mark of the true Church, which most European Churches seem to want, and that it is Charity towards other Churches: For it doth not so engross Heaven to its own Professors, as to damn all others to Hell, p. 54.

And thus thro' ev'ry Article
Of Faith, all may hold what they will,
Provided that all Sides agree
To damn the *Pope* and *Popery*.
And this I'm sure those Strangers do,
As much as either I or You.

Besides, what point to day is true,
Perhaps to-morrow is not so:
For when the *contrary's* reveal'd,
By it the former Truth's repeal'd;
For instance, my own Faith has been
Just what would please the King or Queen.
For when but young, it is confest,
I was brought up a Romanist;
But when King *Harry* fell from *Rome*,
And got a new Faith made at home,
I to his Judgment did incline;
And as *his* Faith chang'd, so did mine.
He dead, the Child his Son, King *Ned*,
His Father's Faith abolish'd,
And made a new one of his own;
I was of this, while't pleas'd the Crown:
But when Queen *Mary* came to reign,
I was a *Catholic* again.
And when your Grace came to the Throne,
I follow'd your Religion.
The cause of changing in this Fashion,
Was in each Reign *fresh Revelation*.
You must confess, the while they stood,
Each different Faith was very good,
Wholsome and *saving* in its day.
'Gainst this the Queen found nought to say,
But yields, and public Churches grants
To those *Calvinian errant Saints*.

By this means *English Presbyters*,
Under the Cloak of Foreigners,
Got also public Churches here,
Maugre old *Whitgift* and his Prayer;

And,

And, in short space, their Offspring grew
To be a mighty numerous Crew.

In all *Sea-ports* up Churches sprung,
Stor'd with a pure and zealous Throng,
That were prepar'd on all occasions,
To vex poor *Whitgift* with Invasions.

Tho' to this vast prodigious bigness
Their Body grew, in length and thickness,
Yet had it not a common *Head*;
And wanting this, a Body's dead:
The Elders, who, considering this,
And scorning such a *Head* as *Bess*,
Or that her *Bishops* shou'd bear Rule
Over a Gospel free-born Soul,
Bethink 'em how to bring to pass
Church Government by way of *Class*.

A *Classis* is a petty *Synod*
Of *Elders* pack'd, a Dozen in it,
Or sometimes fewer, sometimes more,
Gin't please 'em, they may have a Score;
Only when more, there's more Debate
In that *Ecclesiastick State*:
Because new Points of Faith ma' appear
To one, which nineteen saw not there;
For *Saints* have their Decrees of light,
He who observes it first must try't
By a Dispute with all the rest,
To see if't bides the *Bible-Test*,
However, they must all have *Zeal*
For *Discipline* and *Common-weal*;
And seem like gifted *Godly Men*,
Tho' in the bottom *Rogues in Grain*.
Such are fit Members of the *Classes* (*s*),
Tho' otherwise as dull as *Asses*.

Their general *Classis* was in *London*,
By this great Things were done and undone;

(*s*) See Heylin's Hist. of Presb. p. 213, and Hist. Collect.
p. 324.

For all the other *Classis* did
 Depend on this, as Ears on Head.
 So that what through the other past
 Must be approv'd by this at last.

Those *Classes* being acquainted well with
 Lord *Burleigh*, thought him best to deal with
 About new *Forms* of Pray'r and Worship,
 Which now they had a mind to brush-up.
 Fit Persons therefore they select,
 To bring the Matter to Effect,
 Which to grove *Cecil* make Address,
 And thus the *Sophy* they carefs.

Great Ruler of the *Church* and *State*,
 Next under her whose happy Fate
 Is both to govern *Sea* and *Land*,
 And hold two Nations in her Hand,
 Which she can tofs like Tennis-Balls,
 One *down*, one *up*, as t'other falls:
 To you, great Sir, we Legates from
 Our *Classick* Brethren Greeting come.

Whereas of late a Reformation
 Was made by th' Wisdom of the Nation;
 And happy we it was begun,
 It's had but thorowly gone on
 Till all the Beast's Heads had been lopt off,
 And every Popish Error cropt off.
 But those, alas, who first went from
 The *Pope*, and left the Church of *Rome*,
 Came loaden each one with his Pack
 Of Superstitions on his Back;
 You'll in their Common-Prayer Book find 'em,
 (If e'er you use it, pray-ye mind 'em:)
 Therefore, wise Sir, our Supplication
 Is for a thorow Reformation;
 And that the Church of England may
 Fling all her Popish Gear away,
 And in her Publick Worship join
 With *Us* in *Prayer* and *Discipline*,

Our

Our Form's refin'd like Gold, it's pure,
 And can the Scripture-Test endure.
 Our *Classes*, Sir, beg you'll incline
 The Queen t'embrace our Discipline
 And Form of Prayer, and e'ry where
 Cry down her present Common-Prayer;
 And we her Suppliants; shall pray
 That she may live *for ever and Ay*.

Quoth (t) *Burleigh* (who, it does appear,
 Was an obliging Courtier,)
 I'll do whatever I can do
 For your new Form of Prayer and you.
 Let's see the Book of which you mean,
 That I may shew it to the Queen;
 And by the Interest I shall make,
 I do not doubt but it will take.

My Lord, the Book of which we speak,
 Say they, we have it yet to make.
 Our *Classes* have not yet begun
 To get our *Form of Worship* done;
 Nor have our Elders, tho' at work,
 Finish'd the *Discipline* of Kirk.
 But soon as *Discipline* and *Worship*
 Are fit to come before your Lordship;

(t) Lord Burleigh, upon some complaint made against the Liturgy by some of the Brethern, requited them to compose another, such as they thought might generally be accepted by them, The First Classis thereupon devised a new One, agreeable in most things to Geneva: But this Draught being offered to the Consideration of the Second Classis, there were no fewer than 600 Exceptions made against it: And consequently so many Alterations to be made therein, before it was to be admitted. The third Classis quarrell'd at those Alterations, and resolv'd therefore on a new Model, which should have nothing of the other: And against this the fourth Classis was able to make as many Objections as has been made against the first. So that no likelihood appearing of any other Form of Worship either better or worse, to be agreed upon between them, he dismiss'd their Agents for the present, with this Assurance, That whenever they could agree upon any Liturgy, which might be universally received amongst them, they should find him very ready to serve them in the settling of it. See Heylin's History of Presbytery, apud Hist. Col. p. 318.

Our chiefeſt Elders, as is meet,
Shall lay them at your mighty Feet.

Cecil, who ſmil'd but once a Year,
At this could hardly chuſe but ſeer,
To ſee them beating thus the Air
For an imaginary Prayer
That yet their Maggot had not hatch'd.
So with this Answer they're diſpatch'd;
Go frame your Book as you wou'd have it;
Bring me one, to the Queen I'll give it:
But e'er you bring it, ſee it paſſes
The Approbation of all *Classes*,
That further Conteſt may ariſe none,
This was his Answer, and a wiſe one;
For he foreſaw 'twou'd never paſs,
Without Diſpute, in any *Clafs*.

Away they go, pleas'd with his Answer,
As much as Ladies in Romance are
When reſcu'd from *enchanted* Caſtles
By Errant Knights, that ſtorm the *Baſtiles*.
To work they fall, and with great Care,
Frame a new *Discipline* and *Prayer*,
Reſembling much *Geneva's* Platform;
For they devoted were to that Form,
As fitteſt for a Common Weal.
And now its *Trial* of *Ordeal*
It muſt endure, and ſmoothly paſs
Untouch'd at all, through every *Clafs*:
And if the higheſt at the laſt
Approve it, then it's *Trial's* paſt.

The firſt *Clafs* made it, ſo it paſſes
The firſt, but not the *ſecond Claffis*:
For this *Clafs* made, when having ſeen it,
Six hundred Alterations in it.
The *third Clafs* found, when well inſpected,
Six hundred Faults more, uncorrected.
Thence to the *fourth Clafs* it was ſent;
This was the furtheſt Journey 't went.

They

They doom it to the Common-House,
Where't lay expos'd to private Use,
As being very fit it shou'd,
While Leaf on't lasted, do some good;
Else had the Labour of the Men
That first contriv'd it, been in vain.

Next (u) *Walsingham*, who did pretend,
At every turn, to be their Friend,
Takes, under-hand, their baffl'd Cause,
In hopes to manage't with Applause.
The way that he propos'd to do't,
Was, if he cou'd but bring 'em to't,
For each Side to incline a little,
Till, by degrees, they meet i'th' Middle.
He sends away, with great Respect,
For the chief Leaders of their Sect;
Those he advises to comply,
For sake of *Uniformity*,
With *Besse's English Liturgy*;
Upon Condition that it shall
From Popery be purged well,
I'll undertake, in *Besse's* Name,
Three things shall be expung'd the same;
The first is, *Kneeling at Communion*,
That Gulph between the Church's Union,
The *Cross* in *Baptism* is the next.
And since you're at the *Surplice* vext.
'T shall come no more on back of Parson,
But his fine Wife, that Smock has scarce one,

(u) *Walsingham* tries his fortune next, in hopes to bring them to allow of the English Liturgy, on the Removal of such Things as seemed most offensive: And thereupon he offered, in the Q's name, That the three Ceremonies at which they seem'd most to boggle, that is to say, *Kneeling at the Communion*; the *Surplice*; and the *Cross* in *Baptism*, should be expunged out of the Book of Common-Prayer, if that would content them. But thereunto it was replied, That they would have a Total Abolition of the Book without retaining any part or Office in it, in their next new nothing. Which peremptory Answer did much alienate his Affections from them. *Heylin's Hist. of Presbyt. p. 302. Hist Collect. p. 319.*

For private use shall have the Linen :
 The rest of Prayer-Book there's no Sin in.
 Subscribe it then, Sirs, I advise ;
 Bless'd be the *Class* that first complies.

They answer him in surly manner,
 Without the least regard to Honour,
 We'll have have no part of Prelates Prayers,
 But *blot out* all whatever's theirs ;
 The Book we'll totally abolish,
 For nothing's in't but what is *foolish* (v).
 So, by this all you have to say,
 Farewell (quo' they) and go their way.
 At this rude Answer and uncivil,
Walsingham gave 'em to the Devil.

Soon after this they fell to scribble (w)
 A scandalous ill-natur'd Libel,
 And sent it out amongst the *Mob*,
 In manner of a *Dialogue* ;
 For so 'twas called, to display
 The *English* Kirk, and open lay

(v) Calvin also gave in his Censure long before, There are many foolish Trifles in it.

(w) A scandalous Libel, in the nature of a Dialogue, is published and dispersed in most Parts of England, in which the State of the Church is pretended to be laid open. They likewise had prepared their way to the Parliament then sitting Anno 1586. by telling them That if the Reformation they desired were not granted, they should betray God, his truth, and the whole Kingdom. That they should declare themselves to be an Assembly wherein the Lord's Cause could not be heard ; wherein the Infelicity of the Miserable could not be respected ; wherein Truth, Religion and Piety, could bear no Sway : An Assembly that willingly called for the Judgment of God upon the whole Realm : And finally, that no Man of their seed should prosper, be a Parliament-man, or bear Rule in England any more. This necessary Preparation being thus Premised, they tender to the Parliament a Book of the Form of Common-Prayer, by them desired, containing also, in Effect, the whole pretended Discipline, so revised by Travers ; and their Petition in Behalf of it was in these Words following, to wit, May it therefore please your Majesty, that the Book hereunto annexed, and every thing therein contained, may be from henceforth used through all your Majesty's Dominions. But in this they were able to effect nothing. Heylin's Hist. of Presby. p. 191. Apud Hist. Collect. p. 322.

Its

Its faults, and where it was defective;
A most malicious Invective.

A *Form of Worship* they got penn'd,
And *Discipline* hung at it's end,
And a *Petition* tack'd to it,
Which to her Majesty was writ;
A Letter also they compile,
In a severe and threatening Stile;
All which to Queen and Parliament
Six old grave Elders did present,
In a demure and canting Strain,
And hundred Cringes; but in vain:
For *Whitgift's* Party of Black-coats
Had in the Senate major Votes.
And bad the Elders, in a Jeer,
To come again another Year.
Derided thus, away they haste,
And tell the *Classes* all that past;
Which into Gall turn'd all the Blood
Of the enraged Brother-hood.

They all unanimously join
To execute their *Discipline*,
And settle their *Genevan Worship*,
Without the leave of Queen or Bishop,
Or further asking the Consent
Of Council, Court, or Parliament.

But *Whitgift*, who was always waking,
Spy'd, in good time, their Undertaking.
And, by his Power, and careful heeding,
The Current stopp'd of their Proceeding.
Yet not so well but soon its Course
Broke out again with greater Force:
For as a Gun with Powder cramm'd,
The closer down the same is ramm'd,
When taking Fire, it breaks out thence
With so much greater Violence.

So, more these fiery Saints were curb'd,
The more the Bishops they disturb'd,

And put their Kirk to greater Trouble
Than e'er they did before, twice double.

For near the end of *Besse's* Reign,
When time had almost eat the Queen,
And Age had drank her Spirits up,
Till she lay sleeping like a *Top*
That Boys have whip'd about until,
As if for ease, it stands stock still.
She heedless grew of Church and Faith,
And Puritanicks active Wrath,
Affairs Ecclesiastick leaves
To *Leister*, *Knolls*, and other *Knaves*,
Such as to *Whitgift* and his Party
Bore no good-will nor kindness hearty.
These with their Country Friends transact,
To get a House of *Common* pack'd
Of godly Members, such as stood
'Gainst *Whitgift*, for the Brother-hood.
And new Petitions from all Places
Came swarming in against their Graces,
From Prentice-boy to *Good your Worship*,
Let's have no *Common-Prayer* nor *Bishop*.
This was the daily cry of *London*:
In short, the Bishops had been run-down,
If *Whitgift* had not us'd his Skill
To hinder the designed ill.

First thing he does, to Pray'r he falls,
Spreads out ten Claws shod with long *Nails*,
And thus invokes. *Lord*, prithee now
Or never, look on us below.
Can'st thou behold how things are carry'd,
And how I and my Flock are worry'd
By Presbyterian *Wolves* and *Foxes*,
Of *Calvin's* Letter, and of *Knox's*,
And sit as if thou wer't inclin'd
To see our Queen's Kirk undermin'd,
Till it fall down, maugre its Head,
On us that first the Building made,

When

When I am sure this twenty Year
 Thou hast not had one half so fair?
 O *Lord*, I cou'd be glad that thou
 Wou'd come and help us; but I know,
 That where thou art thou *MUST* remain,
 Till *Dooms-day* bring thee here again;
 As in our (*x*) *Article* is writ,
 And we are *bound* to credit it.
 But if thou canst but now *hear me*,
 Distant at such a vast degree,
 That if a *Mill-stone* were thrown down,
 Ten Ages wou'd not bring the Stone,
 Then pra-thee *Lord*, some way invent
 To cross this *Faction's Parliament*.
 Dispatch some *Angel*, for I know
 They have more Liberty than thou,
 Give him Commission to support
 Our Kirk, 'gainst Parliament and Court.
Lord, if thou *know'st* for what I've pray'd,
 Grant it. There needs no more be said.

Disburthen'd of his Prayer, he sends
 For Brother Bishops, his sure Friends.
 Bids 'em in haste themselves attire
 In what the Rubricks do require,
 For we, says he, now I have been
 So long in Prayer, will to the Queen,

(*x*) Article. The Body of Christ cannot be present in many different Places at the same Time; and since (as the Holy Scriptures testify) Christ hath been taken up into Heaven, and there is to abide till the End of the World, it becometh not any of the Faithful to believe or Profess that there is a real or Corporal presence, &c. King Edwards 29 Article. The Words in the Latin Article are: *Christus humanæ Naturæ veritatem perpetuo retinet quam Uno & definito loco esse, &c. quum igitur Christus in Cœlum sublatus, ibi usque ad finem sæculi sit permanens, atque inde, non aliunde venturus sit, ad Judicandum vivos ad mortuos. non debet quisquam fidelium, carnis & ejus sanguinis realem &c. corporalem præsentiam in Eucharistia vel credere vel profiteri.* The Bishop of Sarum sets down this Article more at Large, from the Original Manuscript of Articles subscribed by both Houses of Convocation in 1562. See his Exposition, p. 11.

And

And beg her Aid: For she is near us,
 And can *immediately* hear us.
 They trim their Beards, and comb their Hair,
 And don 'em as the Laws require,
 In Rochet, Sleeves, and other Trapping,
 Approach'd the Queen, but found her napping;
 Yet softly jogging with Battoon,
 Awake her from her *Squab* of Down;
 And thus salute her, just awaking,
 In a strange Rustick sort of speaking.

Thou Female Pastor of the Sheep,
 Canst thou lie lolling thus asleep,
 Regardless of thy filly Flock,
 While Wolves and wild Beasts waste thy Stock.
 Get up you careless drowly Queen,
 Behold what Work's on yonder Plain!
 Your Lambs are worry'd, and the Fleeces
 Of all your Sheep are torn to Pieces.

Bless me! said she, why all this Fury?
 Is't fit your Queen shou'd thus endure-ye?
 I'th' Name of Wonder, what's the matter
 That you come thus, with such a Splutter?
 You ought to use more civil Speeches,
 My *Petticoat's* above your *Breeches*:
 Consider I am still your *Head*.
 At this the Bishops grew afraid,
 Impute the ringing such a Peal
 To th' over-flowing of her Zeal.
 Aside she turns her Head a while,
 To steal a little modest smile.
 And *Whitgift*, in a manly stile,
 Salutes her thus; Thou *High* and *Mighty*,
 Who ponders things both small and weighty,
 And canst discern 'tween *wrong* and *right*,
 When *Presbyters* and *Prelates* fight.
 You who touch Heaven with your Brow,
 And under whom Earth's Axles bow,
 You, by whose might the *Netherlands*
 Have freed themselves from *Spanish* Bands,

And who th' *invincible Armada*
 Drown'd and dispers'd in less than a day.
 You who the Papists clapper-claw,
 By ever-blessed *Penal-Law*,
 Let your exterminating Power
 The cursed *Puritans* devour.
 To you alone for help we cry,
 To save us from *Presbytery*.

With open Mouth they set upon us
 And cast such damn'd Aspersions on us,
 That we, by all the giddy Rabble,
 Are held for most abominable.
 I'm sure they aim to seize our Lands,
 And turn us out for Vagabonds.

The Arguments that we assume
 'Gainst Papists, and the Church of *Rome*,
 These Puritans make use of now
 Against ourselves, our Church, and You.
 They call us *Limbs of Antichrist*,
 And *You the Scarlet Whore*; 'The *Beast*
You sit on, is our Church and us.
 Was ever People plagued thus?
 Nor talk they only, but they write,
 And Texts from *Revelations* cite;
 Those very Texts that we produce
 'Gainst *Papists*, they against *us* use;
 And swear they are as right apply'd
 To *us*, as to the other *Side*.

And when we, in our own Defence,
 Put on the Texts another Sense,
 They pertly ask us how we know
 That *theirs* is false, and *our* Sense true?
 And here we're set; for, *on my Soul*,
 To prove it *right*, we have no *Rule*.
 And if Authority of Church
 We bring, they value't not a Rush,
 But tell us that's the Popish Plea
 Against ourselves. And what, say they,

Can you oblige us to assent,
To that old Popish Argument
To which yourselves wou'd ne'er submit,
What can you gain in pressing it?

If we affirm our Faith is good,
And that from Christ our Church has stood,
They sniffling say, How can you tell?
Is this your Church *Infallible*?

Our Answer, as you may conceive,
Must needs be in the negative.

For were God's Church *Infallible*,
Then to Reform her had been ill.

Nay then, say they, if it be so,
Our Kirk is right, for ought you know,
We are Reform'd as well as you.

Thus in *Dilemmas* we are caught,
And into endless Contradictions brought.

Here's (y) *Beal*, a gibing Arch-Buffoon,
That has his Spies o'er all the Town,
To mind us and our Clergy strictly,
And watch our *By-steps* circumspectly:
And, Madam, who of mortal Men,
But has his *Downfalls* now and then;
When at their Club they meet together,
They give their *Notes* to one another,
So that by all each Fault is known,
And quickly blaz'd all o'er the Town:
And this exasperates the People
'Gainst us, our *Doctrine*, *Prayer*, and *Steeple*,

(y) *Beal* accounted Bishops for Sons of Antichrist, because they were not looked upon as Fathers by the Brotherhood (nor by any Body else) and so far was he hurried on by these Disaffections, that tho' he were raised to be one of the Clerks of the Council yet he preferred the Interest of the Faction before that of the Queen's, in-
somuch that he was noted to jeer and pipe all such Sermons as did most commend her Majesty's Government, and move the Auditory to Obedience, not sparing to accuse the Preachers to have broached false Doctrine. From this Man the Archbishop received great Affronts. Hist. Coll. 317.

That

That Folk are brought to such a pass
 They'd rather see the Devil than us.
 Those Rake-hells are set on by *Leister*,
 And *Knolls*, and *Walsingham*, to pester
 Me and my *Fellow-Bishops* here,
 And run down *Parsons* every where,
 By quarrelling at what we reach,
 And ridiculing all we Preach;
 That, if you'll trust us, cou'd we help it,
 Wee'd never more appear in Pulpit.

For my part, tho' I preach a Sermon
 That there is neither *good* nor *harm* in,
 (And most are such, for my intent
 In Preaching's to be innocent)
 This *Beal* will flier, make Mouths, and stir
 His Brows: Oh, he's a plagy Cur;
 And, by his witty Taunts, can twine
 The *Mob* beyond our best *Divine*.
 When in our presence scarce he speaks,
 But some tart Scoff or Jest he breaks
 To ridicule our Godly Labour
 In Kirk, or private with our Neighbour;
 And laughs and winks at *Walsingham*
 And *Leister*, they again at him;
 And this in Scorn and great Derision
 Of us, our Bishops, and our Mission.
 Till what by them, and by the Crowd,
 We and our Clergy are so cow'd,
 That, if you'll credit what I say,
 We scarce dare either preach or pray,
 Or in our Robes Canonic pass
 The Street, they are grown to such a pass,
 That if the Boys our *Lawn-Sleeves* spy,
 The wanton Rogues will point and cry,
A Babylonian Maggot-Pye
 Such gross Affronts as these, I'm sure,
 No Saint alive can e'er endure.

}
 But

But what is ten times worse than all this,
 A (z) Parliament but lately call'd-is,
 As Puritannick at the bottom
 As if *John Calvin* had begot 'em,
 This Parliament has pass'd a Bill
 For all to Marry when they will,
 Be it in *Advent*, or in *Lent*,
 Without once asking our Consent,
 Or seeing any of our Court,
 Or ever taking Licence for't:
 Another Bill they've also pass'd,
 Will be our Ruin at the last,
 No *Candidate* in all the Town
 Must be ordain'd, or wear a Gown,
 Or ever take the Name of Priest,
 But only such as bide the Test
 Of *Twelve* precise judicious *Lay-Men*,
 Who must appointed be t' examine
 All such as are to be *Ordain'd*;
 And thus shall none be entertain'd
 But only such as will prefer
 Their new-form'd Discipline and Prayer.
 If this go on (as Lord forbid it)
 Down goes our Church; say I have said it.

They also Vote, as some report,
 The regulating of our Court,
 As touching *Fees*, *Presentments*, *Fines*,
 And this our *Purses* undermines.

(z) The Brethern had procured many of their chief Friends to be received for Knights or Burgesses; By whose Means they procured a Bill to pass in the House of Commons, 1585, for making Trial of the Sufficiency of such as were to be Ordained or admitted Ministers by twelve Laymen, whose Approbation and Allowance they were first to pass, before they were to receive Institution into any Benefice. Another Bill was also passed, for making Marriage Lawful at all times of the year. They were in hand also with a third Bill, concerning Ecclesiastical Courts, and the Episcopal Visitations; pretending only a Redress of some Exorbitances in excessive Fees, but aiming plainly at the overthrow of the Jurisdiction. *Histor. Collect.* 319, 320.

Another

Another Bill, as ill as these,
 They bring against *Pluralities*:
 Thus they go on, till by degrees
 At last our *Revenues* they'll seize,
 And out of *House and Harbour* turn us,
 And bids us go, the Devil burn us.
 To sign, O prudent Queen, these Bills,
 Is to make way to further Ills.
 In short, we're every *Mother's Son*,
 Both Church and State, and Prince undone.
 Our *Common-Prayer-Book* once thrown by,
 (I speak by way of Prophecy)
 And *Calvin's* settled in the Land,
 Episcopacy cannot stand:
 Nor will your Grace have cause to boast,
 If once *Supremacy* be lost;
 Which you and all your Realm must own
 The fairest Jewel in your Crown;
 Nor can your Kingdom shun the Fate
 Of being turn'd into a State;
 For Presbyterian Discipline,
 And Monarchy has ever been
 At Mortal Strife with one another,
 Like Fire and Water when together.

Now with Pythonick Fury swell'd,
 Till Girdle cracks and Garments yield,
 He stares with Look severe, and Brows
 As threatening as an angry *Jew's*;
 And Hand extent by Spirit's Force,
 As if he meant some vehement Curse;
 Then speaks, O mighty Princess know,
 If at this careless Rate you do
 Permit those worse than Mortal Harms
 To fly about our Ears in Swarms,
 And do not speedily prevent
 What threatens Church and Government,
 Your Kingdom shall be from you rent;
 At this his Hand on Breast he laid,
 And three Times swore what he had said;

And here, as at it utmost Stretch,
Out flew the *Python*, with his Speech.

As *Planet-struck*, for half an Hour
He stood aghast and spoke no more,
Till finding he was dispossest'd,
He turns about to all the rest:
Belov'd says he now I am calm,
Let's sing a proper *Meeter Psalm*:
He sets it out they all begin
In *Hopkins Dialect* to sing.

*Why dost thou draw thy hand a-back
And hide it in thy lap?*

*O pluck it out, and be not slack
To give thy Foes a Rap (a).*

At this the Tears began to rise
Above the Flood-gates of their Eyes.
Which being by her Highness seen,
So mollified the Breast of Queen
That nought they ask'd could be deny'd.
Thus, to their Graces she reply'd,

My Lords I give you strict Command
To take your Past'ral Staves in hand,
And lay about you, even so
As *Sampson* did with *Asses Jaw*;
Spare neither Legs, nor Arms, nor Ears,
Of those Philistine Presbyters.
Let your Authority and Care
In Church and State Affairs appear,
By setting in your Discipline
An Uniformity, and Joyn
Dissenters and *Kirk-folk* together,
As close as Sole to Upper-leather.
Act in this matter as you will,
I will maintain it *Good or Ill*.

He that refuses to comply
With a strict Uniformity
See that by Force of Discipline,
And *Penal-Laws* you bring him in.

(a) Singing Psalm 74, ver 12.

Tho' *Knolls* and *Leiffer* are your Foes,
 My Hand shall ward off all their Blows;
 Tho' *Walsingham* and *Beal* contend,
 I will, My Lords, your Cause defend;
 Tho' crafty *Cecil* side with them,
 Yet while I wear this *Diadem*,
 I will, I swear by *Head* and *Crown*,
 By *Scepter*, *Sword*, and good *Battoon*,
 In spite of all protect your Graces;
 Be therefore active in your places.
 As for Church Lands and Common-Prayer,
 Of which your Graces take such care,
 They shall, as long as I am Queen,
 Remain i'th' safety they are in,
 She said, and with a Gracious Look
 Took up and kist the *Publick Book*,
 And safely lockt it in her Chest.
 Her Royal Hand the Bishops kist,
 And, humbly thanking *Madam Bess*,
 Took leave, each for his Diocess.
 And here it is the Story changes
 To what most horrible and strange is.

The *Scenes* that were till now so Gay,
 Insensibly are drawn away;
 And e'er the Queen or Courtiers knew
 The *Stage* was all of *Sable* hue,
 And on the *Scenes* were Painted out
 Dread Shapes revengeful *Furies* wrought,
 As *Prisons*, *Halters*, *Axes*, *Knives*,
 And *Penal-Laws*, that took the Lives
 Of Innocent and Holy Priests,
 Who there appear'd with *ript-up-Breasts*,
 And *Heads cut off*, and *Limbs in Quarters*,
 Just as they had before dy'd Martyrs.
Mary the Queen of *Scots*, whose Head
 Close by her Body bleeding laid,
 Was there; all painted as they dy'd.
 And other horrid Forms beside,

As *Demons* in odd Shapes, and strange ones,
 With each a *Viol full of Vengeance*,
 To pour on Heads of those who had
 A hand in spilling all that Blood.

And now the Actors they begin
 To play their parts, old Age comes in
 Crook'd, wrinkl'd, doating, black and thin. }
 And after this *Sickness* (b) appears,
 Pale with Despair and ghastly Fears;
 This was pursu'd by *Death* in black,
 And *endless Night* close at his back.

Lord *Hunfdon* (c) comes upon the Stage,
 Sick in his Bed: some think with Age;
 But let the Cause be what it will,
 His *Comforters were sent from Hell*;
 Such as with him before had been
 In all the Councils of the Queen,
 And carry'd on the great Affair
 Of *Protestancy* many a Year;
 Made *Laws* just as they had a mind,
 Against *God's Church*, and these *she sign'd*.

(b) Queen Elizabeth in the beginning of her Sickness told two of her Ladies, that she saw one Night as she lay in her Bed, her own Body, exceeding Lean and Fearful, in a light of Fire. See Parsons Discussion of Barlow; Answer, p. 212.

(c) Sir Harry Cary, Son of Sir William Cary, and Mary Bollen the Queen promoted to the Honour and degree of Lord Cary of Hunfdon. Hey. p. 272. This Lord Hunfdon being, the year 1596, Sick to Death, saw come to him, one after another, six of his Companions already Dead.

The first was Dudly Earl of Leicester, 2. was Secretary Walsingham, also in Fire and Flames, 3. Pickring. So Cold and Frozen, that touching Hudson's hand he thought he should die of Cold. 4. Hatton Lord Chancellor. 5. Hennage. 6. Knolls. these 3 last were also all in Fire; they all told him that Sir William Cecil one of their Companions yet Living, was to prepare himself to come shortly to them.

All this was affirm'd upon Oath by the said Lord Hudson; who a few days after died Suddenly. This is Recorded by Fr. Costerus in Compendio veteris Orthodoxæ Fidei. And by Philip D'outreman in his Book entituled, Padagogue Chretien. p. 186.

First *Dudley*, Earl of *Leister*, came
 Roll'd round about in glaring Flame,
 Out of his Mouth, Nose, Eyes, and Ears,
 Sprung pointed Flames from inward Fires.
 Then *Walsingham* all on a glow,
 And *Pickring* cold as Frozen-Snow;
 Who of his Hand scarce taking hold
Hunsdon was fit to die with Cold.
Hatton was next that did appear,
 All in a flame of glowing Fire.
 And *Henneage* comes after him,
 Burning all o'er in rapid Flame.
 The last of all comes impious *Knolls*,
 Curl'd round about in flaming Rolls,
 That grind him in their whirling Gyres,
 And from the dints spring streaming Fires.

A while those horrid Spectres stood
 Before the wretched *Cary's* Bed,
 To give him time to contemplate,
 And well observe their damned state:
 Then told him *Cecil* was to come
 A Fellow-partner in their Doom;
 So bad him tell him to prepare:
 Then vanished to subtle Air.

Hunsdon, with horror struck at this,
 Sends speedy News to Madam *Bess*;
 Who caus'd enquiry to be made;
 And *Hunsdon* swore to all he said.
 Soon after he resign'd his Breath,
 And *Cecil* dy'd a sudden Death.

The Queen (*c*) (till now of temper jolly)
 Soon after this fell Melancholy,

(*c*) Camden; who writes the Life of Queen Elizabeth; gives his account of her last Sickness; In the beginning of her Sickness the Almonds of her Throat swelled, but soon abated again; then her Appetite failed her by degrees. And withal she gave herself over wholly to Melancholy; and seemed to be much troubled with a peculiar Grief for some reason or other; whether it were through the Violence of her Disease, or for want of Essex, &c. she looked

Struck to the heart with hidden Grief,
 No Medicine could yield Relief.
 His Eyes, rowling with ghastly Stare,
 Shew inward Symptoms of Despair.

upon herself as a Miserable Forlorn Woman, and her grief and Indignation extorted from her such Speeches as these, They have Yoked my Neck, I have none whom I can trust. My condition is strangely turned upside down. See Camb. Hist. li. p. 659, 660.

Fr. Parsons in his Discussion, tells us, that she sat three nights upon her Stool ready dressed, and could never be brought by any of her Council to go to Bed, or to eat or drink, only the Lord Admiral perswading her to take a little Broth, She told him that if he knew what she had seen in her Bed, he would not perswade her as he did. She shaking her Head said with a pityful Voice, my Lord, I am tied with a Chain of Iron about my Neck. I am tied and the Case is altered with me.

One of her privy Councillors presented her with a piece of Gold of the bigness of an Angel, dimly marked with some small Characters, which he said an old Woman of Wales bequeathed to her on her death Bed, telling her that the said Old Woman by virtue of the same lived to the Age of 100 and odd Years, and could not die as long as she wore it upon her Body, but being withered and wanting Nature to nourish her Body, it was taken off and she died. The Queen, upon the Confidence she had thereof, took the Gold and wore it on her Ruff.

Two Ladies waiting upon her in her Chamber, discovered in the bottom of her Chair, The Queen of Hearts with a nail of Iron struck through the Forehead, which they durst not then pull out, remembering that the like thing was reported to be used to others for Witchcraft. Discuss, p. 217, 218, printed 1612. Her Death was pitiful, in dying without Sense, feeling, or mention of God, as divers report. Discuss. p. 167.

One of the Ladies that waited on her, leaving her asleep in her Privy Chamber, at the beginning of her Sicknes, met her, as she thought, three or four Chambers off, and fearing she would be displeased that she left her alone, came towards her to excuse herself, but she vanished away: And when the Lady returned into the Chamber where she left her sleeping, she found her still asleep. Growing past recovery and keeping her Bed, the Council sent unto her the Bishop of Canterbury and other Prelates, upon sight of whom she was much offended, Cholerickly relating them, bidding them be packing, And afterwards exclaimed to my Lord Admiral that she had the greatest Indignity offered her by the Archbishop as could be done to a Prince, to pronounce Sentence of Death against her as if she had lived an Atheist. And some Lords mentioning to have other Prelates to come to her, she answered that she would have none of those Hedge Priests. The Queen being departed this
 Life,

As one depriv'd of Sense and Wits,
Two days three nights on Stool she sits,
And in one posture always keeps,
Nor speaks, nor eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps,
Save only once some *Broth* she took,
And only once some Words she spoke.

Dismal her sayings were and sad,
As forlorn People speak when mad;
As these, or such like words as these are,
My Miseries are without Measure,
I have no Friend that I can trust,
My Neck in Chains is yoked fast.
Spectres present themselves to sight,
And haunt my Bed in dead of Night.
I've seen my very self appear,
Like an old *Hagg* in flaming Fire.
The *Talisman*, the old Welsh Wife
Bequeath'd me, will not save my Life,
Tho' hitherto with hopes enough,
I've worn the *Sigil* on my Ruff.
The *Queen of Hearts*, that long has laid
Here in my Chair, nail'd thro' the Head,
I have no *Trust* in, as I had,
Nor can I *hope at all* in God,
Because I never served *him*,
After I got the *Diadem*.
Thus left of all, Comfort from no Man
I am a *Wretched Forlorn Woman*,

Nor cou'd her Godlike Bishops, who
Had led her by the Nose till now,
Give the least ease, or *Ghostly Cure*,
Though they Absolv'd her o'er and o'er,

Life, her Body was opened (and Embowel'd) and being Cear'd up was brought to White Hall, where it was Watched every Night by Six several Ladies, who being all about the same, which was within a Boarded Coffin with Leaves of Lead covered with Velvet, it happened that her Body brake the Coffin with such a Crack, that it split the Wood, Lead and Cearcloth, to the terror and Astonishment of all present. See the Discussion, p. 218.

For not at all did she believe
 (More than themselves) they could forgive;
 Although they took the Common-Prayer,
 And shew'd her Absolution there.
 Your Penance and your Absolution
 Is not of *Divine* Institution,
 Nor *Sacrament*, says she, as you
 Have taught me many years ago;
 But *sprung of Corrupt following*
Of the Apostles; if the thing
 Be so, what good can it do me?
 Turn to your *Articles* and see.
 To this not one Word was reply'd,
 But Comfortless the Woman dy'd.

High time that she were gone; for now
 She'd done what Mischief she could do,
 In settling *Reformation*,
 Her long long Thread at last was spun,
 Which one that attend her (but
 Play'd least in sight) a saucy Slut,
 With her unwelcome *Cissars* cut.
 And headlong to old *Harry* sent her,
 Who in this sort doth Compliment her.

Welcome brave Daughter! Thou that hast
 The *Roman Church* and *Faith* displac'd.
 What other News fro' th' World above?

Father, not only *Faith* but *Love*,
 I've done whatever I could do
 To banish, imitating you.
For Children any thing will gather,
From the Example of a Father.
 And that Religion never more
 May enter on our *English* Shore,
 I've made it *Penal* to become
 A Convert to the Church of *Rome*,
 And have more bloody *Statutes* made
 To murder Priests, than *Nero* had,
 Or *Dioclesian* ever saw.

Father, I kill 'em all by *Law*.

That's

That's the best way. But still go on:
What work made *Ned* when I was gone?

On Bishopricks, and Churches Lands
That you had left, he laid his hands,
And left the naked Church as bare
As when it first drew vital Air;
So that there was, when I came in,
Scarce any thing to lose but Skin.
Six Articles which you devis'd,
And by strong Statutes authoriz'd,
And *burned* such as did not heed 'em;
The young Rogue laugh'd at when he read 'em.
And by a Statute cry'd 'em down,
Then, set out new ones of his own;
Made a new Form of *Worship* too,
Impos'd it on the Realm for true:
But by and by *this* pleas'd him not,
So burn'd it: And another got.
If more of him you list to know. Sir
Call *Cranmer, Ridley, Cox, or Bucer.*
Parker and Grindal too can tell,
So *Horn* and *Jewel* very well,
These will inform you what you please
In *my* time, and in *Neddy's* days,
Pray beckon on 'em with your Thumb.
I wou'd so if they could but come.
Why not? they're not so far from hence,
I'll call 'em, shall I? *K.* Do not, *Wench.*
They're chain'd i'th' places where they lie
With fiery Shackles: So am I.
E. You, Father, Chain'd! That cannot be.
H. Yes, Daughter, and they'll fetter thee,
E. No, but they shall not, I'll away.
H. You cannot go. *E.* I will not stay.
H. The Gates are lock'd, and strongly barr'd.
E. Crown'd Heads imprison'd! this is hard,
What, no respect for *Majesty*?
Let us proclaim *Supremacy.*

And then they'll certainly respect us.

H. Supremacy can not protect us.

See how yon Fellow hastes amain,
Trailing a thousand Links of Chain,
Which you'll observe, as he draws nigher,
Are made of curled Rings of Fire.

E. And with his Chain what will he do?

H. Bind ev'ry Limb and Joint of you (d).

E. Help, Father! Ugly Fiend, begone!

I will not have these Fetters on.

Alas! Feet, Hands, and Fingers fast,
Belly, and Back, and Sides; and Breast,
And Neck and Throat, girt round with Flame,
On Head a glowing Diadem,
And Royal Robes of waving Fire!

The Torments that from this Attire

Arise, I now begin to feel

Thrill thro' my Soul, from Crown to Heel!

H. You now begin to take your Wages,

The pay will last for endless Ages.

E. What have I done to suffer this?

H. Destroy'd Faith and Religion, Bess,

(d) It is no rash Judgment to say with our Saviour (St. Mark 16.) He that believeth not shall be damned. And with St. Paul, Titus 3. v. 10. An Heretick is Condemned of his own Judgment.

Dr. Barlow accused the Learned Fr. Parsons, of Judging Qu. Elizabeth before her Time. But that Reverend Father in his Discussion of Barlow's Answer, p. 223 frees himself from the false Aspersions, by plainly shewing that he Judges no otherwise of this Q's future State (neither do I) than as St. Paul not only allows but obliges us to Judge of all Hereticks. He also further proves clearly both from Scripture and Fathers, that those who die Schismaticks or Hereticks cannot be saved. Now Queen Elizabeth was really Excommunicated for Schism and Heresie; she established Heresie in her Dominions, and maintained it to her utmost Power as long as she lived. Nor was there any the least Signs of Contrition or penance for it, before or at her Death. Nor will even Protestants themselves grant that she never so much as desired Reconciliation to the Catholick Church she had left, but on the contrary do all affirm that she died in the new Religion that she had Established, (i. e.) in Condemned Heresie. What else then can any Body Judge of her, than as we and Protestants too, do of Arius, Nestorius, and other Condemned Hereticks.

E. Yourself begun that work at first.

H. I did so: Be that Day accurst.

E. This is my Comfort, Life cannot last long;
A Heart burn'd to a Coal, a scorched Tongue,
Eyes boil'd in liquid Fire, a flaming Breath,
Must needs be symptoms of immediate Death:
Which to my Pains will be a welcome Cure.

H. There is no Death, but what we now endure.

E. Well, this will quickly take our Lives away.

H. Not so, for tho' we die, we *Live for Ay*.

E. I understand you not, how comes't that here
We do not die, when nought but Deaths appear?

H. We die, 'tis true, but it's an endless Death.

E. Is this the way then Souls do die beneath?

Call it not Death, but some more proper name.

H. Well, call it, if you will, devouring Flame.

E. I would so, if I found it could devour,
But this it does not: For we still endure.

By Death I mean *Not-being* pray tell me,
Will there a time come, when we shall not *be*? }
H. No, Time's no more. But an Eternity.

E. Then I perceive there is no end of *Being*,
And this, it seems, is what you call our dying.

H. To Souls that are tormented here beneath,
Their endless Being is *Eternal Death*:

So to the Souls above, in Joy and Bliss,
Eternal Life, their endless Being is.

Thus, both the *blest* above, and *damn'd* beneath
Live ever, *those* in Life, and *these* in Death.

E. Ah, dreadful Death! Its sight my Pains increase.
Are all our *worldly Glories* come to this?

Sad Change! From Pleasures in the upper World,
To be into such endless Anguish hurl'd; (here
The Thoughts of Pleasures past, make Torments
Ten hundred thousand times the worse to bear.

H. And yet those thoughts we eagerly desire,
And for their sakes still hug the gnawing Fire.

Let's

Let's even now, maugre increase of Pain,
Think all our by-past Pleasures o'er again.

H. How strutted I, when stil'd *Great King, Great Lord?*

E. How lofty I, when by my Court ador'd?

H. When we the Pope's and Church's Rights
infring'd,

How pleasant then it was to be Reveng'd.
When we by *Sacrilege* vast Treasures made,
And at our feet the *hallow'd* Riches laid,
With what strange Transport did we then behold
The *Altars* Jewels, and the *Churches* Gold!
But Joy excessive when into my hands
I seiz'd the *Abbeys* and the *Abbey-Lands*.

E. Old (*e*) *Charters*, Father, you and I have read,
In which, on pain of *Curse*, we were forbid
To meddle with the *Church's* Patrimony;
For it is God's, not to be touch'd by any.
How durst you then presume to take away
The sacred Treasures that on *Altars* lay?

(*e*) The Reader may find the Ancient Deeds, Charters and Donations to the Clergy, Church, Abbeys and other Religious Houses in Dugdale's Monasticon. In which he will see the many dreadful and heavy Curses Denounced against all those who shall any way knowingly and maliciously, alienate or violently take away the Church's Lands, and deprive it of its Rights, Donations and Privileges. Such for Instance as this following, which I have transcrib'd out of Mr. Chamberlain's Present State of England, printed 1704, Edit. 21. In the Parliament anno 1253. The King stood up with his hand upon his Breast. All the Lords Spiritual and Temporal stood with burning Tapers in their Hands and the Archbishop pronounced as follows:

By the Authority of God Omnipotent, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, &c. We excommunicate, anathematize, sequester from our Holy Mother the Church, all those who henceforth knowingly and Maliciously deprive and Spoil Churches of their Right: And all those that shall by any Art or Wit rashly violate, diminish or alter secretly or openly in Deed, Word or Counsel, those Ecclesiastical Liberties, &c. Granted to the Archbishops, Bishops, Prelates, &c. For everlasting Memory whereof, we have hereunto put our Seals. After which all throwing down their Tapers, extinguish'd and smeking, they all said, So let all that shall go against this Curse, be extinct and stink in Hell.

How durst you seize *Church-Lands*, rob *Priests* and
Poor,

And turn the vow'd Religious out of Door?

H. I slighted all those Charter-Curses, when
 I look'd upon and seiz'd the sacred Gain;
 But now I do experience, to my Grief,
 Their dire Effects: Nor hope I for Relief,
 Yet still I love, and hugg the Satisfaction
 I then enjoy'd in every wicked Action.

E. The very Thoughts of those our *Pleasures past*,
 And of *celestial Joys* that we have lost,
 Racks me with horrid Pain that seems to tear
 My Soul two diff'rent ways, with Hooks of Fire.

H. And what is worse, we must expect to be
 Torn thus in pieces for Eternity.

E. This is a Woe beyond the reach of Thought,
 Woe to the Pleasure that's so dearly bought.

H. But who imagin'd it would happen so?

E. The more Fools we! and now the more's our
 Woe.

Alas! alas! w' are utterly undone;
 Curst be our wicked Reformation.

Curst be the Night you left *Queen Kath'rine's* Bed,
 Curst be the Day you *Anna Bollen* wed,

The time you saw her first, be it accurst,
 With *me*, the Fruit of your unlawful Lust.

Curst be the envious Pride of *Schismatics*,
 The spiteful Tongues of lying *Hereticks*,
 And Hands that seiz'd *Church-lands* and *Bishopricks*. }

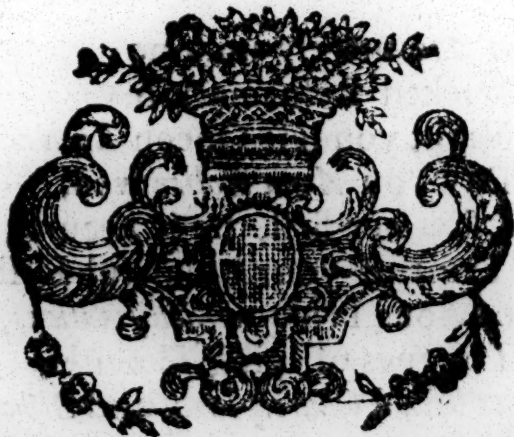
Curst be all those that counsell'd us to change
 Religion; may their Thoughts for ever range
 On frightful Objects, ever rowl about,
 And meet new Pains at every turn of Thought.

Curst be the *Articles* that I and *Ned*
 Devis'd, and impious *Liturgies* we made.

Curst be our *Penal-Laws*, and *Oaths Supreme*,
 May they be Fuel for eternal Flame.

Curst

Curst be the Instruments by which we shed,
Of Holy Martyrs, such vast streams of Blood,
And curst be *Walsingham's* and *Leister's* Plots,
And *mine*, against the pious Queen of *Scots*.
I curse the Day in which myself was born,
May it never more in annual Circle turn.
I curse you *Father*, and my *Mother* too ;
Ten thousand double Curses light on you ;
H. Curse on, the Curses of the Damned are
Th' effects of horrible and black Despair.
I curse you, *Daughter*, as you cursed *me*,
With Curses heavier, if such there be,
As you have curs'd th' occasions of our Sin,
Just so do I. I curse them o'er again,
And add to these a thousand Curses more
We'll curse Eternally, and ne'er give o'er.



The End of the Third CANTO.

ENGLAND'S Reformation.

The Argument of the Fourth CANTO.

*Of Church-Affairs 'tis still I Sing,
In Reign of James the Northern King;
Of Charles his Son, and Charles his Grand-Son,
The Presbyterian Kirk's Expansion.
Of other things I make report,
As the Dispute at Hampton-Court,
The Bible o'er again Translated.
The Powder-Plot, and who 'twas made it.
Records of Parker's Consecration
At Lambeth, publish'd by Frank Mason.
Of a new Common-Prayer-Book made,
And sent the Scots, by Bishop Laud;
And how Jane Gaddis, that shrewd Queen,
Pelted, for Reading it, the Dean:
What Mischiefs did in Kirks arise
From setting Tables Altar-wise:
How Grantham's Vicar by the Rabble
Was bang'd about Communion-Table.
The Propagation of the Word
By Blood, and Wounds, and Fire, and Sword,
And the Beheading of their King.
Of a new Priest-hood too I Sing,
Made by New Forms of Consecration,
At Charles the Second's Restoration,
At last the Canto Ends in Plots,
Contriv'd by Tony, Tong, and Oates.*

CANTO the FOURTH.

IF the deep learn'd aſterial Quacks
Paint Time to Life, in Almanacks,

He

He has on Brow a Lock of Hair,
 But all his Head beside is bare.
 Instructive Lock! Turn he his Back,
 You'll never catch him by the Lock.
 A Scythe he bears in his Right-hand,
 And in his left a Glafs of Sand,
 To shew, that when your Hour's run,
 As Fôlk cut Grass, he mows you down,
 This Workman lopping off the Queen,
 Made room for *James* the first to Reign.
 Who catching *Fore-lock* mounts the *Throne*,
 E're any other got, hereon.
 The Ceremonies being done
 About his Coronation.

He very briskly falls to work,
 As all Kings do, in clouting Kirk.
 For since our Princes were Supreme
 In *Church-Affairs*, not one of them,
 At coming to the Crown, but hath,
 Reform'd his Predecessor's Faith.

*As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended (f),*

This prudent King, perceiving now
 The greatest thing he had to do,
 Was to unite, if't could be done,
 Two disagreeing Kirks in one,
 And so compose th' eternal jars
 'Twixt Bishops and the Presbyters.

A Conference at *Hampton-Court*
 Appoints, to which both Sides resort;
 All chosen Men for Brain and Lungs,
 Well arm'd with Text, and nimble Tongues.
 Of Bishops *London*, *Winchester*,
 And *Durham*, and their Deans were there,
 'Gainst whom came *Reynolds* briskly on,
 With *Knewstubs*, *Sparks*, and *Chaderton*;
 Which four against the Prelates stormed,
 For not be'ng thoroughly Reformed.

(f) Hudibras.

We'd have your Lordships know, say they,
That twenty Blocks lie in our way,
Which 'till remov'd, ne'er think upon
What you require, *an Union*.

The Cross in Baptism (g) cast away,
And throw your *Smocks* off when you pray.
In Pulpits place Preachers of worth,
Zealous and lusty *HOLDERS-forth*;
That can *Preach* by the Spirit's Motion,
And *Pray* till one may hear Devotion
Break out in Twang of Nose, and Hums,
And Sobs and Sounds like Kettle-drums.

Let *Presbyters* each in his Parish (h)
'Tween *Portsmouth, Tweed, Lands-end and Harwich*,
Have leave of giving Confirmation:
So may the Children through the Nation
All times with greater ease ha't granted,
(Or Old-folks either, if they want it)
Than wait till they a Bishop see,
Which ten to one may never be,
Next, *Let the Churches Doctrine be (i)*
Sound. And Correct its Liturgy.

(g) One of their Scruples (says Baker) was the Cross in Baptism. The next thing Objected was the wearing the Surplice. Another, That good Pastors might be planted in all Churches to preach the pure Doctrine according to God's Word. Baker.

(h) Another, that Confirmation might not be by Bishops only, but that every Pastor in his Parish might Confirm. But this was thought to intrench too much upon the Jurisdiction of Bishops; and to be a step to bring in a Presbyterian Government, which the King much disliked. Baker.

(i) Another request was, That the Doctrine of the Church might be preserved in purity, according to God's Word.

Another, that the Book of Common Prayer might be fitted to a more increase of Piety. See Bakers Chron. p. 444, 445, 446.

The King and Bishops gave Satisfaction to none of their Demands. Besides what Reynolds, Chadorton and Knewstubs had objected against the Common Prayer; The Ministers of Lincoln Diocess writ against it, which they delivered to his Majesty Dec. 1. 1606. In an Abridgement of which Book I find these following Objections against it, First, That the Book of Common-Prayer appointeth such a Translation of the Holy Scriptures to be read in the Church as
leaves

For what you call the Common-Prayer,
Is Superstitious ev'ry where.
Its *Psalms*, its *Lessons*, and what else
Of Scripture, are Translated false;
The Meaning of the Holy Ghost,
Thro' all its Scripture part, is Lost,
Because the Version's alter'd quite
From what the Sacred Pen-Men write:

Aghast at this the Bishops look,
And *Reynolds* opened the Book,
Which Carefully from end to end
He turn'd, and ev'ry Sentence scan'd;
Condemning many Faults again,
That had been found in *Bessy's* Reign,
Discov'ring yet an hundred more
Than e'er had been observ'd before
All which the *Presbyterian* side
Demanded might be rectify'd.

But this the *Bishops* would not do,
Nor would the King consent thereto,
Thinking it would disgrace old *Cranmer*,
And brand him for a *False Reformer*,

leaves out of the Text Sundry Words and Sentences which were given of Divine Inspiration, p. 14.

It doth add both Words and Sentences to the Text, to the changing and obscuring of the meaning of the Holy Ghost, p. 15.

Such a Translation, as is in many places Absurd, and such as no reasonable Sense can be made of, p. 16. In very many places it perverteth the meaning of the Holy Ghost, by false Interpretations of the Text, p. 17. In that Abridgment there are Exceptions against the Common-Prayer, Catechism, Homilies, and some of the 39 Articles.

We thought meet, says the King, with the Consent of the Bishops, &c. that some small things might rather be Explained than Changed. And for that Purpose gave further Commission under our Great Seal of England to the Archbishops of Canterbury, and others, &c. to make the said Explanation, and to cause the whole Book of Common-Prayer, with the same Explanation, to be newly Printed. See the Ring's Proclamation generally printed at the fore-end of the Common-Prayer Book.

After many other Points moved by Dr. Reynolds, he came at last to Subscription, intreating that it might not be Exacted, as heretofore. Baker supr.

For them to own what he set forth
Corrupted, and of little worth.
Tho' they would not make Reparation
Of its gross Faults by *true* Translation,
But did the King think fit that they
Should Rectify't another way.
We'll let, says he, the Letter stand
But yot its *Sense* shall be *Explain'd* :
For Change of Sense I know is better
Than Alteration of the Letter,
And will less scandalize the Weak.
What say you to't? Speak, Bishops, speak!
Learn'd Prince say they, your Words are Wise,
None can a better way devise.
Go then, says he, *Explain* the Book,
And not one Error overlook.
They do so, and their Explanation
He authoriz'd by Proclamation.

This sort of Complimental Action,
Gave none or little Satisfaction
To *Reynolds*, and his godly Train,
Who look'd on't as a trifle Vain :
And told 'em such an Explanation
Was but imposing on the Nation
A Sense, the Words of Common-Prayer,
While uncorrected, could not bear.
Your Ceremonies (but in Vain)
You may in some fond sort explain,
But how (say they) can *Explanation*
Turn into Truth a *False Translation*?
Your Explanation, tho't be good,
Yet the false Version stands where't stood.
What Reason then to think that we
Should e'er *Subscribe* your Liturgy?
And therefore never move us to't,
Nor punish such as will not do't;
Conscience shou'd not be forc'd, but free
In days of *Gospel Liberty*.

This

This put the Bishops to a stand,
Till *Cæsar* took their Cause in hand,
Who very hotly held dispute,
To help the baffl'd Bishops out.

The Gospel (h) has been Preach'd here,
Says he, *these five and forty year.*
And is not this of *Ancient* standing
Enough to please you without mending?
Go, stubborn Villains, and comply,
Or else, by *Kirk's Antiquity*
I swear, I'll Soufe-ye by and by.

His other Arguments were few,
Some think but *one* and some say *two*,
(If *three* the last a curled Brow)
For his *I WILL*, or *I WILL NOT*,
When with an awful Forehead put,
'Gainst *Reynolds* and his *Whigs* prevail'd,
When all the Bishops Logick fail'd,

Before the Conference did begin,
He cou'd have told what side wou'd win;
For he had long before been weary
Of *Knox* and *Murray's* Presbytery;

(b) In fine, the King told them, That if after the Gospel's Preaching 45 years among you, (A long time indeed) there be any yet in these Points unsatisfy'd, I doubt it proceeds rather out of Stubborness of Opinion than out of Tendernefs of Conscience; and therefore let them Conform themselves, or else they shall hear further of it. Vid. Parker supr.

Notwithstanding the many Errors, False Translations, and Corruptions of Scripture found in the Common Prayer-Book, by the Presbyterians, yet the King and his Bishops in their Book of Canons, made in their Convocations of 1603. and Printed in 1604. Oblige every Body, under pain of Excommunication, to hold it for true and good, as in Canon 4. Who ever shall hereafter affirm, that the Form of God's Worship, established by Law and contained in the Book of Common-Prayer comprehendeth any thing in it that is Corrupt or Superstitious, or unlawful in the Worship of God, or containeth any thing in it that is Contrary to the Scriptures. Let him be Excommunicated ipso facto: And not restored but by the Bishop of the Diocess, or Archbishop, after his Repentance, and Publick Revocation of such his wicked Error.

And

And knew their Principles pernicious
 To Kings, Rebellious and Seditious,
 And understood as well their Knacks
 As he who since writ *Philanax*.
 Therefore resolved to run down
Short-Cloaks, and up *Lawn-sleeves* and *Gown*.

Besides, his *Mother's* Banishment.
 And Dangers that *he* underwent
 Himself, while in his tender years,
 He govern'd was by Presbyteers,
 Were no small Motives to incline him
 To th' Bishops side, who gladly join him.
 And when the Conference was ended,
 Because he had so well defended
 Their Common-Prayer, and sinking Cause,
 They lift to Heav'n their foremost Paws,
 And *Canterbury* rowl'd his Eyes,
 Like Pullet-Eggs, up to the Skies,
 For Breath he gasps, and fit to choke,
 Till Tears broke out, and then he spoke.
 I'm just *besides myself* with joy,
 And if you'd know the Reason why,
 It is because our God-like Prince
 Stood stiffly to't in our Defence,
 Till he has these our Foes confuted,
 O, happy we! that he disputed,
 Who had the Holy Spirit's aid
 To dictate every Word he said;
 I'm sure his Tongue did never move
 But by Assistance from above.
It pleas'd their Church's Head to be
Flatter'd so full of Deity.

After the Prayer-Book's Explanation;
 To fit the Rhyme, comes in Translation;
 And therefore what you meet with next
 Is a new *Version* of the Text:
 For skill'd Reformers Bibles cobble
 As Poets Verses do that hobble.

Reynolds (i) and *Knewstubs* and their Men
 Against false Bibles now complain.
 And told the Bishops, in great wrath,
 They had impos'd, for *Rule of Faith*,
 Scripture Corrupt and falsify'd.
 Those needs must err, (such false Rules guide)

It's now full *five and forty* Year
 Since our new Gospel budded here,
 Yet it has ne'er had better Ground
 Than Bibles false, corrupt, unsound.
 What but a Toad-stool can spring out
 Of a corrupted rotten Root?

Here *Reynolds* stopt. The Bishops stood
 Silent as carved Men of Wood,
 Not thinking fitting to deny
 What could be prov'd apparently,
 Nor willing it shou'd be related,
 Their Rule of Faith was false Translated.
 So not a Man wou'd move his Tongue.
 The King suspecting all was Wrong,
 Bids 'em bring every Translation
 That had been since the Reformation.
Will Tyndal's Bible in they bring,
 And *Matthew's* Bible, quo' the King,
 I know 'em both, they're good for nought.
 Then they bring *Grafton's* Bible out,
Geneva's Bible follows this,
 And three more Bibles made by *Bess*.

The King himself no labour spar'd,
 To compare, and to see compar'd,
 Those Versions with the *Greek* and *Hebrew*
Originals; for both Tongues he knew
 As well as *Cabalistical* Seers,
 Or *Ptolomy's* Interpreters.
 The further on he did proceed,
 The more he found they disagreed;

(i) Another Motion of Dr. Reynolds was, that there might be a new Translation of the Bible because the present Translations were Corrupt. Vid Baker supr.

At last he flung 'em all away,
 And to the *Disputants* did say,
Here's not one Bible (k), O'-my-Saul,
That's good: Geneva's worst of all.

My Lords, says he; I'll ha' the Nation
 Cheated no more with *false Translation*,
 And therefore quickly go about
 The fitting of another out;
 And see it be, in ev'ry part,
 Right, or at least *Secundum Art*,
 That is, *Humph*, Popery! ye-ken
 My meaning: Go about it then.

The Bishops who, by such a hint,
 Guest easily at what he meant,
 Protested they'd enough of Zeal
 'Gainst Popery to do it well.
 The learned'st Doctors in the Land
 That did, or did not understand
 The Ancient Language *Moses* spoke,
 When he compos'd the *Pentateuk*,
 Were gather'd by the Convocation,
 To help to make this *new Translation*.
 To work they go, no hand was idle,
 Till out there comes another Bible.
New Rule of Faith, to guide the Nation,
 They nam'd it, *King James's Translation*.
 Yet not much better than the rest,
 As by their learn'd must be confest,
 Who always, in each new *Edition*,
 Change something from the first impression;
 So that of diff'rent Bibles now
 The Number's very hard to know,
 Or whether th' oldest, or the newest,
 Or which of all the rest is truest.

(k) The King told them he could never yet see a Bible well Translated into English; and the Geneva Translation was the worst of all. See Confer. Before his Majesty. p. 46.

Some think they're all not worth a Button,
 Witnefs the *Oxford Polyglotton*,
 Which differs from 'em ev'ry one,
 In its *English Translation*.

As *Jove* could into diff'rent shapes
 Transform himself to act his Rapes,
 So those reforming Jugglers twisted
 Their Bible to what form they list'd,
 To authorize, by each Translation,
 A new or further Reformation.
 As all their first Translation spoke
 Against the Faith they then forsook,
 So this, made in King *James's* Reign,
 Is levell'd at the *Puritan*.

For instance, *Besse's* first Translation
 Chang'd the word *Church* to *Congregation*,
 Because they'd left the *Church of Rome*,
 And had nought like a *Church* at home.
 But this turns *Congregation* out,
 And *Church* into his place is brought,
 Because they now (forsooth) would be
 A *Church*, under an *Hierarchy*,
 (A very fair Advance, I swear,
 In four or *five and forty year*.)
 And count Presbyters and the rest
 But *Congregations*, at the best.

This *Congregation-Church* would be
 Believ'd to have an *Hierarchy*;
 And now pretends to *Ordination*
 Episcopal, and *Consecration*;
 Therefore has brought under Correction
Ordaining Elders by Election.
Election they'll no longer try
 To make a Priest or Bishop by,
 And so have from the Bible raz'd it,
 Where their *elected* Grand-fires plac'd it.

And now themselves they mean to carry
 Like Bishops o'er the Presbytery.

Will

Will have the Clergy give attendance
 To *them*, on *them* have whole dependance;
 Be *Rul'd* and *Govern'd* (*l*), and to stand
 Obedient to *their* Command.
 So therefore in this Bible read
RULE, which was in the former *Feed*;
 And for the same cause translate *Power*,
 Which was *Prerogative* before.

Tradition now comes into play,
 Which former Bibles (*m*) cast away,
 And did, in place of it, advance
Instruction and *Ordinance*.

The Bishops own some pious Uses,
 Which other Sects count grand Abuses:
 As Christ'ning *Infants*, e'er they have
 The use of Reason to believe;
 Baptismal *Cross*; and Wedding-Rings;
 Worshipping Brides, those pretty things;
 Kneeling when they Communicate,
 (Although it is but Bread they eat;)
 Breaking the *Sabbath-day* (*n*), and keeping
 The *First day* (*o*) Holy. (and, for sleeping)
 Candles (unlighted) (*p*) on God's board;
 And wearing; when they serve the Lord,
 Lawn-Sleeves, Gowns, Rochets, Surplices,
 Capes, Tippetts, and such things as these;

(*l*) In St. Mat. 2. v. 6. The true Reading is, out of thee (Beth-lehem) shall arise up a Ruler that shall Rule my People Israel. Queen Elizabeth's Translators were so much afraid of being Ruled that they falsly turned the Word Rule into Feed, but K. James's Bishops finding in themselves a Power of Ruling the Presbyterians and other Sects, Corrected the Corruption. In the Bible of 1559. St. John c. 1. v. 12. is Corruptly put Prerogative instead of Power. But is Corrected in K. James's Bible.

(*m*) Queen Elizabeth's Bibles 1560, 1597, 1599, have Instructions and Ordinance instead of Traditions: Which False Versions King James's Translators have Corrected.

(*n*) Saturday.

(*o*) Sunday.

(*p*) They stand always unlighted in Protestant Kirks.

Which all the Sects of purer Saints
 Condemn for Popish Ornaments,
 These other Customs held for good ones,
 As eating Blood in good Black-puddings,
 And Giblet-pies, with other Food
 That cunning Cooks made up of Blood.
 Feeding on strangled things, as *Hares*,
 And other Creatures caught in Snares.
 Fasting on *Vigils*, and in *Lent*,
 Keeping the Feast of ev'ry Saint
 That in their Common-Prayer is found,
 As by its *Rubricks* they are bound.
 All which said Customs they could not
 Defend by any Word but that
 Old word *Tradition*; therefore they
 Have turn'd their *Ordinance* away,
 And in its place again have fix'd
Tradition. Thus they mend the Text.

They mend it only in such places
 As seems to cross their present Cases,
 By giving Liberty to such
 New Sects as spring up in their Church.
 But when in any place they found
 The Text corrupted and unsound,
 If't did the *Roman* Faith offend,
 They seldom would the Error mend.
 As, for Example, in the Margent
 I'll shew; (*m*) but will not much enlarge on't.

In short, this last Translation still
 Is *False*, *Corrupt*, almost as ill

(*m*) The King's Bible still retains the Words Elder instead of Priest, because under the Name Priest, they knew the People generally understood a Catholick Priest not a Protestant Minister; Nor are their Ministers to this day themselves stiled Priests (unless when spoke with design) but Parson, Ministers, or Elders. And their Writers in King James II. Time, were extremely fond of being called Ministerial Guides, forsooth and entituled themselves so in their Writings. A Term Ridiculous enough to such as grant they have no Power to Guide, nor any Body obliged to be guided by them, as appears in Burnet's Exposition of the 39 Articles.

As

As those crook'd Rules of Faith they had
In days of *El'zabeth* and *Ned*.

Thus, as their Faith held on it's Course
Of change, from better to the worse,
Or from the worse again to better,
So alter'd they the Scripture's Letter,
And made it ply, like Wax of Bee,
To every shape of *Heresy*.

New Faiths were still the Rules they had
By which their *Rules of Faith* were made.
So Water brings forth *Ice*, and then
Ice into *Water* turns again.

In that Text of the Prophet Malachy, c. 2. v. 7. which when truly Translated is the Priests Lips, shall keep Knowledge, and they shall seek the Law as his Mouth, because he is the Angel of the Lord of Hosts. Queen Elizabeth's Bibles falsly turn the word shall into should, and Angel into Messenger. And King James's still retains the Corruption; suggesting by it, That the Priests Lips should keep Knowledge and teach the Law, but do not. Their turning Angel into Messenger is done also to lessen the Dignity of Priesthood. The whole Corruption is designed to render not only particular Bishops and Priests contemptible, but to stamp the Character of Fallibility on even approved, general Councils, and the Supreme High Priest, that sits in the Chair of that great Apostle, for whom Christ prayed That his Faith should not Fail, yea upon the whole Catholic Church, whether Collective or Diffusive.

But if the Catholic Church be Fallible (as they would make it) what can we expect from that thing which calls itself the Church of England? Must we seek for the Law and Gospel at the Lips of its Elders and Ministerial Guides, or at its Convocations and Councils, though the greatest they can gather?

Dr. Burnet of Sarum, in his Exposition on the 20th Article, tells us better things. He sets every Man on a level with the Church of England Pastors. The Tinker has as much Authority in Matters of Faith as the Bishop, the Cocker as the Church, perhaps more, from being allowed to examine the matter over again, and if at last the public Decisions cannot please him, he may light his Tobacco-pipe with 'em; and decide for himself.

By this, not one Protestant in England has any Obligation at all, in Conscience, to believe any one of their 39 Articles, upon the Authority of the Convocation that made 'em, or Church that proposes them. The same may be said of their Common-Prayer, Catechisms, Homilies, Canons, Injunctions, Preachings, Sacraments, &c. Upon their Church's Authority, I say.

Is it not then the most unjust and greatest Tyranny over Men's Consciences that can be imagined, to punish Dissenters, by loss of Estate, Imprisonment, loss of Life, (as has too often been practised, by force of their Penal Laws) and sending their Souls to the Devil, by their Canons? In them, I say, who declare they have no more Authority than the Man they so hang and damn, has, to judge for himself.

In 1 Tim. c. 4. v. 14. and 2 Tim. c. 1. v. 6. King James's Bible still follows the old Corruption, Gift instead of Grace. The 25th of the 39 Articles, obliges them to this by its denying Holy Order to be a Sacrament, or to have any Visible Sign or Ceremony ordained of God. Consequently no invisible Grace.

King James's Translation retains yet the word Elder instead of Priest, and because those gifted Elders cannot be without Wives, they resolve their Bibles shall allow them, though they make 'em of their Sisters. As 1 Cor. cap. 9. v. v. Where St. Paul says, Have not we power to lead about a Woman, a Sister; they falsly turn the word Woman into Wife. Queen Elizabeth's Bibles of 1598, 1599, say, Have not we Power to lead about a Wife being a Sister. The King's Bible has it, A Sister, a Wife, see that printed at London 1703. They also retain the ridiculous Corruption Yoke-Fellow, instead of Companion. Philip 4.

The King's Bible keeps still that impious and spiteful Corruption against our Blessed Lady (St. Luke c. 1.) Hail, Thou art highly Favoured, which should be, Hail full of Grace. This is invidiously done to disgrace and lessen the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, and as much as in them lies, to debase her to the Level of their own Highly favoured Yoke-fellows.

Nor have they corrected that malicious Corruption in the 20th Chapter of Exodus, v. 4. Thou shalt not make to thyself any Graven Image; which if truly translated according to the Hebrew, should be Graven Thing, or Graven Idol, as the Greeks interpret it. But the word Image is neither in Hebrew, Greek nor Latin, but altogether against the meaning of the Holy Ghost, who, on the contrary, commanded the

the Jews to make Images, and to place them in the Temple. This Corruption is got into their Common-Prayer-Books and Catechisms in their second Commandment. Thereby they stamp on the tender Souls of their Children such a Horror against Holy Images, and rivet it into the Heads of the People, That they look upon the Image of our Saviour Christ Crucified on the Cross, with a great deal more Stare and Terror than they would do to behold the Devil himself. The Devil's Image they freely make in the horridest Figures imaginable, which they keep tenderly enough; And to honour it the more, have exalted it (in the ugly poisonous Form of a great Dragon) to the top of their Church Steeples, where the Cross of Christ used formerly to stand. Witness Bow-Church in London, and Covent-Garden-Church. The first has a Dragon on the Steeple, the other a Serpent over the Door.

The King, designing to prevent
All future strife by Argument,
And stamp Authority upon
What had been *well*, or *not well done*
Before his Time, in *Faith* and *Worship*,
By regal Power, or Power of Bishop;
Speaks in a grave Religious fashion,
To his attentive Convocation.

My Lords, you know our prudent quondam,
Queen *Elzabeth*, a pious, Bon-dame,
Secur'd her Kirk by *Statutes Penal*
'Gainst Life and Goods, which you have seen all.
And know full well that their Effect
Comes short of what you did expect.
I have a Project reaches further
By far than that, were't put in order;
And it is this, a *Ghostly Law*
Must strike in People greater awe
Than all your *Penal Statutes*, which
No further than the Body reach:
For what strikes at the Soul, I'm sure,
None but an Atheist can endure.
Therefore to word I'd ha'-ye go,
And bind their Souls by Ghostly Law.

Of

Of *Canons* make a *Corpus-juris*,
 T' affirm that our Religion pure is (n),
 And Excommunicate all such
 As think not Orthodox our Church,
 An Excommunication's frightful,
 'Cause to the Devil't sends the spiteful,
 And damns 'em for their *Wicked Errors*.
 This must strike Folk with dreadful Terrors,
 And make 'em glad with us to join,
 In *Worship, Faith, and Discipline*.
 Spiritual Weapons keener are
 Than all the Edge-Tools us'd in War.
 They all consented to the same,
 And out a Book of *Canons* came,
 I think in number, *off and on*,
 An hundred and forty-one.

I have put down some two or three (o),
 For th' rest, the Book of *Canons* see.
Canon the third presumes to call
 Their New Church *Apostolical*;
 And yet King *James*, learn'd Prince and Sage,
 At forty-five Years dates its Age,
 That is, fro' th' first year of the Reign
 Of its grand Foundress, *Bess* the Queen.
 Oh! What a gaping *Chasm* here's!
 A Leap of fourteen hundred years,
 Between th' Apostles times and *Bess's*.
 Was ever such a *Bull* as this is?

(n) Rogers's Explanation of the Thirty nine Articles then called;
 The Catholick Doctrine of the Church of England, perused and
 allowed by the Lawful Authority of the Church of England.

Tells us that, The most severe and uttermost Punishment, that
 the visible Church can inflict upon the Wicked, is Excommunica-
 tion. Which is to put the &c. Wicked Doer from the Company
 of the Faithful, to deliver him unto Satan, and to denounce him a
 Heathen and a Publican. A Man so cut off from the Congregation
 and Excommunicated, is not to be eaten withal, nor to be received
 into House. See the 33d of the 39 Articles, and Rogers's Expla-
 nation upon it.

(o) Canon 3.

Fourth

Fourth Canon (*p*) *heals* the Common-Prayer,
Yet *cures* not one Corruption there;
But all that *Reynolds* and his Men
Complain'd of, to this day remain.

The Fifth (*q*) approves the *Thirty-nine*
For *pious Doctrines* and *Divine*.

Yet in the Seventeenth (*r*) you'll see,
Involv'd *Calvinian* Blasphemy;
Rising from absolute *Decrees*,
And from eternal *Purposes*,
Which, in plain Consequence, bring in
God for the Author of all Sin.

Christ's Church the Nineteenth Article,
In spite of *Christ*, makes *Fallible*.

Hope, *Charity*, and good *Works* are
Excluded quite from any share

In Man's Justification;
It's *Faith* must save him, *Faith* alone.

The Eleventh calls this Doctrine *wholsome*,
And paums 't on Souls for *Sovereign Balsam*.

The twenty-eighth's an absurd Fiction.
The Thirty-fifth involves a Contradiction.

The Eighth and Thirty-sixth (*s*) do bind
Young Elders that wou'd be Ordain'd,
To *Edward's* Form of Ordination,
Tho' not now us'd, but out of Fashion.
Their Bishop ships do also lie
Under the same Canonick Tye,
Of using them, when they Ordain
And Consecrate new Clergy-men;

(*p*) Canon 4.

(*q*) Canon 5.

(*r*) Dr. Burnet on this 17 Article says, It is very probable that those who Penned it meant that the Decree was Absolute (or as he calls it a little before) God's Eternal Purpose or Decree made purely upon an Absolute Will. He says also that the Calvinists have less occasion for Scruple (in Subscribing than the Remonstrant) since the Article does seem more plainly to favour them.

(*s*) Canon 8. and Canon 39.

Yet

Yet this they never meant to do
 Since sixteen Hundred Sixty-two.
 For then it was they new ones made,
 And by, as *null*, the old ones laid.
 When they those *Forms* chang'd, it is strange
 They did not then these *Canons* change,
 And the Thirty-sixth *Article*,
 Which binds 'em all to use them still;
 Then could it not so flatly go
 Against their Oath *Ex animo*.

But now, observe their wretched State,
 You'll find 'em Excommunicate.
 They break a main Point of their Faith.
 Subscribe and swear till out of Breath,
 By all the *Flesh upon their Backs*,
 Till over-stretched *Conscience* Cracks,
Their Canons, Faith, and Perjury,
Do Damn 'em by Authority.

Canon. 3. That the Church of England is Orthodox.

Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, That the Church of England, by Law Established under the King's Majesty; is not an Orthodox and Apostolical Church, delivering and maintaining the Doctrine of the Apostles; let him be Excommunicated *ipso facto*; and not restored but by the Archbishop, after his Repentance and public Revocation of such his wicked Errors.

Canon 4. The Divine Worship, Established in the English Church, is Godly and Orthodox.

Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, That the Form of God's Worship Established by Law, and contained in the Book of Common-Prayer, comprehendeth any thing in it that is Corrupt, Superstitious or Unlawful in the Worship of God, or containeth any thing in it that is contrary to the Scriptures, let him be Excommunicated *ipso facto*; and not restored but by the Bishop of the Diocese or Archbishop, after his Repentance and public Revocation of such his wicked Error.

Canon 5. The Articles Established in the Church of England are godly and pious Doctrines.

Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, That any or the 39 Articles, agreed upon by the Archbishops and Bishops of both Provinces,

Provinces, and the whole Clergy in Convocation, holden at London in the Year of our Lord 1562, for the avoiding of Diversity of Opinions, and Establishing Consent (*in causa fidei*) touching true Religion, are in any part Superstitious or Erroneous, or such as he may not with a good Conscience subscribe unto, let him be Excommunicated *ipso facto*; and not restored but only by the Archbishop, after his Repentance and public Revocation of such his wicked Errors.

Canon 6. The use of Ceremonies, retained in the Church of England, are Godly and Lawful.

Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, That the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England by Law Established, are Impious, Antichristian, or Superstitious: or of such sort that Godly and Religious Men, though commanded by lawful Authority, cannot with a safe Conscience approve or observe them; or also, as occasion offers, subscribe the same; let him be Excommunicated *ipso facto*; and by no means Absolved, till his Repentance and public Revocation of such his wicked Errors.

Canon 7. The Administration of the English Church is agreeable to the Word of God.

Whosoever shall hereafter affirm the Government and Discipline of the Church of England, under the Regal Majesty, by Archbishops, Bishops, Deacons, Archdeacons, and the rest Constituted to its Government, to be Antichristian, and contrary to the Word of God: Let him be Excommunicated *ipso facto*; and in no sort Absolved, till his Repentance and public Revocation of such his wicked Errors.

Canon 8 The manner of Ordaining Clergy, in the Church of England, is Consonant to the Word of God.

Whosoever shall hereafter affirm or teach, That the Form and Rite of Ordaining Bishops, Priests and Deacons, and inaugurating them; contains any thing in itself repugnant to the word of God; and that whosoever are in that manner ordained; neither ought to be taken for Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, either by themselves, or by others, till they be first empowered by other Ordination to those sacred Offices: Let him be Excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not at all Absolved, till he Repent, and publicly revoke those his wicked Errors.

Canon

Canon 9. Against the Author of Schism, and such as depart from the Church of England.

Whosoever shall hereafter separate themselves from the Communion of Saints, as is approved by the Apostles Rules in the Church of England, and combine themselves in a new Brotherhood; counting the Christians, who are conformable to the Doctrine, Government, Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England, to be profane and unmeet for them to join with in Christian Profession; let them be Excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not restored but by the Archbishop, after they repent and publicly revoke those their wicked Errors.

Canon 36. None are to be ordained till they first subscribe these three following Articles, nor are they capable of any Ecclesiastical Dignity or Benefice whatsoever in the Church of England, till they do subscribe.

First, That the King's Majesty, next to God, is the only and Supreme, as well in all Spiritual as Ecclesiastical Things and Causes, as in Seculars. And that no foreign Prince, Prelate, State or Potentate, hath or ought to have any Jurisdiction, Power, Superiority, Preheminence, or Authority Ecclesiastical or Spiritual in his said Majesties Kingdoms, Dominions and Territories.

Secondly, That the Book of Common-Prayer, and of Ordaining and Consecrating Bishops, Priests and Deacons, containeth nothing in itself contrary to the Word of God: and therefore is lawful to be used: And that he, in public Prayers and Administration of the Sacraments, shall well and truly observe the Form which is prescribed in the said Book, and none other.

Thirdly, That he wholly approveth the Book of Articles of Religion, &c. and that he acknowledgeth all and every single Article therein contained, in Number 39 to be agreeable to the Word of God.—He that will subscribe to these three Articles, to avoid all Ambiguity, must do it in a Form of Words used in subscribing, expressing his Name and Surname. Ego N. N. tribus his prefixis Articulis, omnibusque in eisdem contentis, Lubens & ex Animo Subscribo.—Well sworn young Parson.

Canon 144. Which is the last, brings up the Rear, by Excommunicating every Body that rejects, and contemns this sacred Synod (as they ridiculously call it) or any of its Acts, Canons, or Constitutions.

The

The King was so highly Elevated with the Conceit of the Performances of his sacred Synod, and the fine Number of Canons they made him; and considering also his Title of Defender of the Faith: Thought himself sufficiently empowered by Divine Authority to spread his Church of England's Religion, as far as the Apostles did Christianity. He therefore to begin at home, and drive the work before him, sends, says Baker, Divers Learned Divines into *Scotland* to promote an Uniformity of Religion.

And now for Holland, to grapple with Vorstius, whom the States, says Baker, determin'd to entertain for Publick Professor of Divinity in Leyden. But he knowing him to hold Erroneous Opinions, &c. so earnestly solicited the States, by his own Letters, and by his Leiger Sir Ralph Winwood, by no means to admit the said Vorstius into that place, &c. which after much soliciting, his Request was granted, and Vorstius expelled.

The next he set upon was Arminius and his Doctrines, in the Synod of Dort in Holland. That Synod consisted, says Baker, of learned Divines sent from the Count Palatin of the Rhine, from Hassia, from Switzerland, Geneva, Bern, Embden, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Friesland, and other Provinces. Some also were sent from England, as George Bishop of Landaff, J. Davenant, Sam Ward, Thomas Good, and Walter Belcanquel a Scot. Which Synod was assembled to examine and determine the Doctrine of Arminius; which was at last rejected, as also that of Vorstius, &c. The Baptists made so little reckoning of this Synod, that one of them, in scorn, made Eccho censure it in this Distick,

*Dordraci Synodus? Nodus. Chorus integer? Æger.
Conventus? Ventus. Sessio Stramen? Amen.*

The next design they set on foot,
Was a prodigious Powder-plot;
Plot that had sure enough undone 'em,
If't had blown Houses down upon 'em;
Or blown 'em up, I think the rather,
I should say, tho' no matter whether;
For the inventor of the Plot
Design'd it ne'er shou'd come to that.
And yet it did not miss the end
For which it was at first design'd.

The

The King at that time kept beside him (t)
 One who out-witted all that try'd him;
 Deep Oracle was all he said,
 Like that of *Bacon's* Brazen-head;
 An old Serpentin *Machivilian*,
 Not one more crafty in a Million;
 His Politicks did ever tend
 To some mischievous wicked End;
 Religion he had never any,
 Yet, like his Dad, profess as many
 As came to hand, provided that
 They first were owned by the State.
 But whatsoever he profess,
 He was a Foe to all the rest,
 Yet had a greater spite at none
 Than Catholic Religion,

(t) This Sir Robert Cecil was made Secretary of State under Queen Elizabeth before his Father Sir William Cecil died, and continued in that Office in King James's time. Upon his good Service in the Plot he was made Treasurer.

The Plot, says the Author of the Catholic Apology, was designed to make the Policy of a great Statesman (meaning Cecil) p. 399. Edit. 3.

Father More, in his Posthumous History of the English Province, says, There was no light Suspicions of a Peer's knowing the Conspiracy long before its Discovery, who Cunningly pretended Ignorance, that more might be involved. See Hist. of the Society, p. 310.

Sanderfon, a Protestant, intimates the same when he tells us that the Jesuits had a Note of Cecil's Name in their Register. Not as a Day Labourer, but as the Master Workman; whose Foreign and Domestick Engineers wrought in the Mines of Discovery, Sand. p. 334.

And the said Charge (says the Catholick Apology out of Sanderfon) Cecil himself owns, by making this Answer to the Complaint of the Catholicks: That even so Nero set Rome on fire, and after laid the blame upon the Christians. Sand. p. 336. C. Ap. p. 413.

Osborne in his History of King James p. 36. a Protestant calls it a neat Device of the Treasurer's. Cecil was made Treasurer immediately after the discovery. And Sanderfon says, he was made Earl for his Service in the Business. p. 336. And King James himself (who spoke not without thinking) usually call'd them the fifth day of November, Cecil's Holy-day. Catholick Apology. p. 432.

Nor any by him more molested
Than those good Souls that still profess it.

This was the Man that did invent
The Plot that scar'd the Parl'ament.
Which to the Papists charge he laid,
Like *Nero*, who in story's said
To have himself set *Rome* on flame,
Then charg'd the Christians with the same.

Yet *Cecil*, for so hight the Man
That this Contrivance carry'd on,
Thought it his best not to begin
Till some loose Papists were drawn in,
Such as the Name, but little more
Than this, of that Religion bore,
For from the Guilty his intent
Was to defame the Innocent.
Thus bloody unthinking busy Fools,
Are Politicians working Tools.

Under the Senate-house there were,
Deep Cellars made for Ale and Beer,
But empty then as Vacuum,
Or hollow belly of a Drum.
And these they fill with Thirty-six
Gun-powder Barrels, and dry Sticks:
The Billet-wood above they throw
To hide the Powder stow'd below.

Well, having thus prepar'd the Vault,
And all things ready for Assault,
To heave the *Senate*, at one blow,
Higher than e'er they meant to go;
The next great piece of *Cecil's* Care
Was to discover this Affair
So cunningly, that nought of this ill
Might seem to be contriv'd by *Cecil*,
But only by those Papists who
He had procur'd to work below.

Cecil (*w*), to bring his Plot to light,
Does to the Lord *Monteagle* write

(*w*) *Cecil* contriv'd the strange Letter that was sent to the Lord
Monteagle. See *Cath. Apol.* p. 405.

A Letter, without date or place,
 Or name, to know from whence it was.
Monteagle was a Papist Lord
 Just, loyal, noble, and abhor'd
 Conspiracies, or any thing
 Against his Country, God or King.
 Who opening this surprizing Letter,
 Was struck with wonder at the matter,
 For you must know the mystick Scrawl,
 Like to *Belshazzar's* on the Wall,
 Seem'd at the first strangely mysterious,
 But on Consideration serious,
 He dreaded something might be in't
 Relating to the Government.
 And therefore does the Letter bring
 To *Cecil*; *Cecil* to the King.

The King looks seriously upon't;
 Reads o'er a line, and studies on't,
 And then another line reads o'er,
 And pores on't, as he did before;
 Lifts up a Lugg, casts down an Eye,
 From its fifth corner looks to try
 If he the depth on't could espy.
 At last through oblique nerve of Sheep's Eye
 Into the bottom of it peeps he,
 And told the Courtiers what it meant:
 I see, says he, Gun-powder in't,
 By which a blast is to be given,
 To blow the Parliament to Heaven.
 To this sense of his Majesty
 The Council Table did agree;
 Only to *Cecil* the whole Letter
 Seem'd nonsense, or but little better;
 He still pretending to admire
 They could find Powder in't, or Fire;
 Or any thing that in a Minute
 Could up, or down, blow House of Senate.

Thus.

Thus he seem'd not to understand it,
 Left some might think he had a hand in't;
 Or else perhaps might spoil his Plot,
 By the pursuing it too hot;
 For he to light would have it brought,
 Just as 'twas fit for breaking out;
 And therefore ten days after stay'd,
 Before that any search was made.
 Till on the Eve before the sitting
 Of Parl'ament, he thought it fitting
 To search the Cellars, where he found
 The Powder-Barrels under ground.
 For as in well-contriv'd Romances,
 And Stories made to please Folks Fancies,
 Each grand Adventure must break out
 In nick of time, else't serves for nought;
 So *Cecil*, timing things aright,
 Did in fit moment bring to light
 The Powder in infernal Grot,
 And then cry'd out, *A Popish Plot*.

He sends post-haste the Tidings down;
 And Bells rung out in ev'ry Town;
 Great joy was thro' the Nation made,
 And Violins and Bag-pipes play'd;
 Wine into Streets they bring, and Ale,
 Some in Black-Jacks, some in a Pale,
 Which set before the Swinish Rabble,
 They swill their Guts whilst they are able,
 And with loud Curses rend their Throats
 Against the Pope and Popish Plots.
 Guns from the Tower and the Forts,
 Eccho the *Bacchanalian* Sports,
 And Squibs and Crackers fly about,
 With Huzzas, and confused Shout.

Thanksgivings, mix'd with backward Prayers,
 Flew from all Churches to the Stars.
 In their Enthusiastick Raptures,
 The Parsons open'd hidden Scriptures,

In which they found this Plot foretold
 By Ancient *Seers* in days of old ;
 As they pretended to make good
 From Scriptures writ before the *Flood*,
 By *Sept'agints* in Rolls of Vellum,
 And Folk believe what e'er they tell 'um.
 The rankest Nonsense, and what not,
 Is blessed preaching up of Plot.

Thus the suppos'd delivery
 Of Nation in Epitome,
 Was celebrated every where,
 And hence it is, that once a year
 The People *Powder-Plots* remember,
And all run Mad the fifth day of November.

The King himself, if some guess right,
 Knew all before it came to light,
 And why and how it was begun,
 And wink'd at *Cecil's* carrying't on :
 Whence 'twas for him an easy matter
 T' unriddle that mysterious Letter.
 But this I leave to such as know
 How far State Policy may go.
 A certain Writer I have seen (x),
 If all be true that pass'd his Pen ;
 The King wanted no wit, nor skill,
 Nor Conscience in plotting ill.

However this is plainly known,
 That at his coming to the Crown,
 He promis'd Foreign Princes, that
 The *Penal Laws* he'd abrogate ;
 And that this Plot prov'd the Pretence
 To keep them up, for his Defence.
 If to this end it was invented (y),
 Or if, or no, the King consented,

(x) The Book is entituled, the Court and Character of King James. By Sir. A. W. printed in 1650.

(y) The Reader is refer'd to what the Earl of Castlemain has judiciously writ of this Plot, in his Catholick Apology.

Or knew on't, I determine not,
 It was, 'tis certain, *Cecil's Plot*.
 As will appear to him that list
 To read the learn'd Apologift.

No more of *Cecil* and his Plot.
 Here's now another Trick of Note (z),
 That Bishop *Abbot* and *Frank Mason*
 Resolve to put upon the Nation.
 Here's a young *Register* on foot,
 An aukward thing comes stalking out,
 And crys, *Parker* was Bishop made
 At *Lambeth*: Not at the *Naggs-Head*.

Their Dialogue concerning this,
 He that's no Conjurer may guess,
 To be at least to this effect,
 If not the same in each respect.

Come Master *Mason*, you whose Cares
 Disturb your sleep 'bout Church-affairs,
 To you, who Secrets can conceal,
 I have deep matters to reveal,
 Quoth *Abbot*, and I do declare
 'Tis what deserves our greatest Care.

Papists you know, in Disputation,
 Do urge our want of Consecration,
 And tell us we are only sent
 And Bishops made by Parl'ament,
 And that we neither have *Vocation*
Episcopal, nor *Consecration*,
 Nor *Mission Apostolical*,
 In short, nor any Power at all.
 If we affirm we have. You ha't,
 Say they, from the Lay-Magistrate;
 But Laity, tho' King or Queen,
 Had never power to Ordain.
 And it's a Maxim, no Man can
 Give what he has not to another Man.

(z) The pretended Records of Matt. Parker's Consecration at
Lambeth.

Bristow, and *Harding*, *Stapleton*,
Allen, and Doctor *Kellison*,
 Have often urged us to shew
 When, where, by whom, the manner how
 We were made Bishops? But such Queries
 Want Answers yet, tho' many a year is
 Past over since they first in Print
 Were to old *Horn* and *Jewell* sent.
 For my part, as I am a Man Sir,
 To these demands I cannot answer.
 Tho' I myself pass for a Priest,
 And of the Bishops the archest,
 Yet how this Power Spiritual
 Comes down to me, I cannot tell:
 Nor can I prove our Orders from
 The Prelates of the Church of *Rome*.

And if from thence they do not spring,
 Quoth *Frank*, they are not worth a Pin.
 For true Succession there is none,
 But what by *Rome* is handed down.
 Why took not *Parker* better care,
 At first of all, in this Affair?

Parker did what he could, poor Man,
 To compass Consecration,
 And all the Popish Bishops try'd;
 But was by ev'ry one deny'd,
 Quoth *Abbot*. Therefore to a Priest,
 Hight *Scory*, he himself addrest,
 Who at the *Naggs-head Tavern* laid
 His *Tyndal* Bible on his Head;
 Which (I may say to you) at best
 Was but an idle drunken jest,
 And wiser Men are since asham'd
 To hear the Character so stain'd.

But had not *Parker*, quoth *Frank* *Mason*,
 Some better sort of Consecration?
 No, no, says *Abbot*, there is none
 By any Record can be shewn.

For

For my part I have fought the Breves,
And every Scroll in the *Archives*
At *Lambeth*; but the De'l-a-Letter
Find I relating to the matter.

Whereas had he been Consecrated,
The thing had surely been related,
And register'd, as others are,
That were before made Bishops there,
It is a great mishap, my Lord,
Quoth *Mason*, that there's no Record:
But how to help't we do not know.

Yes, *Frank*. I'll tell thee what we'll do,
Says *Abbot*, we'll such Records frame,
In honest *Matthew Parker's* Name,
As shall declare him Consecrated,
And they shall fifty Years ago be dated.
Then will we flur them on the Nation,
To authorize his Consecration.

This may do well for Evidence,
But that avails a vain Pretence?
Says *Frank*, it gives no Character.
Quoth *Abbot*, if Folk think we are
True Bishops, and esteem us such,
For Character I care not much.
Tho' we are not by right Divine
Made Priests and Bishops; I design
To make the World believe we are
Stamp'd with that sacred Character.
And who will doubt our being so,
When we our *Lambeth* Records shew?

'Tis true, quoth *Frank*, find they us thus
In Curia de Arcubus,
It will in Ages yet to come
Make Folk believe we sprang from *Rome*,
And have our Priesthood from the Chair
Of *Peter's* great Successor there.
Nay in process of Time, ev'n we
Ourselves shall of this Judgment be,
Forgetting quite our *Naggs-head* Pedigree.

This is the furthest we can wish.

A blest Conclusion! quoth Archbish.

To work goes *Abbot* and Man *Frank*,
Study, contrive, and write, and drank,
Compare their Notes, consult each other;
For both sat at a Desk together.

Till in few days, by careful heeding,
The Records past a second reading.

Some few Corrections were made after,
Of moment little, more of Laughter,
Such as the cautious noting down
Táp'stry, red Cloth, and woollen Gown.
Then a third time they were read o'er,
And both conclude they need no more.
But place them in the *Archives*, where
Records of ancient Bishops are.

Then *Mason* sp aks, with prudence mighty,
We have contriv'd this matter weighty,
And to as fair a pass have brought it
As *Parker* could, had he fore-thought it.
But what avails a Register,
If no Man knows that it is there?
And therefore what must next be done,
Is to let People know there's one,
Without the least Suspicion that
It was contriv'd or forg'd of late.

Quoth *Abbot*, how must this be done?
My Lord, says *Frank*, let me alone,
An't please your Grace to give consent,
I will put out a Book in print,

Entituled thus,

*Of the Consecration of Bishops in the Church of Eng-
land, with their Succession, Jurisdiction, and other
things incident to their Calling, &c. Wherein I'll
clear them from the Slanders of Bellarmin, San-
ders, Bristow, Harding, Allen, Stapleton, Par-
sons,*

sons, Kellison, Eudemon, Becanus, and other
Romanists.

My Book shall prove our Orders right,
In all our Enemies despite;
For *Parker's* Register I'll cite.
And tell 'em if they please to mind it,
Go but to *Lambeth* and they'll find it.

In troth the Project's excellent,
Quoth *Abbot*, but be secret in't
And get it done as soon as may be.
My Lord, all other things I'll lay-by,
Says *Frank*, and to my ready pen
Betake myself, and get it done.

Away goes *Frank*, and 'twas not long,
E're out flys Book among the Throng;
Surprising the amazed Nation
With an Unheard of Consecration

Till Sixteen hundred and thirteen
This Register was never seen;
Nor was there made the least pretence
To any *Lambeth* Evidence,
For more than one and fifty Year,
That *Mason's* Writings did appear.

When this wise Man first set his Book out,
And *Lambeth* Records dar'd to look out,
The learn'd *Fitzherbert* (a) saw the Cheat,
And found the point they levell'd at.
Declar'd the Register a new one,
Unknown before, so not a true one.
You'll see his Words put down below,
And those of other Writers too.

Champney the *Sorbonist* more fully,
To *Mason's* Grief and Melancholy,
Answer'd his Book, expos'd the Cheat,
And prov'd his Records Counterfeit.

(a) This Father Thomas Fitzherbert writ that excellent Book
Entituled, Policy and Religion. He was a Man of great Learning
and Holy Life.

Jewell and *Horn* were fet upon
 By *Harding*, and by *Stapleton*,
 And urged mightily to shew
Letters of Orders, also *Who*
 Had consecrated them? and *How*?
 Yet in reply we do not hear
 That *Lambeth* Records mention'd were.
 Yet certain 'tis, if such had been
 They must have needs produc'd 'em then;
 Because they could, for their Defence,
 Have had no better Evidence.
 For these had answer'd all those Queries,
 And silenced their Adversaries.

The great Historians of our Nation
 Name *Pool's* and *Tonstal's* Consecration,
 And that of others; yet nought's said,
 By either *Stow* or *Hollinshead*
 Of *Parker's*, tho' they lived when
 The Register suppos'd it done.
 But if by them it had been known,
 Why also was not it put down.
 As other Consecrations were,
 That in their Chronicles appear?
 Why did such careful Men neglect
 The *FIRST* Archbishop of their See?
 They should have honour'd him much more
 Than all that ever went before;
 Because he was the only Man
 That *Bess's* Prelacy began.

Mason (b), from *Lambeth* Records, says,
Parker elected Bishop was

(b) Mr. Mason, from his *Lambeth* Register writes thus of *Parker's* Election; Now the See of *Canterbury* continued Void till December following, about which Time the Dean and Chapter, having received the Conge d' Elire Elected Master Dr. *Parker*, for their Archbishop, proceeding in this Election according to the Ancient Manner and Laudable Custom of the aforesaid Church, Anciently used and inviolably observed.

Here the Records have deceived *Mason* in two remarkable Passages, the one is the time of the Election, the other is, his being
 Elected

*About beginning of December;
Yet on the ninth day of September
Bishop elect he's stil'd, ye know,
By Raphael, Hollinshead and Stow;*

Elected by Conge d' Elire both which are false. For first, if he was not Elected till about December, how came the Queen to send a Commission for his Consecration, dated on September the ninth. Certainly she would not have him Consecrated before his Election. Either therefore the Records are false, as to this Commission, or as to the Election in December, doubtlets in both.

Dr. Heylin is so far from crediting Mason's December Election, that he positively affirms, That the most Reverend Doctor Matthew Parker was Elected to the See of Canterbury on the first of August. The Conge d' Elire (as he, following Mason, ignorantly calls the Letter-Missive) which opened him to the way of this Dignity, bears date the Eighteenth day of July, within a few days after the Deprivation of the former Bishop. Thus Heylin, p. 291.

Secondly, as to the pretended Conge d' Elire, Mason, the Recorder, brings it out about December, but Heylin dates it on the 18th day of July; but in real Truth there was no such Writ as a Congedessire, at that time in being. King Harry VIII. having abolished it by an Act of Parliament Stat. 25 H. 8. (Revived in Stat. 1 Eliz. 1.) Wherein it is Enacted, That at every Vacancy of any Archbishoprick or Bishoprick, the King sends a Letter-Missive containing the Name of the Person which they (the Dean and Chapter) shall with all Speed, in due form, Chuse and Chuse the said Person, Named in the said Letters-Missive, to the Dignity and Office of Archbishop, &c. and no other.

Mason himself, where he speaks not after his pretended Register, owns that the King grants a Letter-Missive, containing the Name of the Person which they shall Elect and chuse, and he Cites it Anno. 25, H. 8, c. 20. See Mason, p. 121.

King Edward 6. also Enacted, Stat. 1 Edw. 6. That no Conge d' Elire should be granted, &c. and in the said Act declares that a Writ of Conge d' Elire serves to no purpose, but is Derogatory and Prejudicial to the King's Prerogative Royal.

Now Candid Reader, I leave you to judge, whether Parker could be elected by the old Catholick of Conge d' Elire, according to the ancient manner and Laudable Customs of the Church of Canterbury anciently used and inviolably observed. Records by Conge d' Elire, according to the ancient Custom, cannot possibly be meant of any Protestant Custom, because no Protestants was Elected to that Church of Canterbury before Matt. Parker; even Cranmer himself, tho' thrust in by the King, yet was Elected by Conge d' Elire after the Catholic manner: For the Conge d' Elire was not abolished till a year after Cranmer's Election, nor the Letters-Missive Enacted, he
being

And *Heylin* on the first of *August*,
Speaks him elect. So that there's no trust
To *Mason's* Record can be had,
A four Months Error's very bad,
And stabs to th' heart the Story's Credit,
Murthers the Cause of those that need it.

Conge d' Elire was sent down
To Dean and Chapter, from the Crown,
A Prelate must be chose by that,
And the *Election* fell on *Matt*,
According to the Ancient Custom,
Say Records. But you must not trust 'um,
Because that sort of Writ, we know,
Was long before made void in Law,
By *Statute-Parliamentary*,
Made in the Days of old King *Harry*.
And has since that revived been
In the first year of *Bess* the Queen.
So that to send *Conge d' Elire's*
Had broke her own Laws and her Sire's,
A *Letter-Missive*, in its stead,
Was to be sent by Church's Head.
A Letter-Missive is a Writ
That names what Man the King thinks fit,
And only he is chose by it.
Where to Elect there is but one,
'Tis Hobson's Choice: Take that or none.

being Elected in the 24 of H. 8. And the Letter-Missive Enacted in the 25th of his Reign.

And *Mason* himself, in another Place of his Book, where he speaks accordingly to his own Knowledge, without regard to his Records, owns freely, that the King grants a Licence to the Dean and Chapter with a Letter-Missive containing the Name of the Person whom they shall Elect and Chuse. These are his Words, and he Cites for them Anno. 25, H. 8. c. 20. Which Statute (as is said above) was Repeal'd by Queen *Mary*, but Reviv'd by Queen *Elizabeth* in the 1. year of her Reign, before *Parker's* Election. So that he could not otherwise possibly be Elected than by the Letter-Missive and not by *Conge d' Elire*, according to the ancient Customs of that Church; as the Register falsely and Ignorantly says.

Whereas

Whereas a *Congedestire* gives 'em
More Choice; and to a *free Election* leaves 'em.
This was the ancient Custom, but
Matt. could not then be chose by that.
Hence 'tis our learned Writers reckon
The *Lambeth* Register mistaken.
Since this is False, the rest may be
Presumed all gross Forgery.

Matt. now elected, out there came
Commissions, in her Highness name,
For Consecrating him: and on
September th' ninth is dated on,
To *Tonstal*, *Bourn*, and *Pool* was sent,
And old *Landaff* was named in't,
Scory and *Barlow* too were there,
A base Unconsecrated pair.

The three first named of the Six
Were of the ancient *Catholics*,
Deprived of their *Bishopricks*,
Two Months before. As you may read
In *Heylin*, *Stow* and *Hollinshead*,
Because they would not swear that *Bess*
Was Church's Head, or Governess.

Besides their Deprivation, they
As Prisoners, confined lay
Some hundred Miles from one another,
Too far to come so soon together;
Bourn was to *Exeter* restrain'd;
At *Peterborow* *Pool* remain'd;
Tonstal was *Parker's* Prisoner,
In *Lambeth* House, and died there.

All which consider'd, could the Queen
Presume those Bishops, who had been
Thrust out, and us'd at such a rate,
Would her new Changelings consecrate,
Who were, they knew, sworn *Schismatics*
And obstinate proud *Hereticks*?

Or could she ever once imagine,
Those Prelates of the old Religion,

Wou'd make a *Primate* of the Nation,
 Without the *Pontiff's* Approbation?
 Or ever seat such impious Elves
 In Chairs belonging to themselves?
Bess and her Council sure were wiser
 Than oversee such Slips as these are.
 In fine it runs, beyond suspicion,
 That this is but a forg'd Commission;
And if one part be forg'd, then all
Will under the same Censure fall.

Out comes, some three Months after this,
 A new Commission from dame *Bess*,
 And on *December* sixth 'tis dated;
Matt. must by this be Consecrated.
 And now the Time draws on apace
 T' acquire, what yet he wanted, *Grace*.
 For in *December*, Records say,
 From *Bath* and *Wells* the sev'nteenth day,
Matt. drank his overflowing Cup
 Of *Grace* and *Consecration* up.

By *Bath* and *Wells* you must conceive
 An old Unconsecrated Knave,
 Call'd *Barlow*, who a while before
 To these, as Bishop, Title bore.
 A lewd fall'n Priest that had a Wife,
 But ne'er was Bishop in his life,
 Nor is there found in any Nation,
 The least Scroll of his Consecration.

And this was *Parker's* Consecrater,
Scory was next; and hang the better.
 The third was whining *Coverdale*,
 Two fall'n Priests that lov'd Women well,
 But never rose to the Degree
 Of Consecrated Prelacy;
 Yet stole the Name of Bishops, when
 There was no Form left to Ordain.

Hodgskins the last, yet Writers can
 Hardly agree about the Man;

Some

Some say two Suffragans were there,
 But tell you not who made the pair,
 Or whether *Dover* was, or *Thetford*,
 The place of Residence, or *Bedford*.
 Wise Men, who things with care discuss,
 Conclude they liv'd in *Nubibus*.

The Register is trimly penn'd,
 I mean to Character and Hand,
 And put in decent Form, till't looks
 Like what Boys draw in Copy-books,
 When they are minded to appear
 More skilful than their Masters are.

<i>Anno 1559. Mat. Park.</i>	} by {	William Barlow,
<i>Cant. Conf. 17. Decem.</i>		John Scory,
<i>ex Regist. Mat. Park. To</i>		Miles Coverdale,
<i>1. f. 2. and 10.</i>		John Hodgskins.

Tell me, old Bishop, prithee tell,
 If in these matters thou hast skill,
 Could *Parker Lambeth-House* possess,
 And sit Lord of the Diocess,
 Be stiled Bishop; have Respect
 Without Restriction of Elect?
 Could he, before his Consecration,
 Pass for Lord Primate of the Nation?
 And Bishop act in each respect,
 While yet no more but bare Elect?
 If so, Election was enough,
 And Consecration needless stuff.
 If not, he must be Consecrated,
 Before the Register is dated.

Now, as this Register is dated,
Parker (you see) was Consecrated
 The seventeenth day of *December*,
 But on the eighteenth of *November*,
 By *Heylin* and by *Hollinshead*
 He is stil'd Bishop. And we read

That

That *Lambeth-house* was then his Place,
 By consequence the *Diocefs*.
 And being thus installed there,
Tonstal was made his Prisoner.
 But *Tonstal* dy'd, these Authors say,
November on the eighteenth day;
 So that he's Bishop here before
 The Register a Month or more,
 And where could he be Bishop made
 Unless before at the *Nagg's-head*?

In fine, behold what bonny Gear
 Sets off our *Lambeth* Register:
 The Chapel's Eastern-end we find
 With *Turkish* Tapestry was lin'd,
 And on the Chapel Floor was spread
 A Webb of *Carsey*, dyed red,
 (A Colour never seen before,
 In Advent, on the Chapel-floor.)

There was a Sermon (as was meet)
 Great flocks of Folk fill'd ev'ry Street,
 From Shop and Garret out they run,
 To see the Consecration;
 And the most Godly of the Herd
Break Bread together at God's-board.

In woollen Gown, that reach'd his heel,
 Comes out the Fool *Miles Coverdale*,
 Girt round his Loins with Woollen List,
 And lays on *Parker's* Head his Fist:
 For *Matt* could get from him no *Mission*,
 In Robes that smell'd of *Superstition*.

The Queen (c) her *Spies* sends closely out,
 Here one and there another Scout,

(c) How Circumspectly the Queen proceeded (says *Mason*) may appear by this, that her Letters Patents were sent to divers Learned professors of the Law, that they might freely give their Judgment: And all of them jointly confessed, that both the Queen might lawfully Authorize the Persons to the Effect specified. And the said Persons also might Lawfully Exercise the Act of Confirming and Consecrating in the same to them Committed, whose Names Subscribed

I think in all some five or six
 Arch quirking Lawyers, skill'd in Tricks,
 Who were to mind if things were done
 To Rites in Consecration.
 As, if the Consecrator *Barlow*,
 And three Associates, that there lay
 Their Hands on *Parker's* Head, were Fools,
 And the Elected duller Souls.
 In short, it shews she thought their Worship
 Had little skill in making Bishops.

These Lawyers watch all motions made,
 Who Hands imposed, and who pray'd,
 What Garbs Canonick they had on,
 And who it was that wanted one.
 All finish'd, they return to Queen,
 Relating what they'd heard and seen;
 Concluding that all things went well,
 Save only that *Miles Coverdale*
 Wou'd not be counsell'd to leave off
 His old grey Gown, for sacred stuff;
 But this they very wisely thought
 Of moment small, or next to nought.
 Yet counsell'd *Bess*, to shun offence,
 With his *Sheeps-clothing* to dispense.

*Some remarkable Notes collected out of the Writings of
 the most learned and intelligible Authors of those
 Times, concerning this Affair.*

To begin then in Queen Elizabeth's Reign, five or six
 Years after Parker had got thrust into the See of Canterbury,
 Jewel into Salisbury, and Horn into Westminster, &c.

The learned Dr. Harding, in his Confutation of Jewel's
 Apology, fol. 57, 58. after having disproved Jewel's Succes-

scribed with their own Hands, remain in Record as followeth;
 William May, Robert Westor, Edward Leeds, Henry Harvey,
 Thomas Yale, Nicholas Bullingham. He Cites in his marg. Ex
 Regist. Matt. Park. f. 3. Bramhal says Coverdale's side Woollen
 Gown was Uncanonick, and needed a Dispensation.

sion, demands how he came to be Bishop, thus, Therefore, to go from your Succession, which you cannot prove, and to come to your Vocation, how say you Sir? You hear yourself as though you were Bishop of Salisbury. But how can you prove your Vocation? By what Authority usurp you the Administration of Doctrine and Sacraments? What can you alledge for the Right and Proof of your Ministry? Who hath laid Hands on you? By what example hath he done it? How and by whom were you Consecrated? Who sent you? After abundance of Jewel's evasions, wide from the purpose, Dr. Harding replies thus, But you were made, you say, by the Consecration of the Archbishop (Parker he means) and other three Bishops. And how I pray you was your Archbishop himself consecrated? What three Bishops in the Realm were there to lay Hands upon him? Your Metropolitan, who should give Authority to all your Consecrations, himself had no lawful Consecration. To this Mr. Jewel answered not one word, but past all over in Silence.

Dr. Stapleton, in like manner, urges Horn to this purpose, To say truth you are no Lord Winchester, nor else where, but only Mr. Robert Horn; is it not notorious, that you and your Colleagues were not ordained according to the Prescript, I will not say of the Church, but even of the very Statutes? How then can you challenge to yourself the Name of the Lord Bishop of Winchester? Counter Blast.

And again, in the same Counter-blast, fol. 301. You are (says he to Horn) without any Consecration at all of your Metropolitan (Parker) himself poor Man being no Bishop neither.

Again, Dr. Stapleton in another place, tells them, You have taken upon you the Office of Bishops without any Imposition of Hands, without all Ecclesiastical Authority, without all Order of Canons and right. I ask not who gave you Bishopricks, but who made you Bishops? See Stapleton's return of Untruths, fol. 130. And his Challenge to Mr. Jewel and Mr. Horn, touching their Consecration. Note that Dr. Harding's Confutation of Jewel's Apology, was printed in the year 1565. And Dr. Stapleton's Return of Untruths in the year following.

Dr. Bristow, Motive 21. Consider (says he) what Church that is, whose Ministers are but very Lay-men; unsent, uncalled, unconsecrated, holding therefore amongst us, when they repent and return, no other place but of Lay-men, in no case admitted, no nor looking to Minister in any Office, unless they take Orders, which before they had not.

Mr.

Mr. Reynolds. There is no Herdsman in all Turkey who doth not undertake the Government of his Herd upon better Reason and greater Right, Order and Authority, than these your magnificent Apostles, and Evangelists can shew, of this Divine and high Office of governing Souls, reforming Churches, &c. Vid. *Calvino Turcis*. li. 4. c. 15.

These and several others, as Sanders, Howter, the Translators of the Rhemist Test. &c. that writ against them, lived in Queen Elizabeth's time, when the Lambeth Records of Parker's Consecration must needs have been fresh in the Memories of both Parties, if there had been any such Register or Records in being, and must have as certainly been produced by Jewel and Horn, in their own and Parker's Defence.

Indeed Whitaker and Fulk, who also writ in that Queen's time, were a great deal more ingenuous, than to pretend to any Consecration or Orders at all from Rome, quite the contrary.

I would not have you think (says Whitaker) that we make such reckoning of your Orders, as to hold our own Vocation unlawful without them. And, says Fulk, you are highly deceived, if you think we esteem your Offices of Bishops, Priests and Deacons better than Lay-men. (And in his Retentive) With all our Hearts we defy, abhor, detest, and spit at our stinking, greasy and antichristian Orders. Vid. cont. *Dureum* p. 821. and, answer to a Counterfeit Catholic, and Dr. Champney, p. 121, 122. Now, if these two, who were the most learned Protestants in England at that time, had known they could have derived their Orders successively from Catholic Bishops, and could have pretended Records at Lambeth for it, would to the disgrace of the whole pretended Church of England and its Bishops, so contemptuously have denied all Ordination, and so spitefully have treated the Bishops, Priests and Deacons in the Church of Rome, as to reckon them no more than Lay-men.

Thus much, before the World ever heard of Parker's Register at Lambeth. But in King James's time, 1613, out it comes, in a Book of Mr. Mason's, it so surprized the amazed World, that the noise of it quickly flew as far as Rome itself, where the excellent Father Thomas Fitzherbert then remained. He saw the Forgery, and immediately detected it in public Print. His words are as follow, taken out of the Appendix to his Book entituled, *An Adjoinder to the Supplement of Father Robert Parsons*, printed 1613.

“This Adjoinder being printed (says he) it was my chance
“to understand that one Mr. Mason hath lately published a

“ Book, wherein he pretends to answer the Preface to Father Parsons his Discussion, especially concerning one Point treated therein, to wit, The Consecration of the first Protestant Bishops in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth; and further that he endeavours to prove their Consecration by a Register testifying that four Bishops Consecrated Mr. Parker.

“ Understand, good Reader, that this our Exception, touching the lawful Vocation, and Consecration of the first Protestant Bishops, in the late Queen’s days, is not a new Quarrel lately raised, but vehemently urged divers times heretofore by Catholics, many years ago, yea, in the very beginning of the late Queen’s Reign; as namely by the learned Doctors Harding and Stapleton, against Mr. Jewell and Mr. Horn, whom they pressed mightily with the defect of due Vocation and Consecration, urging them to prove the same, and to shew how, and by whom they were made Bishops.” And here he quotes the words of Harding and Stapleton at large, as I have set them down above (so they need not be repeated). Then he proceeds thus;

“ And what trow ye was answered thereto? Was there any Bishops named, who had Consecrated them? Were there any Witnesses alledged of their Consecration? Was Mr. Mason’s Register, or any other authentic Proof thereof produced, either by Jewel or Horn? No truly: For, as for Mr. Horn he never replied. And Mr. Jewel, though he took upon him to answer it, yet did it so weakly, coldly and ambiguously, that he sufficiently fortified and justified his Adversaries Objection.”

Then he sets down Jewel’s Answer, which being nothing but shuffling evasions, I think it not worth Transcribing, only this is to be observed, That he neither names Parker’s Consecration, nor who Consecrated him, nor any Lambeth Register. Nor answers directly to any one Question Dr. Harding proposed. I omit (for brevity sake) a great deal more of Fitzherbert’s Writings, I omit also the Account he gives of their Consecrating one another at the Naggs head, because enough is said of it in the second CANTO. See his Adjoynder.

“ In the Year 1616, the learned Sorbonist, Dr. Champney, publishes his Treatise of the Vocation of Bishops and other Ecclesiastical Ministers, proving the Ministers of the pretended Reformed Churches in general to have no calling, against Mr. Du Pleffis and Dr. Field.

“ And in particular, the pretended Bishops in England to be no true Bishops; against Mr. Mason.”

I shall

I shall not give you many Quotations out of Champney. Yet some Notes I shall not omit. And first concerning Cranmer. Now though Cranmer was rightly and lawfully Consecrated; (which yet is not granted, considering the impious Oath and villainous Perjury committed by him at his Consecration, which may be seen in Mason, Heylin and Burnet) yet by his Schism and Heresy, he lost the lawful use of his Orders before his Death, and that he was an impious Heretic and wicked Schismatick is publicly declared under his own Hand, and in his Recantation. You may find it in the first CANTO.

Secondly, He proves those pretended Bishops made in K. Edward 6th time, to be no true Bishops at all; not only as being Heretics, but also the manner of their calling and pretended Consecration being in itself Invalid and Null, for want of a valid Form of Ordination to Consecrate them by: Two of them being never Consecrated by even this new Form.

Another convincing Argument against them (noted also by Champney) is, That whoever have, at any time, taken Orders according to that new devised Form, have never been owned for Bishops by the Catholic Church. But when any of them happen to be converted, they esteem themselves no more than Lay-men, and if they will become Priests or Bishops in God's Church, it must be by Catholic Ordination: Which were damnable Sacrilege to do. If the Church were not certain that their Protestant Orders are null and insignificant in all respect whatsoever, It being as much Sacrilege to Re-ordain, as to Re-baptize.

When Dr. Brooks, Bishop of Gloucester, was to degrade Ridley, Hooper, and Farrer, who were of King Edward's making; he told Ridley, that they were to degrade him only of Priesthood, for they did not take him for a Bishop. But when Cranmer came, they degraded him as Bishop, because they knew him Consecrated. Dr. Champ. p. 166. He cites Fox's A&S.

It is also Recorded in the Books of Law Cases (says he) that the Leases made by one of the Bishops Consecrated in K. Edward's time, though confirmed by the Dean and Chapter, were not esteemed available: and the reason given, because they were never truly Consecrated, and consequently never true Bishops. The Judges words are these, It is said that the Bishops in King Edward the sixth his days were not Consecrated, and therefore were not Bishops: And therefore a Lease for years made by them, and confirmed by the Dean and

Chapter, shall not bind the Successor; for such were never Bishops. Contrarywise, a Bishop deprived which was not Bishop in fact, at the time of the letting (the Leases) and Confirmation made by the Dean and Chapter. And in the Margent, diversity of Leases made by Bishops not Consecrated, and Bishops deprived. So that it appears by the judgment, as well of the Civil as Ecclesiastical Magistrates, that they were no true Bishops for want of Consecration, this Dr. Champ. He quotes Brooks Novel Cases, Placito 463, fol. 101. Printed in the year 1603. By Thomas Wight with Privilege.

More remarkable than this is the Case of Bishop Bonner against Horn of Winchester, in which the Protestant Judges themselves were forced to grant, that they were not Bishops. And therefore, by an Act of Parliament, in the 8th year of the Queen's Reign were declared and enacted Bishops, which the Judges and Laws of England could not say they were before. Of this see more in CANTO II.

Coming now to the Consecration of Parker himself. He first proves Barlow, his chief Consecrator, never to have been Bishop at all. And so of the two next, Scory and Coverdale: Of which he writes thus. " They were found, even by the
 " Judges of the Realm, to be no true Bishops (as is said.)
 " And this is further evidently proved out of Mr. Mason's
 " own Records and Testimonies. For Mason saith, they
 " were Consecrated on the Thirtieth of August 1551, to wit,
 " five Months before the new Form of Consecration was set
 " forth or allowed. For the Parliament of the 5th and 6th
 " of Edw. VI. which authorized and set forth this new Form,
 " did not begin till the 13th of January 1551. That is five
 " Months after the pretended Consecration of Coverdale and
 " Scory. It is evident therefore, that they could not be Con-
 " secrated by the new Form, which was not then in being.
 " Nor could they be Consecrated by the Ancient Catholic
 " Ordinal or Form: For that, as Mason confesses, was Ab-
 " rogated in the Parliament of the 3d and 4th of Edw. VI.
 " as appears also by the 12th Statute of that Parliament. So
 " that it is clear that these two Consecrators themselves were
 " never Consecrated at all, neither by one Form nor other."
 Thus Dr. Champ. p. 199.

As to Hodgskins the Suffragan, he brings great Grounds of doubt whether ever there were any such Man there. " It
 " is to be observed (says he) that Mason's Registers disagree
 " with those that Mr. Goodwin used in his Catalogue of
 " Bishops, sometimes in the Day, sometimes in the Month,
 " and

“ and sometimes in the Year. As is manifest in the Consecrations of Poynt, Ridley, Coverdale, Grindal, Horn, Guest, Piers, which necessarily proveth falsity in the one, with suspicion of Forgery in both. Again Mason, Cutliffe and Butler, do all differ one from another in naming Parker’s Consecrators. For Mason says, it was done by Barlow, Scory, Coverdale and Hodgkins. Sutcliffe says, Besides the three first, there were two Suffragans. Butler says, the Suffragan of Dover was one of the Consecrators, who notwithstanding is not so much as named in the Queen’s Letters Patents for Commissionating them to Consecrate Parker, p. 187, 188.”

After all this he goes on, and still proves, by undeniable Arguments, that Parker and his Followers were never Bishops. And in fine, utterly confutes Mason, and proves his pretended Lambeth Register a meer vain and impudent Forgery.

Mason has the Confidence to tell us, that Parker’s Register was published in print even in his own time. But this Dr. Champney detects for a gross untruth.

Bramhal says, That some Priests and Jesuits, then Prisoners, were called to see the Records, and give their opinion of them; who upon diligent Inspection, declared they believed them authentic Records. Now this is so far from Truth, that on the contrary those Fathers went away dissatisfied, without making any answer to the Point, till they had yet a second Review of them, which could never after be granted. The Author of the Nullity of the Prelatic Clergy of England, detects this for a villainous Lye; but has exposed abundance more of Bramhal’s Fictions and Forgeries. And in short, has clearly disproved and confuted whatsoever Bramhal writ on this or the Naggs-head Affair. I refer the Reader to the Book itself.

If Parker’s Consecrators be
No Bishops, then no Bishops he;
He none, then may you truly say,
Not one in all the World have they.

Now that the *Lambeth’s* Story’s done,
Judge what you please, and let’s go on
To *Charles* the first’s unhappy Reign,
Where *Prayer* and *War* compose the Scene.

Death, who devours every thing,
Makes but a Morsel of a King (*d*).

(*d*) Reign of King Charles the first.

And has as many ways to swallow,
 As there are Accidents that follow.
 By Sickneſs, Wounds, and other harms,
 By War, Plague, Famine, Fire, and Storms,
 Sometimes he takes away Man's Life:
 So a chaſte Biſhop and his Wife,
 Were both in Bed together ſlain (e),
 In the late dreadful Hurricane.
 Thus rudely ſometimes he falls on us,
 And ſometimes ſlily ſteals upon us,
 In ſubtle manner creeping in,
 Under the Cloak of Medicine.
 None can foreſee by what Diſaſter
 He'll die, or when? Death by (f) a Plaifter
 Seiz'd James the firſt, as Authors think,
 (Poison's not always given in drink,)
 But whether by that means or no,
 In ſhort, he dy'd. And let him go.

He left his *Omnia* to his *Heir*,
 Amongſt the reſt, a fatal Prayer,
 In ſheets of which, was for his Son
 A death bound up, he dream'd not on.

This James the firſt, Sirs, you muſt know,
 When he had little elſe to do,
 Bethought him ſometimes of his Pray'rs,
 As pious People do of theirs.

Conn's Common Prayer-Book o'er, till he
 Takes Check at *England's* Liturgy (g)

(e) This happened in the year 1703.

(f) A Black Plaister laid on his Breast, which is reported to have
 Poison'd him. See *Mystery of Iniquity yet Working*. p. 7.

(g) Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Printed at Oxford 1702,
 tells us, that the whole Nation of Scotland ſeemed in the Time of
 King James, well inclined to receive the Liturgy of the Church
 of England, which the King exceedingly deſired.

That the King deſired they ſhould have a Liturgy, of ſome ſort
 or other, no body doubts. But that the Scots, who (he owns a few
 lines before) were all Presbyterians, ſhould be ſo well inclined, and
 ſo fond of an Engliſh Liturgy, is a meer Fiction, for if this had
 been true, what could have hindred their Receiving it, when (as
 this Author tells us in the ſame place) The King's Principal End
 of

(Tho' in his *Canons*, he before
Had authoriz'd it o'er and o'er.)

He musters all his Wits about him,
Consults 'em, and at last bethought him

of going his Progress into Scotland, was the bringing it to pass, tho' he return'd without making any visible attempt in that affair. But he intended not to have return'd without so much as Attempting what he went for, if the Scots had been so well inclined.

Besides, the Scots objected to King Charles, the Corrupt and False Translations of the Psalms, Epistles and Gospels in the Common Prayer-Book, which they desir'd might be corrected but Laud would not consent to it; for he knew (says Clarendon) how far any Enemies to Conformity would be from being satisfied with these small Alterations, &c.

You see, in the Protestant worship of God, Corrupt and Falsly Translated Scripture is counted but a small Matter, and the Alteration of it so small, that they never design to Correct it. Clarendon says, There had never been any thoughts in the time of King James and King Charles, but of the English Liturgy.

But this is a mistake, as appears from his own Words in another place, which are as follows.

It was towards the year 1663, when K. Charles returned from Scotland, having left it to the Care of some of the Bishops there to provide such a Liturgy, and such a Book of Canons as might best suit the Nature and Humour of the better sort of that People. (Note here, that the Protestant way is Confessedly to sit and frame their Religious Worshipp of God to the Peoples Fancies, right or wrong. And this only to Humour the great ones, let the little ones go to the Devil.) He goes on, as fast they made them ready they should transmit them to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whose Assistance the King joined Juxton Bishop of London, and Wren Bishop of Norwich, a Man very learned and particularly versed in the old Liturgies of the Greek and Latin Churches (A sign that they design'd to make this Liturgy resemble those old Liturgies, and so it really did in many things, as the Scotch Author of *Laudensium Autokatakis*, makes plainly appear.

It was (says he) now two Years before the Bishops in Scotland had prepar'd any thing to offer to the King towards their intended Reformation. And then they inverted the proper Method and first presented a Body of Canons to proceed the Liturgy which was not yet ready. After Laud, Juxton, and Wren's perusal of them, and some Alterations made, his Majesty issued out his Proclamation for the due Observation of them in the Kingdom of Scotland.

It was a fatal Inadvertency that the Canons, neither before nor after they were sent to the King, had been never seen by the Assembly or any Convocation of the Clergy, which was so strictly obliged

Of making up another Tract
 Of Prayer, more godly, more exact,
 Which he design'd to introduce
 Amongst the *Scots* for pious use.
 Soon as resolv'd, he to it fell,
 With Pen and Ink, and little Zeal
 It seems, for e're he got it fit,
 By putting in and out of it,
 Devotion tepid grew and dry,
 Till tir'd at last; he flung it by
 Into a corner, where it lay
 Mouldy, till that unhappy day,
 That *Charles*, in rumaging old Lumber,
 Awak'd it from Worm-eaten slumber,
 And with the ready Lap of Coat
 Brush'd it from Dust, till one might know't
 To be a Book; that very Prayer,
 Which *James*, his Father, had flung there.

obliged to the Observation of them, nor so much as Communicated to the Lords of the Council of that Kingdom.

But it was the unhappy craft of those Bishops (*Laud* and his Faction) to get it believed by the King that the work would be grateful to the most considerable of the Nobility, and Clergy, and the People, in order to the Obtaining his Majesty's Approbation, and Authority to it, and so they durst not, in truth, submit those Canons to any other Examination than what the King should direct in England (which were only those three.)

It was in the next place as strange, that Canons should be Published before the Liturgy was prepared, which was not ready in a Year after, or thereabouts, when three or four of the Canons were principally for the Observation of, and punctual Compliance with the Liturgy; which all the Clergy were to be Sworn to Submit to, and to pay all Obedience to what was Enjoyn'd by it, before they knew what it contained.

One of the Canons defined, that no Clergymen should conceive Prayers Extempore, but be bound to pray only by the Form prescribed in the Liturgy (which, by the way was, not yet made.)

It was in the year 1637, that the Liturgy, after it had been sent out of Scotland, and perused by the three Bishops in England, then approved and Confirmed by the King, was published and appointed to be read in all the Churches. For all these Notes See *Clarendon's* first Volume.

Unclasping

Unclasping it, he reads and prays,
And pores upon't for divers days,
Not in the least suspecting harm,
(Poor innocent) when lo a swarm
Of mischiefs flew out of its Belly;
As by and by I mean to tell ye.
So once a curious King of Spain
Imagining there might be lain
Vast Treasure in the fatal Grot,
Forc'd Iron Gates: Found nothing, but
Prophetic Images of Moors,
That quickly turn'd him out of Doors;
Possess'd his Land, and what was good,
And stain'd the Brood with *Moorish* Blood.

The King took so much liking to it
He sends for Bishop *Laud* to view it.
Who having well perus'd the Book,
Thus to his Majesty he spoke,
My Liege, from this I easily gather,
That the intention of your Father
Was to establish ev'ry where,
Thro' *Scottish* Kirk, this Common-Prayer.

It differs in some things, I see,
From this our present Liturgy,
And must be further yet amended,
Before your Majesty can send it.

Well, says the King, do you inspect it,
And when 'tis thoroughly corrected,
Then shall it be to *Scotland* sent.
Laud took it, and away he went,
And in a year or two, or so,
He got it fairly trim'd to go.

How far from *England's* Common-Pray'r
'Twas changed, plainly does appear
From what the *Scot* was pleas'd to write
Against it, when it came to light.
What he imagin'd was amiss,
He bitterly expos'd in his

Laudensium

Laudensium Autokatakrisis,

A Book that takes it all to pieces.

In short his final Censure was,

This is almost an English Mass,

And not that *English Common-Prayer*,

Yourselves have us'd so many a year.

From this *Scotch* Writer you may reckon

That *Clarendon* is much mistaken,

When he affirms, 'twas never meant

That any other should be sent,

But only that same *Common-Prayer*,

Practis'd in *England* Fourscore year.

If this were true, they needed not

Have been two years in moulding it.

Nor had their *Canons* authoriz'd it,

Before their *Blockheads* had devis'd it,

And forc'd their *Clergy* to swear to't,

A year before it's coming out.

The truth is this, *Laud* could not brook

The *Scotch* should mend the *English* Book;

Cause 'twould have hinder'd this to pass

Which he had fram'd, *his Bastard-Mass*.

Yet some *Scotch* Bishops of his Faction

Were (for a blind) put first to Action,

To frame the *Prayer* and *Canons*; then

To send them up to him and *Wren*,

And *Juxton*, who must overlook,

And give the last strokes to the Book.

And so it may, without mistaking,

Be call'd a Book of *Laud's* own making.

And so the *Scots* are pleas'd to stile it,

When they with Tongue or Pen revile it.

It is to be observed too,

The *Scottish* Nation never knew

What *Laud* and *Juxton* were about,

Till these strange *Canons* first came out,

Which authoriz'd the *Prayer-Book* e're

The Book appear'd, above a year.

And

And by these *Canons*, old and young
Were bound to stand to't, right or wrong.
Nay tho' they knew not but it might
Not have one single word in't right.

Oh! Blest Reformers, you may boast

Th' Assistance of the Holy Ghost,

As once your Predecessors spoke,

On like occasion. But mistook.

Land having done what could be done to't,

And Psalms in *English* Meeter bound to't,

'Twas made the public Liturgy

Of *Scotland*, by Authority.

But when th' abused People saw

It was established there by Law,

They angry grew, as Wasps in hole

When Boys thrust in a burning coal.

When it appear'd in *Edenbrough*,

Its Entertainment was but rough (c).

For when at Kirk the City met,

And People in their Pews were set,

Expecting that prodigious Birth,

The teeming Mountains would bring forth,

And Dean himself in Desk had put,

Like old *Diogenes* in Butt,

Compos'd his Face in Rev'rend fashion,

And look'd devout to admiration,

Not doubting but an holy Man

They would esteem him. So began

To read his Prayer. But oh! what chanc'd

E're he was thrice three lines advanc'd.

Jane Gaddis, a Virago jolly,

Who sat on Stool in midst of Alley,

Steps boldly up and takes upon her

To stop his Mouth, but in rude manner.

(c) A Shower of Stones and Sticks and Cudgels were thrown at the Dean's head. The Bishop went up into the Pulpit, but he found no more Reverence, nor was the Clamour and Disorder less than before. The Chancellor commanded the Provost and Magistrates to descend from the Gallery and suppress the Riot. *Clarendon. Hist. Vol. 1.*

Out thou faus Thief (*quo' she*) thou Hog,
Sayst thou thy Mass at my own Lug?

The foe-Fein click away thy Tongue:

And at his Head her Stool she flung.

By other zealous Female Souls,
'Twas follow'd by a shower of Stools;
And Sticks, and Stones, and Bibles flew;
Whatever came to hand they threw,
'Till filly Dean was batter-fang'd,
Like *Hudibras*, by *Trulla* bang'd,

But when his Grace, the Bishop, who
Sat trembling in his Pew below,
Had call'd his Spirits from surprise,
He lifted up his Voice and Eyes,
And crying loud, that all might hear,
Conjur'd his Dean to disappear.

Gladly the Prisoner broke loose
Out of his little Pulpit-house,
And left it empty for his Grace,
Who nimbly stept into the place;
Not doubting but they would regard
His graceful look, and Rev'rend Beard.
But neither heeded they his Face,
Nor if he had, or wanted Grace;
But ply'd him, now their hands were in,
Worse than before they did his Dean;
With Stools and Staves he was so maul'd,
Than on all fours down he crawl'd.

But as from Pulpit he made sally,
He meets Lord Chancellor i'th' Alley,
Come to assist him with a Guard
Of Musqueteers, for fight prepar'd.
The beaten Bishop taking heart,
Resolves on making good his part,
Seizes *Jane Gaddis* by the Neck,
And gives another Whore a Kick,
And briskly dares the Mob to Battle;
Who hearing *Bandileers* to rattle,

Thought

Thought safer 'twas to fly, than fight,
 Where nought could be expected by't
 But broken Heads, and Legs, and Arms,
 And ten to one more deadly harms.
 Out of the Kirk in heaps they throng,
 The weaker fort bore up the strong,
 Fore those, be'ng trodden under foot,
 Till these went off, could not get out.
 At last the Kirk from Rabble clear'd,
 The Bishop (freed from what he fear'd)
 Calls io his Dean, who all the while
 Skulk'd in a hole i'th' Northern Isle,
 Where dreading still another mauling,
 Wou'd scarce come out at second calling,
 But when he heard it was his Grace
 That call'd him, he creeps from his place.

Blest be the time, says Bish, Sir Dean,
 That my Lord Chancellor came in;
 For had he not, we'd into Quarters
 Been pull'd, and sent to Fox for Martyrs.

Pray let us now give *Laud and Praise*
For the Peace given in our days.
 Can you tell where we left off Pray'r,
 That we again may fall to't there?
 For I love nothing, I am sure,
 Less than to say a Prayer twice o'er.

To Chancellor, who then stood by,
 He turns, and thanks him heartily,

Soldiers, I also speak to you,
 Says he, take ev'ry Man his Pew,
 And, in requital of your Care,
 My Dean shall read the Common-Prayer,
 And beg a Bleis'ng on your Weapons;
 That Hens and Geese, young Pigs and Capons,
 May never scape-ye, where you come,
 But follow to the beat of Drum.

And you, my Lord, whose happy Care
 Engag'd you in this holy War,

When

When Master Dean gives o'er to pray,
 Give all your Souldiers leave to play.
 It's lawful on the Sabbath-day.
 For Plays and Games, of any sort,
 Are ev'ry Sunday us'd at Court (*d*);
 And Court Example's a just Byass,
 You know, for every Man that's pious.
 Besides, to put it out of doubt,
 The King has sent a Licence out
 For any Man to play on Sundays,
 As well as work, or eat on Mondays.
 I do not think that Spirit Holy
 That makes Folk always Melancholy,
 Nor is there any harm, I think,
 Sometimes to take a hearty Drink,
 I mean a Quart or two, or so,
 When out of Kirk they sleepy go.
 Sleep is th' effect of Common-Pray'r,
 And so is Mirth of good strong Beer.

This Exhortation being made,
 The Dean took to his Desk and pray'd,
 While pious People gave attention
 To this new Prayer of *Laud's* Invention.
 The Rabble, that they had shut out,
 Were busy all this while without,
 A sending now and then a shower
 Of Stones against the Church's door,
 And making all the Windows clatter,
 Till not a Glas was left to batter.

Nor was't in *Edenb'rough* alone.
 The like in other Kirks was done
 'Gainst Bishops, King, and Common Prayer,
 Arm, Arm, and so began the War.
 And all run mad a cutting throats,
 'Tween *Exeter* and *John-a-groats*.

(*d*) The King thought good (says Parker) to set forth his Declaration for tolerating Sports on the Lords day in the Afternoons. Which the Parliament afterwards Charged home upon his Account.

Thro'

Thro' three whole Kingdoms, like a Flood
 It rowl'd, and drench'd the Earth in Blood.
 Unnat'ral War! (e) when in the field
 The Sons the Blood of Fathers spill'd,
 Fathers flew Sons, Brother kill'd Brother,
 And Neighbours butcher'd one another.
 In Blood of Lords, Slaves wash'd their hands,
 Ravish'd their Ladies, seiz'd their Lands;
 Slew helpless Children, when they mourn'd
 For Parents slain, and Houses burn'd.
 Young Virgins forc'd, and when they'd done,
 Swords thro' the ravish'd Damsels run.
 Robb'd Sacred Altars; Priests they slew;
 Abus'd their own profane Kirks too.
 Nor grey Hairs spar'd, nor sucking Child,
 Fury became at last so wild,
 They'd tear the Infant from the Breast,
 And dash its Brains against a Post;
 And new-born Babes mount in the Air,
 Impaled on the point of Spear,
 The tender Mothers standing by
 Spectators of the Tragedy.
 And, when the Infants Life was gone,
 Their Pikes thro' dying Parents run.

The *English* great long Parliament,
 Minding at first how matters went,
 Resolve t' assist the *Scottish* Kirk,
 In carrying on the godly Work.
 And with the *Covenanters* join
 For Presbyterian Discipline,
 And carrying on the *good old Cause*,
 'Gainst King, and Bishops, Lords, and Laws.

The Earl of *Strafford* was the Man (f)
 With whom the Parliament began;

(e) See a Book called *Mercurius Rusticus*, which Records many lamentable Examples of their Inhuman and barbarous Cruelties.

(f) See Ireland's Case briefly Stated. Printed in 1695. p. 18.
 —When he came down into Yorkshire, dignified with the Title

A noble and heroic Knight,
 Ever victorious in Fight,
 In Council Sage, wise his Advice,
 Resolv'd, but ne'er resolv'd twice;
 Faithful, his loyalty unfeign'd,
 I grieve to say, *His Conscience stain'd*
 With Tyranny and unjust Tricks
 Against the *Irish* Catholics.
 For these he us'd, as if they'd been
 Wild Infidels, not Christian Men.
 But this I leave. In ev'ry thing
 He was most faithful to the King,
 And certainly, if he had stood,
 The King had never lost his Blood.

(g) This Lord, above the King, they dreaded,
 As being much the deeper headed;

and Office of Ld. President of the North. He desired his Kinsman and Friend, Sir Walter Vavisor, to leave his Catholick Religion and become Protestant, for I, says he, am resolved utterly to Extirpate Catholick Religion out of all my Government in the North. To which Sir Walter replied thus, My Lord, There has been a more Experienced Politician, than you can pretend to be, about bringing the Extirpation of Catholics to pass, for now above this Hundred Years, but he never could do it; so I believe your Lordship will fall short in your Designs. At this the Earl seem'd struck, and ask'd him who this Politician was? To which Sir Walter answer'd, It is the Devil. This was related to me by a Person of Honour and known Candor. M. P. V. C. the Earl's Head was cut off not long after.

(g) Clarendon has this Note in his Margent, the Privy Council and some of the Bishops advise the King to pass the Bill. And in his History he goes on thus, His Majesty told them, for what had been propos'd for him to do, was directly Contrary to his Conscience. The Archbishop of York told him, that there was a Private and a Publick Conscience: That his Publick Conscience, as King, might not only Dispencc with but Oblige him to do, that which was against his private Conscience as a Man.

And that the Question was not whether he should save the Earl of Strafford, but whether he should perish with him, &c.

And (says the Author) by such Unprelatical Ignominious Arguments, in plain Terms they advis'd him, even for Conscience sake, to pass the Act. Tho' the Bishop Acted his part with more prodigious Boldness and Impiety, yet others of the same Function did not what might have been expected from their Trust. (Thus he)
 which

And so against him drew a Charge,
 Malicious it was and large:
 And to the Bar of Parliament
 He's call'd to answer what was in't.
 Tho' his Defence was good and plain
 Against the Charge, yet all in vain;
 For they'd resolv'd before to Vote,
 In downright terms, to cut his Throat,
 And so drew up the bloody Bill.
Charles sign'd it; but against his Will,
 For he, who knew him Innocent,
 Could not in Conscience give Consent
 To take his Life, and therefore sends
 For *Ghostly Counsel* to his Friends;
 And calls his Bishops for Advice
 About this Case of Conscience nice,
Whether he could an Innocent
Behead, to please his Parliament?
 They did not long debate the Matter,
 For they were *Casuits* by nature,
 That into good could turn all evil,
 (Fitting *Confessors* for the Devil.)
 They told the King, there was no ill
 To give Assent, and sign the Bill.
 Thus, warranted by ghostly Guide,
Charles sign'd the Bill; and *Strafford* dy'd.

Laud and the King, who thought they wou'd
 Rest satisfy'd with *Strafford's* Blood,
 Perceive their Error, but too late
 To shun their own approaching Fate.
 The lower House grew high and mighty,
 And trifles pass for matters weighty,
 They want a thorough Reformation
 Of Government, thro' Church and Nation.

which is to say, they were all of the Bishop of York's mind, and gave their Assent to what he advis'd the King. Silence gives Consent. Brave Protestant Guides. See how the King laments for this in his *Eikon Basilike*.

The more the King with them complies,
 Still greater Differences arise,
 Till their Design grew evident
 Of ruining the Government.
 Remonstrances, to this intent,
 O'er all the Nation fly in print,
 On purpose, by the Commons sent,
 To vilify the Government.

The giddy Rabble are call'd down,
 From every corner of the Town,
 Arm'd with good Clubs, and Truncheons Trusty,
 Old Swords, Half-Pikes, and Daggers rusty,
 And with *Petitions*, more pernicious
 Than all their Edge-tools, these seditious
 Cry out, O make the Nation easy,
 By freeing't from Episcopacy.
 Let those Prelates, disaffected
 To *good old Cause*, nor Lords suspected
 Of Popery, have any Vote,
 But for *Malignants* turn 'em out,
 And brand their names with *Delinquency*,
 A blacker crime than *Necromancy*.
 Thus let the Low-house purge the Upper,
 From Members rotten and improper.
 Thus the wise Mob's *Petitions* ran,
 And each pass'd for a Godly-man.
 The House of Commons did attest
Vox populi Vox DEI est,
 And, for the *Lord's-sake*, freely grants
 All such *Petitions* of the Saints,
 And pack the Bishops out of House,
 As Tools, of none or little use.

The King thus finding things go ill,
 And all drive on against his Will,
 Thinks it the safest way for him
 To abdicate the *Sanhedrim*.

At *Huntington* some days he stay'd,
 Then down to *York* his Progress made,

Where

Where Common-Prayer, and Parsons meet him,
And Northern Gentry came to greet him,
And guard his Person, as was fit,
From danger that attended it.

Yet badly arm'd, for almost all
Want *Powder*, some want *Guns*, some *Ball*,
So that, tho' Men of Resolution,
They could do little Execution.

At *Hull* there was a Magazine
That could supply ten thousand Men
With *Powder*, *Guns*, *Ball*, and *Buffcoats*,
And Instruments for cutting Throats;
Thither his Majesty repairs,
To get Utenfils for his Wars,
But all in vain, tho' it was full,
For *Hotham* (*h*) barr'd him out of *Hull*.
This wicked Traitor and his Son,
Open Rebellion first begun,
And Storms, that long had been a brewing,
Broke out at *Hull*, to *England's* Ruin.

And now the Drums begin to rattle,
And Parli'menteers arm for Battle;
To Field rebellious Armies come,
Headed by (*i*) *Essex* and *Black-Tom*.
The Parliament feize the strong Forts,
The Magazines, and all the Cinque-Ports,
Get the Militia, and Train'd-Bands,
And Royal-Fleet into their Hands.

On t'other side the King prepares,
And arms his Loyalists for Wars:
At *Nottingham* the *Standard-Royal*
Sets up, to shew he will employ all
That dare come venture Life and Limb,
For Bishops, Common-Prayer, and him,

(*b*) Sir John Hotham, then Governor of Hull, the first profest Traitor.

(*i*) The Earl of Essex and Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton.

And run the risque of Ax and Halter,
For *Railing-in a Table-Altar*.

Standard no sooner was set out,
But to it marches Horse and Foot;
Such Loyalists, and Men of worth,
Came from all quarters of the North,
As had a mind to die in fight
For Altar, Prayer, and *Charles's* Right.
The *Papists*, who were ever Loyal
To Government, and Person-Royal,
Send in their Forces to assist him,
But he in zealous Scorn dismiss 'em:
For Bishop *Laud*, whose very nod
The King obey'd, as Man of God,
Sent, as old Prophets were, to bring
Celestial Tidings to the King:
This little black (*k*) *Lord of a Fly*,
Who hated *Papists* mortally,
Blew into *Charles* his Head a Maggot,
That turn'd him to so vain a Biggot,
As't think, should he a *Papist* list,
'Twould bring a Curse upon the rest.

Laud thought the *Papists* Swords would blunt
The edges of Swords-Protestant,
And turn 'em all as soft as Lead,
By occult charm in luckless Blade.

The King dreading this dire Prediction,
Obeys the *Seer's* sage Direction (*l*),
And out a Proclamation sends,
That *Papists* (tho' his truest Friends)
Should quit his Armies, and from thence
Never draw Sword in his Defence.

*Happy they, had he been so kind
As never to have chang'd his Mind.*

(*k*) The first Protestants in their Scripture Language, call'd Belzebub (the Devil) The Lord of a Fly.

(*l*) His Majesty Declared by his Proclamation, that no *Papist* Recusant should serve in the Army. Micro-Chronicon. Anno 1642.

But sad Experience taught him better
Than his prophetic Fools of Letter;
For being bang'd from place to place,
And by the Rebels kept in Chace,
'Till out of Breath his Men were grown,
As hunted Stags are, when run down;
Then, tho' too late, he found he needed
The help of those he fondly dreaded.
And gladly gives them now Commiſſion,
Without the fear of Superſtition.

Reſentment they have none, nor ſpleen,
But to his Aid bring all their Men.
Their Duty they as much expreſt,
As if he had never murther'd Priſt;
Nor ſhewn his Malice ſo intenze,
As not accept of their Defence;
Which at the firſt, if he had done
He would have ſav'd both Head and Crown.
But, poor unhappy Prince, *His Fate*
Was to do all he did too late.

When all was loſt, the King was forc'd,
With a ſmall Party, meanly hors'd,
To fly from *Oxford* to the *Scots*,
A deſperate way to ſave their Throats;
For Covenanters, as ye ken,
Are treacherous perfidious Men.

The *Scots*, who then at *Newark* lay,
Gladly ſecure the Royal Prey,
In hopes, by way of Merchandize,
To fill their Satchels by the Prize;
Send out their Cryer with his Bell,
Wha'l buy a King? He's here to ſell.
The Parliament, for ſuch a *Gem*
Could not be purchas'd but by them,
Bid for him; and the Bargain ſtruck,
The King is *Liver'd with ill luck.*
An hundred thouſand pounds they pay,
The *Scots* ſnapp'd up, and ſneak away.

And

And now the King, a woeful sight,
Is Prisoner sent to th' Isle of *Wight*,
Where he's detained for a while,
Then brought to *London* from the Isle.

They charge him with a heap of Treason,
On pure design to cut his Weason,
And call him up to answer for't,
At Bar of *Self-Commission'd-Court*.
Those that accus'd him at the Bar,
And Evidences that were there,
Were Jury, and his Judges too.
A base, ignoble, impious Crew
Of *Independents*, late sprung out
Slips from a *Presbyterian* Root,
And *Presbyterians* mix'd with them,
Compos'd the bloody Sanhedrim.

Bradshaw, a Pettyfogger, sent
From Hell, was made the *President*,
Next him sat *Cromwell* at the Board,
First let us seek (says he) the Lord,
To know what he would have us do,
We dare not act in't, till we know:
For what we do, it must be done,
Just as the Spirit leads us on.
And thus to seek the Lord, he fell
To cant and pray, with Tears at will,
Till purple Nose, well drench'd in these,
Look'd like an Orange dipt in Grease.

Our Hearts, O *Lard!* and thus they pray,
As Witches do, the backward way:
With godly Counfel fill and wholesome,
And to our Sores put *Gilead's Balsam*,
By cutting off the *Evil-Doer*,
Whom thou hast put into our Power,
As thou gav'st into *Joshua's* hand
The wicked Kings o'th' Holy-Land,
To hang 'em upon Trees (O Father!
Prais'd be thy Name) by fives together.

The

The wicked, as the Scripture says,
 Shall never live out half his Days;
 Assist then what we are about,
 And let his Kingdoms spue him out:
 But yet, on t'other side, O *Lard*!
 If thou remembrest, *David* fear'd
 To touch the Lord's Anointed, all
 The harm he did to wicked *Saul*,
 Was cutting off the skirt of Coat,
 This makes us fear to cut the Throat
 Of our Anointed King. We pray
 O *Lard*, thou'lt put us in a way
 How we may take his Life, and yet
 Be innocent in doing it.
 Or else, *Lard*, if thou art content
 To take our homely Counsel in't,
 We think it may be brought to pass
 Justly enough; let's do it thus (*m*);
 First we'll distinguish and divide
Charles from the King, let *Charles* be try'd,
 We'll only *Charles* to Judgment bring,
 But shall not meddle with the King.
 Pray let it, *Lard*, be thus appointed,
 To free from Blood of thine Anointed
 Thy holy People, who sit here (*n*)
 Crying to thee, in fervent Prayer.
 Thus on they pray'd, till well inspir'd,
 Took all for granted they desir'd,
 And with a joint Consent they bring
Charles Stuart Traitor to the King,
 And *Bradshaw*, at the Mouth of Court,
 Pronounc'd his Sentence in this sort;
*Thy Head, Charles Stuart, shall be struck
 Off from thy Shoulders on a Block.*

(*m*) They Fired in the Face of the King for the safety of his Person, says the Author of *Persecutio Undecima*, p. 2.

(*n*) The Presbyterians killed the King, and the Independants Murdered *Charles Stuart*, Vindicat. of the Engl. Oath, &c. against Oats's Narrat p. 2.

This said the bloody Butchers lead him
To Execution, and behead him.

The King thus murther'd, *Charles* his Son,
Secur'd by pious *Huddleston*
A *Popish* Priest, the Rebels seek
Thro' all the Land, thro' every Creek,
Yet by good Providence that blest him,
Where e'er they fought, they always mist him.

By the two *Pendrells* he was fed,
A Tree his Palace and his Bed,
Hid in the hollow of an Oak,
Secure he lay from fatal Stroke;
Till at the last, by happy chance,
They got him safe convey'd to *France*.
Where *James* the Duke of *York*, his Brother,
Was also banish'd, and his Mother;
For this indeed was their design,
To murther, if they could, the Royal-Line.

And now that forty-eight is run,
Let us return back, and go on
With Altars, Sacrifice, and Prayer,
And things call'd Priests, who many a year
Had help'd the Bishops in the brewing
This bloody Cup, to all their ruin.
Perhaps the Railing in their Table,
Came from Queen *Bess's* private Chapel.
But that's no matter: For my Rhyme
The Story tells (sometimes the Time.)

The Bishops, as they stile themselves,
A sort of busy luckless Elves,
That in reforming never yet
Knew where, or what they would be at;
Brought on at first this bloody Work,
By painting th' outside of their Kirk,
To make it seem like that of *Rome*,
At least as nigh as it could come,
And not in *Substance* be the same,
Nor have from thence its Faith and Name.

Now

Now *Sacrifice* they'll have, and *Priest*,
 And Table like an *Altar* drest,
 And a strange sort of *Real Presence*,
 Without *Reality* or *Essence*.
 For *Laud*, that Ape, would imitate
 The High-Priest's Faith in *Peter's Seat*,
 But bungled it, as Monks do,
 And took a false Faith for a true.
 And the ambitious Fool had hope
 To make himself the Western Pope,
 And, from the *Belgick Ocean*, rule
 Beyond *Hibernia* and *Thule*.

God's Board is what they first reform,
 Which never mov'd but brought a Storm:
 From midst of Quire, they thought it good,
 To place it where the *Altar* stood
 Before the days of little *Ned*,
 When true Religion flourished.
 And Altar-wise, they needs must set it,
 Close to the Wall as they could get it;
 Where they presum'd to *Rail it in*,
 As if a real Altar it had been.
 Nor would they call it now God's board,
 But *Holy Altar of the Lord*.

But oh, the Parson was to stand (o)
 At this new Altar's *Northern End*.

(o) The Rubrick in their Liturgy, Commands the Parson to stand at the North Side of the Table when he Officiates. But having got their Tables set Altar-wise against the Eastern Wall, then its sides stood East and West and its Ends North and South; so that if the Parson must stand North it must of necessity be at the North End. The Author of the *Coal from the Altar*, p. 23. Thus they could find no way to resolve this Difficulty and to make his Altar agree with his Rubrick, but by calling its End side. It is plain, says he, that if we speak according to the Rules of Art, every part of it is a side, when therefore he that Ministrereth at the Altar, stands at the North End of the same, as we use to call it, he stands no question at the North side thereof, as in propriety of Speech we ought to call it, The Author of the *Holy Table*, Name and thing. (suppos'd to be Williams Bishop of Lincoln) Ridicules this fond Conceit at a Comical rate for 5 or 6 pages together. p. 50 to p. 57. It is not without

To such as are dispos'd to laugh,
 The thing's ridiculous enough,
 To see the Vicar offering up,
 At Altar's End, his Bread and Cup.
 But prithee why so merry, Friend?
 Their new-shap'd Altar has no End,
 But only *Sides*: 'tis *Side* all o'er;
 Two long, two short, in number four.
Tho' every thing, if Proverb's true,
An end has, and a Pudding two.
 By calling thus its *End* its *Side*:
 They got their *Rubrick* satisfy'd:
 Unlucky *Rubrick*, that bids stand
 At North-side, not at its North-end.

Vicar of Grantham was the Man
 That with his Table first began;
 The first I mean that fell to work
 About it in a Country Kirk;
 For he, in every Godly thing,
 Resolv'd to imitate the King,
 And Bishops, who close to the Walls
 Had set 'em in Cathederals,
 And in the Royal-Chapel't stood
 Much like an *Altar*, but of Wood.
 And this he thought a Pattern fit
 To imitate, so follow'd it.

No sooner had he mov'd his Board,
 But all the Herd of wild Beasts roar'd.

without a great deal of Reason (says he) that Dr. Coal thus Triumphs, to have found by his rare Invention and Study in Geometry four sides in a long Table, not without some hope of having one day an Altar and a Sacrifice for joy of this Diagram, and surely well may he deserve it, if at a Table, that hath no end, he can Officiate at the End of the Table. (He goes on) If your Eve Sir, was taken from your side, but she was not taken from every part of a Man, tell her that she was taken from your Heels, and you shall quickly find her (if she be mettled) about your Ears. So when you Officiate at the End of the Table, you may Officiate at a Part; but you cannot Officiate at that part of the Table, to which by the Rubrick, Confirmed by Act of Parliament, you are literally directed and appointed.
 The

The *Aldermen* and all the Town (*p*)
Rush'd in, to pull his Altar down.

The *Vicar* minding well (good Man)
The dangerous risque his Altar ran,
Clickt up a Rail, that they had broke,
And to close Battel him betook,
Deals round his lusty Bangs among
The very thickest of the throng,
Till Legs and Arms of divers Men
Fell, to repent their coming in;
And from the danger of the fray
Made haste they cou'd to get away;
Till in good time the *Alderman*,
Who flying, made the Rear the Van,
Facing about i'th' midst of Ally,
Make Head, crys he, my Boys, and rally,
Why should we be afraid, and run
Like Cowards, when we're ten to one?

Go on, but first let's arm ourselves
With Benches, broken Stalls, and Shelves;
Pluck up and take whate'er you light on,
Then let us boldly go and Fight on.
He said, and from the *Magazine*
Of *Stall* and *Pew* he arm'd his Men,

(*p*) The Holy Table, name and thing tells us, That when the Vicar fell upon removing of the Communion Table from the upper part of the Quire to the Altar-place, as he call'd it, Mr. Wheatley the Alderman Questioning him thereupon, what Authority he had from the Bishop? Received this Answer, That his Authority was this, he had done it, and he would justifie it. Master Wheatly commanded his Officers to remove the Table to the place again, which they did accordingly, but not without STRIKING, much heat and indiscretion both of the one side and the other. The Vicar said, he cared not what they did with their Old Tresse; for he would make him an Altar of Stone at his own charge and fix it in the old Altar-place, and would never Officiate at any other. The People replying, he should set up no dresser of Stone in their Church. Master Wheatly the Alderman, writ to the Bishop, of those Passages as also of light Gestures in Bowing at the Name of Jesus, so as sometimes his Book fell down, and once himself; to the Derision of others, &c. This was about June or July 1627.

Who

Who in close Body all assail
 The angry *Vicar* and his Rail;
 Who by this time had wisely got
 His Gown cast off, for he was hot,
 And in a little nimble Vest,
 That reach'd a neuf beneath his Waste,
 Upon the steps the sable Knight
 Takes up his Stand, resolv'd to fight,
 By the advantage of the Steps
 He laid approaching Foes in heaps.

The valiant Chief, that led them on,
 Was an *Inn-keeper*, fat as Brawn,
 A busy fellow, grim and tall,
 But an unwieldy Animal;
 The *Alderman* brought up the Rear,
Lieutenant like, but came not near;
 For he resolv'd, not to be slain,
 Till *Vicar* first had kill'd his Men.
 Their Captain bravely leads 'em up,
 Till they had forc'd the second step,
 When *Rail* of *Vicar*, by good chance,
 Pushes the *Chieftain* on the Paunch;
 Who backwards falling, rudely catches
 Two of his Party by the Breeches,
 And being heavy down go all,
 And three behind 'em with the fall;
 Thus fix at once, by lucky thrust
 Of Rail, the *Vicar* laid in Dust.

At the first onset thus defeated,
 Some paces back the Foes retreated,
 As wisely dreading further harms,
 And beg Cessation of Arms,
 Might for an hour, or so, be made,
 Till they had carry'd off their Dead:
 For they believ'd their *Chief*, and five
 That fell in Fight, were scarce alive.

But, to their comfort, when they come
 To lift at *Leader's* weighty Bum,

They

They by his Praises, and Thanksgiving
For Life and Limb, found he was living.
All hands to work, they get the Top-
End of him rear'd directly up,
And both his nether Limbs set right,
Which like two Pillars bore the weight.
He try'd to go, and found he went,
And that his Belly was not rent;
Only a bruise nigh to its Port-hole,
Got by the fall, but was not mortal.
Courage he takes, and with the *Vicar*
Resolves a second time to bickar:
He brandishes his *Sword of Stall*,
And breaths out Vengeance for the fall.
Thus big, with valour, sounds to Battel,
Commanding all his two-legg'd Cattle
To fall on with a Stomach eager,
And *Vicar's* Fort of Steps beleaguer:
Who vigorously his Wall defends,
But as he could not at both ends,
And in the middle be at once,
His Fort they storm, by consequence.
A bow-legg'd *Tailor* that was there,
None look'd upon him fit for War,
Nor did the *Vicar* ever mind him,
Till the fly Rascal got behind him,
And butting, with his Head, the Hips
Of *Vicar*, push'd him from the Steps,
So rudely that he fell among
The very middle of the throng;
Who seize upon him, and his Rail,
And stoutly thrash his *Coat-o'-Mail*;
And, had he not call'd out for Quarter,
He'd been his Altar's Proto Martyr.
Thus having laid the *Vicar* still,
That he could do no further ill,
The *Alderman*, by help of Rabble,
Brought from the Wall Communion-Table.

Below

Below the Steps he plac'd it, where
It stood before, in midst of Quire.

The Minister (another Jest)
Must now forsooth be call'd a *Priest*,
And so a *Sacrifice* they must
Procure, or all their Labour's lost:
For wanting this, they saw 'twas plain,
That *Priest* and *Altar* were in vain.

But what this *Holocaust* must be,
They never yet could, all agree.

Commemorative-Sacrifice

One holds, another this denies.
The Bishops and their Doctors grave
Will needs a *Real Presence* have;
But this must neither be by *Con-*
Nor Transubstantiation;
But by some other sort of way,
Yet what, or how, they could not say.

The *Presbyterian* party pleaded,
That *Sacrifice* no other needed,
Than offering up themselves, and *Praise*,
And *Prayers*, and *Thanks*, in Gospel-days,
And that there need'd not, for such
Material Altars in the Church;
For Hearts were Altars, ev'ry Man
Bore one about to offer on,
And to himself could serve for *Priest*.
This Doctrine pleased not the rest;
For e're they would an Altar want (*q*),
And *Sacrifice* to offer on't,
Their *Bread* and *Wine*, they did at last
Conclude to be the *Holocaust*,
And must be call'd (for they were wise)
Commemorative Sacrifice.

(*q*) The Church allows of a *Commemorative Sacrifice* for a perpetual memory of Christ's precious Death, of that his full, perfect, and sufficient Sacrifice, says the *Coal* from the Altar. p. 8.

The *Presbyterians* answer this,
 Hold Sirs, you take the thing amiss
 Your *Homily* itself denies
 Commemorative Sacrifice.
 Indeed you can no further pass
 Than to *Remember that o'th' Cross*,
 And this you may do every day
 Tho' *Priest* and *Altar* were away.
 The Memory of Sacrifice,
 Most certainly can never rise
 To be the Sacrifice itself.
 This run them on another Shelf,
 And made them think their Sacrament
 Must needs retain Christ's Presence in't (r),
 To make the same a fit Oblation,
 And this must be from Consecration;
 Yet will not have it understood,
 As if *Christ's Body and his Blood*
 Were really there: For this will be,
 Say they, no less than Popery;
 From which it's fit we keep, as far
 As rigid *Presbyterians* are.

(r) After Dr. Pocklington has by Catholick Arguments and Authorities of the Holy Fathers sufficiently proved the real presence, and fearing to be accused of teaching Catholick Doctrine it seems, Explains what sort of Presence was meant, out of a Crew of Protestant Authors, whose Testimonies, tho' he have the Confidence to pretend them for it, yet they utterly destroy and bring it to a meer Imaginary Chimera. See his *Altare Christianum*.

The Holy Table, &c. Ridicules 'em thus, Behold the Fire and Wood, but where is the Lamp for the burned Offering, &c. But says the Coal again, The Church admits of a Commemorative Sacrifice. The Table Answers, I do confess the Man hath found a Sacrifice, but it is a Bull. *Taurum tibi pulcher Apollo. Virg. Æneid.* A very strange and hideous Bull which this Calf makes the Church to speak unto her People, in her Publick Homily. But the Church, in her Homily, and other Publick Writings, never speaks a word of any Commemorative Sacrifice; but of the Memory only of a Sacrifice. See the Holy Table, Name and Thing.

A Letter to the Vicar of Grantham, about setting his Table Altar-wise.

And therefore, Brethren, let us be all
For *Presence*; but not *Presence Real*.

Thus off and on their Senses vary
From *Real* to *Imaginary*.

Yet not *Imaginary* neither,
Nor *Real*, sometimes both together,
And other whiles they knew not whether,
Till their *Non-Real Real-Fiction*,
Ended in *Real Contradiction*.

Which subtle *Presbyterians* heeding
Thus ridicule their mad proceeding.
Ye have got a Priest and Altar, but
The Sacrifice appeareth not.

An Holocaust, complete and full,
You have, it seems, but it's a Bull.

Concerning Priest and Sacrifice,
And setting Tables Altar-wise,
Books *Pro* and *Con* fly out in print,
Like Leeches gorg'd with Argument.
Grantham's stout *Vicar* scarce had got
His Board in place of Altar set,
When out there comes a peevish Letter,
To charge him for an Innovator.
Writ, as some Authors shrewdly guess,
By th' Bishop of the Diocess.
Others report it writ by *Cotton*,
(By whom, it matters not a button),
It shed indeed a stock of Gall
On *Table-Altar* at the Wall.

The *Vicar* and his Altar-party,
Stout Paper Combatants and hearty,
Resent in highest sort th' Affront;
Do vow Revenge, whate'er come on't,
Which in this manner was effected (s),
One of 'em, like a Man distracted,

(s) In Answer to the Letter comes out a Book call'd a Coal from
the Altar.

Starts up and to the Altar goes,
Catches from thence a *Coal*, and throws
Full drive at that pernicious Writing,
And all the *Table-Men*'t cou'd light on.

But Sirs, behold the scorching Brand
Was scarce deliver'd from his hand (1),
When from the Table-party came
The *Quench-Coal* out, to choak the flame.
But *Quench-Coal* being but a dull
Inspid lump, of nonsense full,
Did little harm, or none at all,
To the victorious Altar *Coal*.

But to its Aid came the most able
Buffoons about Communion-Table,
And in a spiteful Laughter fall,
By way of Horse-play, on the *Coal* (u);
Throw *Canons* and *Injunctions* on it,
And musty *Rubrics* heap upon it,
With *Fox's Acts*, and lying *Jewel*,
And *Homilies* contriv'd to do-ill,
With these, upon the *Coal* they fling
The Holy Table, Name and Thing;
This was a weighty piece of Stuff,
Brimful of banter, droll, and scoff,
By which, no doubt, the *Table-members*
Had dash'd the *Coal* into dead Embers,
If (v) *Pocklington* had not restrain'd 'em,
By his *Altare-Christianum*;
A learned Book, where *Coal* and *Altar*
Found for a time sufficient shelter,
Expell'd the Venom, dull'd the Sting
Of *Holy Table, Name and Thing*.

The Vicar dies; and you must know,
He saw (it seems) from Grot below,

(1) In Reply to the *Coal* comes the *Quench-Coal* out.

(u) Against the *Coal* also William Bishop of Lincoln writes his
Book Entitled the *Holy Table, Name and thing*.

(v) Dr. Pocklington's *Altare Christianum*.

His Altar in a danger great,
 And few that pleaded (*w*) well for it,
 Takes up his *Pen* and falls to plead
 For's Altar: tho' a twelve-month dead.
 Who doubts but all the damn'd below
 And Devils, know what Sinners do?
 Tho' it's a Crime -o him that dares
 Affirm that Saints hear just Mens Pray'rs.

Scarce was a *Pen* but what was try'd,
 And Books flew out on ev'ry side,
 Till ev'ry Fop set up for Wit,
 And *Laud*, and *Hall*, and *Heylin* writ,
 And so did *White* and *Montague*,
 And *Shelford*, *Cousins*, *Watts* and *Dow*,
Laurence, and *Forbis*, and a Crew,
 Whose names would surfeit me and you.

Nor was the *Presbyterian* side
 Less learn'd, less fierce, less occupy'd,
 That is, in pulling down, from top
 To bottom, what the rest set up,
 And spoiling th' Image of a Kirk
 That cost Prelaticks so much Work.
 For, out comes (*x*) *Autokatakrisis*,
 And dings their Altar all to pieces,
 Puts out their *Coal*, and quite destroys
 Their shadow of a Sacrifice,
 Expos'd the Prelates, and their Prayers,
 And rais'd the *Mob* about their Ears.

This Book was writ about the Year
 That *Laud* impos'd his Common-Prayer
 Upon the *Scots*. It helped on
 The War *Jane Gaddis* had begun,
 And put an end to Goose-quill Flight,
 But not to Malice, Rage and Spite.
 Both sides in full Spring-tide of Wrath,
 But in the lowest Ebb of Faith,

(*w*) The Dead Vicar's Plea, thus the Book's Entituled.

(*x*) *Laudensium AUTOKATAKRISIS.*

Fall on with Gun, and Sword, and Pike,
 And shoot, and push, and flash, and strike,
 And hang, and head, and burn, and kill,
 With all their power, to people *Hell*.
 Thus for Religion both run mad,
 When not a Grain-on't either had.

Old *Laud*, who by this War had hope
 Of setting up himself for *Pope*.

Was by the *Hatchet* shorter made,
 By half the Neck, and whole the Head;
 His Fellow-prelates, three times four,
 I care not whether less or more,
 The Parliament sent to the Tow'r,
 Where they lay sweating for a while,
 And then were banish'd from the Isle.

}
 }

“ Thus, to the *Presbyterian* Rage and Zeal,
 “ A Sacrifice those busy Bishops fell,
 “ And their *Reformed Church* was overthrown
 “ By its own Prop, the Reformation;
 “ For by the *Rule* that they reformed *Rome*,
 “ By that same *Rule* they were reformed at home.
 “ All Sects in *England* have the self-same Plea
 “ To reform them, as they the *Roman See*.”

The *Wolves* at last thus laid to sleep,
 Up *Tygers* rise to keep the *Sheep*,
 And rule, without controul, the *Herd*,
 By force of *Spirit* and the *Word*;
 Two *Furies*, which a-main drive on
 To further Reformation:
For Reformation never ends,
More it reforms, the less it mends.

In place of former Liturgy,
 They frame a strange *Directory* (y),
 In which was neither *Psalm*, nor *Prayer*,
 Nor *Creed*, nor *Pater-noster* there.
 More than you'll find in *Erra-Pater*,
 Yet highly valu'd for its Matter,

(y) The *Presbyterian Directory*, set out when they cry'd down
 the *Common Prayer*.

And rev'renc'd in the *English* Kirks,
As *Alchorans* among the *Turks*.

This Book was made to teach the way
Of Discipline, and how to pray.
Not by set Form, but inward Light,
By length of Prayer they knew when right,
Its Efficacy, Truth and Strength,
Consisting all in Cant and Length.

Tho' Form of Prayer those Men have none,
Yet Form of Visage they put on,
And by the twine of Mouth and Forehead,
Knead up an Aspect damnly horrid (z),
And shape their Faces to the fashion
Of their Decree of Reprobation.
In short, a sign of all that's Base,
Sinful and wicked's in his Face;
So by the outward mark is guest
The inward nature of the Beast.

On *Sundays*, when he leaves his House,
To go to Kirk, a thousand bows
He makes, and cringes in the Streets
To ev'ry Hobby-horse he meets,
Twisting with little Smirks his Face,
To shew his stock of inward Grace,
And be admired, and respected,
For Saint eternally Elected.
But when he comes in Kirk, he goes
As if close Swaddl'd in his Cloaths,
To God he will not bow his knee,
Like an old *Agonyclitee*.

Mounting his Desk, a while he sits (a)
In silence, and his Eyes he shuts,

(z) A Presbyter or Preaching Elder.

(a) Lord soufe 'em, Lord douse 'em in the Powdering Tub of Affliction, that they may come out Tripes sitting for thy Table. See Cit and Bumkin by Sir Roger L' Strange.

Lord give us Grace for if thou give us not Grace we shall not give thee Glory; and who will gain by that Lord? Huston's Prayer in Scotch Pres. Elog.

Borland's

Thrice yawns, to suck the Spirit in,
That is to operate within,
Then a deep Groan, and out he brays
Such odd extemporary Prayers,
As those that are recorded since
In *Presbyterian* Eloquence.

Ending his Prayer, his Mouth he shuts,
And tunes the Organs of his Guts,
So do the rest, till all perceive
Their tune-big Paunches fall to heave,
And rumble thro' their droaning Pipes
A full blast from the Bag of Tripes.
Throats thus set up, and Mouth wide ope,
Hob Wisdom's Psalm 'gainst *Turk* and *Pope*,
They sing, or some *Geneva* Jiggs,
Not much unlike the squeak of Pigs,
By *Knox* compos'd, and such as fled
From *England*, at the death of *Ned*.
I'll give an Instance here of one
By *Knox* set out, and thus sings *John*;
 Then Jezabel, when she grew fat,
 Then she began to sing,
 She's fat, she's fair, she's finger-fed,
 Her Paunches down do hing.

Thus, come at last to end of Psalm,
And all the Blusterers grown calm,
The *Elder*, in his frantick heats,
Falls on with Fist, and Pulpit beats.
His Text he takes from sacred Letter,
For Holy Gospels he knows better
Than any of the four that writ 'em,
And with their native sense can fit 'em,

Borland's Prayer, Lord when thou wast Electing to Eternity,
Grant that we have not got a wrong Cast of thy hand to our Souls.
Presb. Eloq.

Another *Elder* Prays. Lord thou hast said that he is worse than
an Infidel that provides not for his own Family; Give us not reason
to say this of thee Lord, for we are thine own Family, but yet we
have been but Scurvily provided for of a long time. See *Scots*
Presbyt. Eloquence, where you will find plenty of like sort.

As well as dexterous Baboon
 A Fiddle can, or Bag-pipe tune.
 As soon as Words of Text are spoke,
 He shuts up Notes and Bible Book,
 To shew, 'tis not from Learning human,
 Or painful study, but from Demon,
 That dictates to him what he preaches,
 And every Paradox he teaches.
 For whatsoever he pretends
 He has his Proofs at fingers-ends,
 Or stor'd in Scull, 'gainst time of need,
 As Witches knot up Wind in thread.

If't chance, as often't does, a word
 Escapes *Blasphemous*, or absurd,
 At heels on't Scripture comes to back it;
 He'll forge a Text, before he'll lack it.
 For's black Decree of *Reprobation*,
 For *Cheating*, *Lying*, and *Oppression*,
 For *Incest*, *Rape*, *Rebellion*, *Murther*,
 He has his Texts in proper Order.
 For cutting off the *Heads of Kings*,
 Scripture Authority he brings.
 That God is *Author of all Sin*,
 He finds the Proofs his Bible in.
 Nothing flies from his impious Jaws,
 But what leaps out in Bible phrase.

When in the heat of his Distractions,
 Strangely surprizing are his Actions,
 One fit he'll seem all *Saint* and civil,
 Then on a sudden turn a Devil;
 Sometimes he'll smile, and then he'll weep,
 Then close his Eyes, as if asleep,
 When on a sudden from his dream
 He'll start, and, fury-like, exclaim
 'Gainst *Pope* and *Prelate*, *King* and *Priest*;
 Of these he forms his *Antichrist*,
 And paints him in a Figure horrid,
 With ten huge Horns on ev'ry Forhead,

And

And with a Septi-fronted Scull :
 With this his monstrous Butting-bull,
 He frights the Women into Fits,
 And scares the Men out of their Wits,
 But when he sets his Face to whine,
 (Strange force of sympathetic Twine)
 The People writhe up ugly Faces,
 As outward signs of inward Graces ;
 Who does not this, by all the rest
 Is deem'd a *Reprobate*, at best.

It is a main part of his Care
 To preach 'em all into Despair (*b*).
 Horror, and desperate Defection,
 Are his chief signs of Free-Election.

When from the Kirk Folk go away,
 To one another thus they'll say,
 Ah! *Lord*, what pains (good Man) he took ?
 He all this while preach'd without Book,
 Yet made, blest Man, a godly Sermon,
 His Countenance is sweet and charming,
 For from each twine of Mouth or frown,
 One might perceive *Grace pouring down*.
 Thus they extol, and think him even
 A very Angel dropt from Heaven.
 Well, be it so, then I can tell
 That he slip'd down when *Satan* fell.

Such gifted Elders kept the Steeple
 For fundry Years, and taught the People,
 From mystic Sense of holy Word,
 The godly use of Pike and Sword,
 And all the mysteries of War,
 'Gainst Prelate, Prince, and Common-Prayer.
 Till at the last their Church, alas!
 Was brought to such a Warlike pass,
 That when its Foes were overcome,
 It fought on still, and kill'd at home.
Elder with Elder, Saint with Saint
 Fought, thro' their whole *Church-Militant* ;

(*b*) Scots Presb. Eloq.

Till *Independant* got the better,
By Cant and Sword, of the *Presbyter*.

But ken ye not what's *Independency*? Mind Sirs, I'll tell ye then,
It's *Protestancy* twice refin'd
As every body has a mind,
And Jurisdiction wrested from
The Pope, and cut in bits at home,
For ev'ry Man to have his share,
(Equal Partition's very fair.)

Thus each Man is a Parish-priest,
Just to himself, not to the rest
A Red-nos'd Russian, called *Noll*,
Lord-Independant of them all,
Steps boldly up, and sets him down,
Not in the *Throne*, but on the *Crown*.
He cut that Gordian-Knot in two,
Which *Charles* himself durst never do,
That is, into the House he went,
And turn'd out the *Long-Parliament*,
Then, under a pretence of Zeal
For public Good, rul'd Common-Weal.
He took for Title *Lord-Protector*,
Rul'd divers Years: At last the Hector
In a huge Hurricane was hurl'd
Head-long into another World.

Noll in a Whirlwind blown away,
And *Dick*, his Son, not like to stay,
Folk sober grew, and well content
To call again from Banishment
Their injur'd Land-Lord, and restore
The Farms they drove him from before.
They having spent both Blood and Treasure,
Monk quietly brings in Great *Cæsar*.

The exile King again restor'd,
In swarm the Bishops and the Word,
Not that same word which out they carry'd,
But a new Faith is now declared.

Religion

Religion takes another Frame,
It never stood two Reigns the same.

The *Real Presence*, which before
So many taught, is held no more,
Nor is there any further noise
Of Altar, Priest, or Sacrifice.

Charles, that so long, by force of Arms,
Had been kept from three goodly Farms,
And Bishops drove from Dioceses,
That had so long liv'd on their Graces,
Were glad, it seems, at any cost,
To repossess their livings lost;
And can ye blame them? for judge you
What Bangs and Hunger will not do,
Especially with those whose Belly
Is all the *Deity* they value.

Juxton, and *Sheldon*, *Wren*, and *Cosin*,
And other such, about a Dozen (c),
Together met, after the Fashion
Of Upper-house of Convocation,
Calling their *Petty-Clerks* together,
Who, of the Houses, made the nether.

Hark Brethren, says old *Juxton*, hark,
We're got again to *Helm* of *Bark*;
Let's not forget how *Laud*, our Brother,
Misguided, in his time, the *Ruther*,
Till over setting in the Flood,
The Kirk was drown'd in Waves of Blood;
The Shelves on which he fondly run,
I pray, good Brothers, let us shun,
By mild Compliance with *Dissenters*,
And stretch no more their Faith on Tenters.
Why shou'd we, Sirs, make all this din
About the Railing Tables in,
Or getting them set Altar-wise,
When Priest we want and Sacrifice?
I'd rather have us quite disclaim
All our Pretensions to the same.

(c) Common-Prayer again Corrected.

There was a *Rubrick*, many a day since,
 Contriv'd against the *Real Presence*,
 And set in *Edward's* second Book,
 But shortly after out 'twas took,
 And flung away in Reign of *Bess*,
 Can any o'ye tell where 'tis?
 I have it by me, quoth *Ben Laney*,
 With other pieces a great many,
 That now are old and out of use.
 Go, bring it hither to the House,
 Says *Juxton*. Not so fast, quoth *Wren*,
 Let's never meddle w'it again,
 It is a piece of impious stuff,
 Without a word of Scripture-proof,
 But quite against the sacred Letter.
 Well, well, quoth *Juxton*, that's no matter,
 We must not stand on things so nicely,
 But for our Interest act things wisely;
 Unless we take that *Rubrick* in,
 We cannot please the *Puritan*;
 And once provoke those *Presbyters*,
 They'll fly again about our Ears,
 For they're a waspish sort of Cattle,
 That will for Trifles move to Battle.

His talk old *Juxton* still had held on,
 Had he not thus been stopt by *Sheldon*,
 My Lord, I never, while I live,
 To this the least Consent can give,
 I'll never prostitute my Faith
 For fear of *Puritannic* Wrath;
 'Twill stain th' Ecclesiastic State,
 That we ourselves, who but so late
 For *Real Presence*, and for Altar,
 Were in fair way to stretch a Halter,
 And banish'd from our Diocesses,
 Should own a *Rubrick*, such as this is,
 That has no Presence in't at all,
 Nor Real nor Essential;

Whereas

Whereas we all believe (ye know)
Christ present, tho' we know not how.

At this the Blood of Bishop *Juxton*
Began to boil, like (d) *Anne o' Buxton*.
He rowls his little Eyes about,
And thus in Words his Thoughts break out.
Think you, Sirs, I am such a Buzzard
As lose my Bishoprick, and hazard
The want of Wine, fat Beef and Bread,
If not the cutting off my Head,
Or being trufs'd up on the Gallows,
By vexing of those fiery Fellows?
You know how they have bang'd our Coats,
And cut whole thousands of our Throats;
Besides beheading of our King,
And all about this very thing.

'Tis fitting then that we provoke 'em?
No! rather cherish 'em and stroke 'em.
Besides, the King, tho' dear he buy it,
Will stick at nought to purchase quiet.
'Tis not a *Rubrick* (e) we must stand on.

Well, since our Faith we must abandon,
'Tis good to use a little cunning,
And do it prudently, says *Gunning*,
Where *Real* and *Essential* stand,
We'll put the word *Corporeal*, and
Blot out the other two, by this
The change perhaps may be the less;
For pious Chaplains thus have preach'd,
To the late King, from Scriptures stretch'd,

(d) A hot Bath, not far from the Peak in Derbyshire.

(e) See K. Edward's Rubrick at large in CANTO II.

A part of which I shall put down here. We do declare that it is not meant thereby (by kneeling) that any adoration is done, or ought to be done, either unto the Sacramental Bread and Wine, there Bodily received, or unto any Real or Essential Presence there being of Christ's Natural Flesh and Blood. Thus K. Edward's Rubrick, but K. Charles's Bishops have changed the words Real and Essential Presence, into Corporeal Presence.

Have

Have taught Christ's Body truly there,
 Yet at the same time did declare
 That bodily he must not be,
 Where yet his Body's *Really*;
 So we may set our Rubrick off
 Against *Corporeal* well enough,
 Yet in our own Minds we may all
 Hold *Real* and *Essential*.

No sooner said, but all in this,
 For ought we ken, did acquiesce.
 For, alter'd thus, that *Rubrick* took
 It's stand in the Communion Book.
 It seems those *Metaphysick* Noddies,
 'Twixt *Real* and *Essential* Bodies,
 And Bodies that *Corporeal* are,
 Could tell the difference to a hair,
 Like *Hudibras*, who could divide
 T' a Hair 'tween South and South-west-side.

Some other little changes were
 Besides, made in the Common-Prayer,
 But scarcely worth the noting down,
 Setting aside this needless one,
 To wit, their Litany's Defect
 They, like great Sages, now correct (*f*),
 And *Schism* and *Rebellion* add,
 Words which before it never had,
 Judging that this Petition there,
 For Folk to beg in Common-Prayer,
 Would keep them in Obedience
 To Church and State, to Priest and Prince.
 But what effect this had one might
 See, who liv'd since in Eighty-eight.

*True Protestancy in its Nature,
 Compos'd is of no other Matter
 Than Schism, Heresy and Treason,
 Rebellion too, on all occasion.*

(*f*) From Rebellion, Heresie, and Schism. Good Lord deliver us.
 A vain and needless Petition, and Hypocritically added, before
 the very Essence of Protestancy is Schism, Rebellion and Heresie.

The Common-Prayer was scarcely done,
 When further Business came on,
 And it was this. Grave Bishop (g) *Hacket*
 Pulls a small Book out of his Pocket,
 Come *Spick and Span New* from the Press,
 Against their *Ordination* 'twas,
 Proving their *Forms* thereof *invalid*,
 By Arguments so strong and solid,
 That they were deem'd unanswerable
 By all about the thoughtful Table.
 Its Title was *Erastus Senior*.

Reach me the Book, says Bishop (h) *Skinner*,
 I'll read aloud, that all may know
 What's in't: says *Juxton* (i), pray-ye do.
 When over 'twas distinctly read,
 To deep Consult went ev'ry Head,
 Both in the high and lower Hutt,
 For *Form's* Defence, but found it not.
Juxton, who matters duly weigh'd,
 Utter'd his Voice, and thus he said;

I gather, by my skill in Reading,
 That Reformation's first Proceeding
 Was grave, and went on by slow steps,
 And jump't not to the top by leaps.
 First, *Harry* th' Eighth the Pope deny'd,
 Yet did with no Reformer side,
 But under young King *Ned*, his Son,
 The *Zuinglian* Gospellers begun,
 Who, in a five or six Years work,
 Built up a sort of *Zuinglian* Kirk (k),

These held the Pope for *Antichrist*,
 The Bishops for the *Horns o'th' Beast*,
 And Priests for lesser Limbs at least;
 Disowning all the Character
 That Consecration could confer;

(g) Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield.

(h) Bishop of Oxford, expell'd.

(i) Bishop of Canterbury from London. Expell'd.

(k) The Character of King Edward's Zuinglian Church.

Therefore both Forms abolished (*l*),
 That Bishops might no more be made;
 Nor Priests; and then *devised* two
 Unuseful *Forms*, that we have now;
 Which *Forms* were not for *Consecration*
 Of Bishops, nor for *Ordination*
 Of Priests design'd, nor is the Name
 Of Priest or Bishop in the same;
 (As I have often said before,
 You'll think on't better th' oftner o'er.)
 Which plainly shews *Ned's* Church ne'er meant
 To have a Priest or Bishop in't.

The End for which those Forms were made,
 Was only that it might be said,

This is the Man that's pitch'd upon
For Elder, by Election;

And was deputed to that Honour
 In solemn-wise and formal manner;
 Thus, if a *Lay-man* was but chosen
 By's fellow *Lay-men* half a dozen,
 Such Choice was held for good Vocation,
 Without a further Ordination,
 And qualify him to be sent (*m*)
 To preach, and give the Sacrament,
 With Power enough to labour hard
 In the *new Vineyard* of the Lord.

Thus they held on all *Mary's* Reign,
 At *Frankfort* chose, and chose again,
 And the *Elected* held the Chair
 Of *Presbyter* but for his Year,
 Then to another gave it o'er
 And turn'd a *Lay-man* as before.

But afterwards, when *Bess* the Queen
 Came to the eighth Year of her Reign,

(*l*) Their Abolishing the Ancient Catholick Ordinal of Consecrating and Ordaining Bishops and Priests, and Devising new Forms for Electing of 'em.

(*m*) See the 23d. of the 39 Articles, and the Bishop of Sarum's Exposition on it.

She

She had a mind to have them bear,
 The Priests and Bishops Character,
 And so had they; to this intent
 They humbly sue to th' Parliament
 To make them Bishops, and by Act
 Confer the Character they lack'd.
 The Parliament grants their Petition,
 And, by a Statute, gives 'em Million,
 Enacts 'em to be Priests, and Bishops,
 And that the *Forms*, us'd by their Worship,
 Were good enough for Ordination,
 Of Priests, or Bishops Consecration,
 And that such as, in time to come,
 Should be Ordain'd by either Form,
 For Priests and Bishops should be taken,
 To be as good as *Rome* could make 'em.
 Now to consider let us go,
 If they be Valid, ay or no.

At this to work went ev'ry Head.

Eraſtus o'er again was read,
 And all the Arguments were brought on,
 For, and against, that could be thought on,
 Till by and by speaks *Ironſide* (n),
 The thing muſt thoroughly be try'd,
 For 'tis of great concern and weighty,
 The Enemy's expert and mighty,
 And therefore muſt have no occaſion
 To ſay we urge it without Reason.
 I grant at firſt the *Forms* were made
 Only for *chuſing*, as is ſaid,
 And that they neither can confer
 The Priests nor Bishops Character;
 Perhaps to this ſome may object,
 The Queen ſupply'd this ſad Defect,
 So did the Parliament by Act.
 To this I anſwer, that's a Dream
 Which from the *Ivory Poſtern* came;

(n) Biſhop of Briſtol

E e

To

To think States Temp'ral can by Act
 Supply a Spiritual Defect.
 That Act is Null, as if it was not;
 For *who can give the thing he has not?*
 'Tis certain, not one Word of Christ's
 Impower'd Lay-Statefmen to make Priests;
 Besides, the Forms be'ng really Null,
 To speak 'em good's a monstrous Bull;
 Or, what is worse, a Contradiction,
 (*This Age cannot be gull'd by Fiction.*)

The Arguments of this *Erastus*,
 Should we pretend to solve, would last us
 Till thread of Life grew out of Nock,
 Yet leave unanswered the Book.
 Besides, this Book's so public now,
 That maugre all that we can do,
 The World will see our sad Defect,
 And hold us but for bare Elect;
 And here he stopt. Quoth Bishop *Sheldon* (o),
 I judge it would be very well done
 To leave those *Forms*, and make us *new ones*,
 Such as the World must own for true ones;
 And then by these Ordain hereafter:
 At this *Stern* (p) burst into a Laughter.

Admit we make *New Forms*, says he,
 Pray what shall we the better be,
 Unless we able were to use 'em?
 All we can do is to abuse 'em,
 Because we are no Bishops, nor
 So much as Priests; therefore give o'er,
 And never let me hear of this.

Husht, husht! says *Juxton*, hold your peace,
 Think you the People will examine
 Whether we Bishops are, or *Lay-men*,
 Provided that ourselves we bear
 As if we had the *Character*?

(o) Bishop of London till 1663, then of Canterbury.

(p) Bishop of Carlisle.

What's this, quoth *Stern*, and spoke in heat,
But at the best a pious Cheat?

I say, let's ne'er pretend to grant
To others, what ourselves do want;
It is more honesty by far
To tell Folk plainly what we are.

Quoth *Frewin* (q), such Advice as this is
Will hazard all our Benefices,
And turn us out of Diocesses.

Can we suppose Folk will allow us
Such Revenues, when once they know us
To be but Lay-men, like themselves?
'Twill split our very Church on Shelves;
For where no Bishop can be found,
There can be no Church. This is own'd.
'Tis therefore fit we have regard,
Unto our Dignity, says *Ward* (r),
And keep the Name of Bishop up,
Or else we're mad, says *Bryan Dupp* (s).

What signifies, quoth *Stern*, a Name,
Where no just Right is to the same?
'Tis but assuming that among us
Which in plain terms do not belong us.

Since People have so many years
Call'd us Ecclesiastick Peers.

Few but will think it is our due,
Let us be silent then, quoth *Frew*.
'Twere madness certainly if ever,
We should our Nakedness discover.

Let's meddle then with neither *Form*,
The changing of 'em must do harm,
And give Men cause to think 'em Null:

That's true quoth *Griffith* (t), so it will;
For changing them in any fashion
Will be their tacit Condemnation.

(q) Bishop of York.

(r) Bishop of Exeter in 1661.

(s) Duppa Bishop of Winchester.

(t) Bishop of St. Asaph.

For if (they'll say) they were before
 Sufficient *Forms*, what need we more;
 But if we change 'em, then they'll swear
 They're good for nought, nor ever were.

Brothers, quoth *Juxton*, in a huff,
 You talk, but think not far enough.
 'Tis this *Erastus* spoils their Credit.
 I curse the Author when I read it.
 If it had never been set out,
 Of changing them I'd never thought,
 But, for the Reasons that you shew,
 Shou'd let 'em stand as they do now.
 But he so teazes us about 'em,
 That we had better be without 'em,
 Than always be thus sadly pelted.

The day is hot, I'm almost melted;
 Come let us to the *Tavern* go,
 And take a Glafs of Wine or two;
 It is too hard, for us to think,
 And talk so long, without a drink;
 'Twill whet our Wits, and make us sprightly,
 As Men should be that scan things rightly.
 Indulging sometimes, with a *Can*,
 The *outward*, helps the *inward* Man,
 And by the gravest may be done,
 Provided there's no looker-on.
 We'll be alone, none shall come nigh us,
 Unless my *Landlady* be by us,
 And she's a merry harmless Woman,
 Do what you will, she'll tell of no Man.
 This pleas'd 'em all, and out they fall
 To rinse with Sack their Brains from folly,
 And wash their Milts from Melancholy.
 Scarce thrice the Glafs its round had run,
 When *Juxton* thus again begun;
 For long Debates time will not last us,
 In short, who'll grapple with *Erastus*?

What

What say you to it, Brother *Cofin* (u)?
 Not I, my Lord, I'm sure a Dozen
 O'th' learned't Bishops in the Land
 Dare never take this Task in hand.
 I'm o' your mind, I do protest,
 Quoth *Sheldon*. This o're-sway'd the rest.

Well then, quoth *Juxton*, there's no way,
 But make *New Forms*. *Amen*, say they,
 And now, good Brothers, let us see
 How't must be done? They all agree,
 That at such time as hands are laid
 Upon th' elected Party's Head,
 Such Words be us'd, as can confer
 On Priests, the *Priestly Character*,
 And Words that can make Bishops, right as
 St. *Paul* did *Timothy* and *Titus*.

Concluding thus, they go away
 To Convocation House, and pray,
 Where for a while they silent sit,
 And on the matter meditate,
 Till they perceiv'd sufficient light
 For wording their *New Forms* aright.
 Then call a *Notary*, who soon,
 As they did dictate, writ 'em down,
 Just as they stand below, pray read,
 And these compare with those of *Ned*.

(u) Bishop of Durham.—The rest of the Bishops were, Roberts of Bangor, expell'd before in 42.—Pierce of Bath and Wells, expell'd.—King of Chichester.—Lucy of St. Davids.—Wren of Ely, Expell'd.—Nicholson of Gloster Monk of Hereford.—Morgan Owen of Landaff, expell'd.—Sanderson of Lincoln.—Reynolds of Norwich.—Ben Lany of Peterborough.—Warner of Rochester.—Hinchman of Salisbury.—Morley of Worcester.—Walton of Chester Barrow of the Isle of Man.

The Form of Ordaining Priests, made by K. Charles the Second's Bishops, after his Restoration. An. 1662.

Receive the Holy Ghost, for the Office and Work of a Priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the Imposition of our Hands. Whose Sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven; and whose Sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God and of his Sacraments. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The Form of Consecrating Bishops, invented in the year 1662, by those above-named.

Receive the Holy Ghost, for the Office and Work of a Bishop in the Church of God committed unto thee by the Imposition of our Hands. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: and, Remember thou stir up the Grace of God which is given thee by the Imposition of our Hands: For God hath not given us the Spirit of Fear, but of Power, and Love, and Soberness.

The Form of Ordaining Priests devised (by six Clergy-Men and six Lay-Men, or the Major of them) in the Reign of King Edward the Sixth.

Receive the Holy Ghost, whose Sins thou dost Forgive they are Forgiven, and whose Sins thou dost Retain they are Retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God, and of his Holy Sacraments. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen

The Form of Consecrating Bishops, devised under K. Edward's the Sixth (by perhaps six Lay-men and one Clergy-man.)

Take the Holy Ghost, and Remember thou stir up the Grace of God, which is in thee by the Imposition of Hands: For God hath not given us the Spirit of Fear, but of Power, and Love, and Soberness.

Now, Reader, I must let you know,
 These *Forms* devis'd in Sixty-two,
 Were never authorized yet,
 By *Article* or *Canon*. But,
 To *Ned's Forms* (*v*), the Ordain'd, till now,
 Are bound to Swear, and Swear they do,
 If by *Subscription*, and *Assent*
Ex animo, an Oath he meant.
 Yet what they Swear to, they refuse,
 And *Forms* not Sworn to, these they use.

Here's Perjury upon Record,

At entertaining th' Vineyard of the Lord.

Charles (as is said) restor'd again,
 Things bode along and peaceful Reign.
 'Twas undisturb'd for many years,
 Till *Jealousies* began, and *Fears*,
 Two ugly *Scarecrows*, hatch'd of late
 By *Kaves*, to fright the Fools of State.
 On Wings of Malice, for a while,
 These flutter'd up and down the Isle,
 But was by *Cæsar* little dreaded,
 He lay at ease, and nothing heeded,
 Till all his People into Fits
 Began to fall, and lose their Wits,
 For fear some grisly o'er-grown Giant,
 Or *gallic* King, a Monster nigh-hand,
 Should suddenly drink up the Sea (*w*),
 And join the Land to *Piccardy*,
 And drive 'em from their Tenements,
 And Abbey-Lands, and Churches Rents,
 And bring 'em back again to *Rome*,
 (*They go to Hell e're there they'll come.*)

At that time 'twas the Kingdom's Fate
 To have a Minister of State,

(*v*) They Subscribe and Swear to the Old, but Ordain'd by the new. See Canon 36, and Art. 39.

(*w*) See the Impossibility of this in Dr. Johnston's Book of Ab-
 bey Lands.

That hated mortally great *Cæsar*,
 And *James* the Duke beyond all measure,
 Hated the Queen and her Religion,
 And all the Papists in the Region.
 In short, he bent his Malice at
 The Monarchy of Church and State.
 He was a little dapper Fellow,
 And had a hole bor'd in his Belly,
 In which he wore a Silver Tapp,
 To let out his Hydropick Sapp.
 Deep was his Head, profound his Wit,
 No Man alive could fathom it,
 Till *Charles* himself (almost too late)
 Out-reach'd this Monster of the State.
 In turns of State he was an Ape,
 Could take upon him every shape,
 A Loyalist till Forty-one,
 And then another Face put on,
 Became a canting *Presbyterian*,
 And then a *Long-Parliamentarian*,
 And after that an *Oliverian*.
 And often, for his Master's ease,
 Would climb, and seek the Lord in Trees;
 Nor wou'd the Seeker leap to ground
 Till *Noll* perceiv'd the Lord was found.
 This Man, as soon as *Charles* came in,
 Became a Loyalist again.
 And by the King was made a Lord,
 And placed at the Council Board.
 In ev'ry turn of State he met,
 The Cat fell always on his Feet.

But why the King exalted this
 Arch-Traitor, is not hard to guess;
 He had a mind to have well try'd
 That Maxim taught by Gaffer *Hyde* (x),

(x) I know that the publishers of Clarendon's History endeavour to free him from this Imputation, but in vain. For alas the King's Friends knew too well the Truth of, and too woefully experienced the

To wit, To call to sit at Helm,
 The greatest Rebels in the Realm;
 For by this means, your Foes you'll bring,
 To be good Subjects to the King.
 Your Friends will always be your Friends,
 So will your Foes, for their own Ends.
 Those Rebels therefore, Sir, prefer,
 And for your Friends, you need not care.
 This Counsel, villainous and base,
 To the ungrateful King's disgrace,
 Chased from Court all honest Men,
 And into Rule put Rogues in Grain.
 Those Villains, he so fondly made of,
 Strove at the last to cut his Head off.

This *Shaftsbury* (y), for so he hight,
 Since *Charles* to Earl exalted Knight,
 Observing well how matters went,
 The Nation's Fears, and Discontent,
 Their Jealousies, and sad Distraction,
 By him fomented and his Faction,
 A Crew of hot-brain'd busy Whiggs,
 As ever sang *Geneva* Jiggs.
 Improves th' occasion, as was fitting,
 And sets his restless Head a plotting,
 How the three Kingdoms might be rent
 From *Charles* his drowsy Government.
 How *James* the Duke to undermine,
 And so cut off the Royal Line,
 And drive out of the *British* Region,
 The holy Catholic Religion.

He long revolv'd this in his mind,
 Rack'd his strong Wit, but could not find,
 In all the Labyrinths of thought,
 What way i'th' World to bring t' about.

the effects of that dire Council ever to have it conceal'd out of their memory by a bare denial. And this denial not from the Lord himself, but from Strangers that speak without Book.

(y) Sir Anthony Ashley Cowper, Earl of Shaftsbury.

From

From History he culls the Notes
 Of *Cecil's*, and of other Plots
 That cunning Politicians mention,
 To help thereby his own Invention,
 Yet short came all his human Skill.
Such Plots as these are hatch'd in Hell.

In this Disorder, to his Bed
 He goes, to rest his troubl'd Head,
 Fitly dispos'd, by such Distraction,
 For some infernal Power's Enaction,
 He dreams, and waking out of dreaming,
 In dismal manner falls a screaming,
 What Spectre's this that thus awakes me,
 Oh, strange effect of Fear! How't shakes me.
 I must confess, with Fumes e're now,
 That from the Hypochondria flow
 Up to the Brain, in ugly shapes
 Of Serpents, Dragons, Devils, Apes,
 I have been often in distress;
 But ne'er had such a Dream as this.

Methought the Kingdom's *Cacodemon*,
 Horrid, deform'd, blind, and a lame one,
 Hell ne'er sent out a worse-shap'd Devil
 To tempt a Nation to all evil,
 Stood up, with threatening look, before me,
 As if in pieces 'twould have tore me.

From the grand Seignior of Hell
I come (says he) Tony, to tell
Thee, that our Empire will assist
Thy Undertakings. Do thy best.
 Then, lifting up its Claw-shap'd hand,
 In threatening manner, gave Command
 That I and *Monmouth* (*Charles* his Son)
 And other Chiefs should join in one,
 To kill the King, the Duke, the Queen,
 The Popish Lords and Gentlemen,
 And then to give a strict Command
 To all the Rabble in the Land,

To

To spare no Age, Sex, nor degree,
But quite extirpate Popery.

This said, it closer on me prest,
And spread a Claw upon my Breast,
And in its other held a Bar
Of glowing Steel, three inches square,
Threatning me with ten thousand stripes,
And then to rive out all my Tripes,
If I obey'd not out of hand,
With all my Power, its dire Command,
In this Condition, you may guess,
'Twas not my best to promise less,
I therefore *plighted him my Troth*,
And he, on his part, gave his Oath
To help us in the Undertaking.
While these Conditions were a making,
Flash'd round a Flame of Sulph'rous blew,
In which away the Devil flew.

But why relate I thus, when none
Is by? Mistake not, here is one.
Who in the Devil's Name art thou?
And how got hither, tell me how?

The Name is *Titus Oates* I bear,
A Church of *England's* Minister.

Well, be it so; but by what spell
Art thou dropt here, i'th' Name of Hell?
The Doors are fast; how got you thro'?
Tell me, in Name of Wonder, how?
And what's your Business, let me know.

My Lord, from *Fox-Hall* I am brought,
By something, swift as any thought,
Which mounting me upon its back,
Like *Mahomet* on *Elborack*,
Thro' yielding Air we flew in haste,
And down the footy Chimney past,
And hither, lo, my Lord, I come
On great design 'gainst Church of *Rome*.

I'm

I'm glad of that. Tell me your meaning,
And all without Reserve or Feigning.

My Father (y) was a needy Fellow
Wrought on his Loom to fill his Belly,
Save now and then he got a Tester
For dipping of some holy Sister;
But all his Life was kept so bare,
When I grew up, he'd nought to spare.
This made me set my Wits a plodding,
How to get Beef, and Bread, and Pudding.
And being hopeful, 'twas not long
E're I was called by Doctor Tong,
Just at the time that he was reading,
Andrew Habernfield's proceeding,
A feigned Plot, and charg'd upon
The *Jesuits*, in Forty-one.

Quoth he, dear Oates, I see thou'rt poor,
Ready to beg from Door to Door,
But I'll relieve thy present Want,
If thou can'st Swear, and Lye, and Cant.
I can, said I, for you must know,
My Dad from Cradle taught me how.
Quoth he, I'll try thee with a Trick,
Go feign thyself a Catholic,
And outwardly the look put on
Of a devout and godly Man.
Then to the *Jesuits* apply
Thyself, and beg most earnestly,
That to St. Omers they will send thee,
And by good Letters recommend thee.
When thou art entertain'd apply,
Thyself to play the subtle Spy,
Take Notes of every thing you see,
Then back again return to me.

A word's enough, I know your meaning,
Say I, to send me out a Gleaning;
I'll catch what e're they do, or say,
Their very thoughts I'll steal away.

(y) Oates's Father was a Ribbon Weaver and a Dipper.

Resolved thus to Cant, and Lye
 And play the Saint, away went I (z),
 O're to St. Omers first I went,
 Thence to *Valladolid* was sent,
 Where I remain'd not long, before
 That College kick'd me out of Door,
 For my bad manners, I confess,
 And one that had no sign of Grace.

To *England* I return from *Spain*,
Tong sends me over Sea again;
 B'ing for my Negligence well chided,
 For coming back so ill provided
 Of Observations, and good Notes,
 From which to frame designed Plots.

I act, in outward shew, the Saint,
 And, by my Hypocritic Cant,
 Prevail so far, they take me in,
 And with my Studies I begin:
 But, Study and a good Behaviour,
 With my ill-nature suited never;
 For presently I fell to swearing,
 Lewd beastly tricks, and domineering,
 To Lying, Cheating, Cussing, nay
 To twenty ills turns every day;
 So that, e're I was seated well,
 The College drove me from my Cell,
 For a profane, lewd Rogue, and lazy,
 And never, but in Mischief, easy.

(z) The Rector of Watton, in his Attestation of Otes his Behaviour at St. Omers says, That Otes, was unknown to them till the year 1677. And then he was Received as a meer Neophit without any Language &c. Wherefore they sent him to Valladolid, he was turn'd away from thence after about four Months stay; yet by his Importunity and Promises of amendment he got admittance into the Seminary of St. Omers; where he was put to Study, &c. some suspected him to be a Spy, by some Enemy to Religion. They were resolved to dismiss him, being neither a good Christian to God nor a good Subject to the King. See also Sir R. L'Est. History of the Times.

Thus

Thus flighted by the *Jesuits*,
 Who are a sort of piercing Wits,
 That are not long deceiv'd by Cheats.
 My boiling Blood to Choler chang'd,
 And I resolv'd to be Reveng'd.
 But how to wreck my Malice on 'em,
 And bring Destruction down upon 'em,
 Ev'n for my Life I could not tell,
 Without th' infernal help of Hell.
 I therefore took a Resolution
 To pawn my Soul, for their Confusion;
 And so address myself, by Prayer,
 To *Belzebub* and *Lucifer*.
 When lo, at last came in a hobbling
 Monstrous ill shaped ugly Gobbling.
 Horrid, and dreadful to behold.
 Tho' nat'rally I'm very bold,
 Yet at the first appearance on't,
 A Trembling seized every Joint.
 Gasping a while, like one half dead,
 I took my Bible up and read,
 Till gath'ring Courage, thus I speak,
 (As I do now, my natural squeak)
In name of Satan, what art thou?

One sent from *Lucifer* below,
 Says he, and lo I bring directions,
 To thee, O *Titus*, and Instructions
 To Doctor *Tong* at *Foxes-Hall*;
 Go streight to him, he'll teach you all.
 Only I charge both *thee* and *Tong*,
 Be rul'd by *Cowper* all along,
 Swear all that he'll put in thy mouth,
 Whether it be, or be not, truth.
 As soon as ever it is day,
 Call up a Sculler and away.
 He said, and vanish'd to thin Air,
 And I by break of Day was there.

Where

Where knocking, Doctor *Tong* came down,
 Roll'd in his Rug for Morning Gown,
 And kindly led me in by th' hand :
 My Friend, says he, I understand
 By the same active plotting Spright,
 That spoke to you but yesternight,
 How to Revenge us out of hand,
 Of all the *Jesuits* in the Land.
 Nay if you'll be advis'd by me,
 And impudently Swear and Lye,
 We'll clear the Land of Popery.

Swear! yes said I, you need not doubt it,
 Let's therefore briskly go about it.

We must, says he, a Plot invent,
 I've *Habernfield's* for Precedent,
 So 'tis not difficult to do,
 Only some Notes I want to know.
 The Names, i'th' first place, write me down
 Of all the *Jesuits* you have known,
 Either in *Flanders*, *Spain*, or here,
 What Office, and what Place they bear,
 And tell with whom they live, and where,
 And what Transactions you have seen,
 'Mong that Society of Men.

To those, some Noblemen put down,
 The noted'st Papiſts in the Town,
 The Richeſt, and of greateſt Fame,
 Thro' all the Nation, let us name;
 All which into our Plot we'll bring,
 Conſpiring to deſtroy the King,
 And ſet the Duke upon the Throne,
 And pull the Church of *England* down.
 We'll make 'em hold Intelligence
 With the great Potentate of *France*,
 By whom an Army ſhall be ſent
 To overturn the Government;
 All which, when vouched upon Oath,
 The Parliament will take for Troth,

And

And loudly will proclaim our Merit,
 And doubtless well reward us for it.
 Besides, the *Wisdom of the Nation* (a)
 Will be right glad of this occasion,
 Under pretence of which to work,
 T' exclude the Popish *Duke of York*,
 The People too will all believe it,
 We will so dext'rously contrive it.

When thus our Plot is made complete,
 Swear it before a Magistrate,
 And swear that you yourself was one
 'Gag'd in this Conjunction,
 So came acquainted with the Feats
 Of Popish Lords, and *Jesuits*.
 When thus we once have made the Breach,
 We'll find enough who will impeach.
 Well, well, said I, do you prepare
 The Plot, let me alone to Swear.

At this we took a hearty drink,
 And then to work with Pen and Ink,
 To frame a *Narrative* we haste,
Tong dictated, I writ as fast,
 Which finished, I made no stay,
 But, mounting Waft-horse, sprung away,
 As swift as Witches when they ride
 On greased Col-staff backs astride.
 That what I say you may believe,
 Read this. What is't? My *Narrative*.
Sbaft. I'm satisfy'd, from what you say,
 That Hell has put you in a way,
 To manage what you go about;
 For my part, I shall help you out.
 For when 'tis brought before the King,
 See how I'll handle every thing.
 There's Evidence enough to hire,
 To back you out in what you Swear.

(a) The Parliament at this Time greatly affected the Title of the Wisdom of the Nation. And dignify'd Ques with the Sir-name of The Saviour of the Nation.

But let me charge you, maugre Grace,
To steel your Conscience hard as Glafs,
That false Oaths make therein no dint,
More than your Fingers can in Flint.

Oates. Doubt not, my Lord, I have a Conscience
Can swear to Contraries and Nonsense.

No Lye so great, but from my Mouth
Shall pass, by Oath, for solid truth.

Shaft. Upon my Soul, a blessed Youth!

This is, you say, your *Narrative*,
That you and *Tong* did late contrive.

Oates. Yes, 'tis my Lord, a rough-drawn Draught,

Shaft. Well, well, (says *Shaftsbury*, and laugh'd.)

Sit down, I'll read it o'er, and then

I'll tell what must be out or in,

And put it upon such a foot,

As may make out a Current Plot.

It was not long e'er he had done;

Haste back, says he, to Doctor *Tong*;

Let not a Minute be neglected,

But just as I have this Corrected,

Bid him methodically draw

A *Narrative*, without a Flaw,

Which you must get by heart, d'ye hear?

That you to ev'ry thing may Swear.

Oates. I shall, my Lord, it's time to go,

The Devil's come to fetch me now.

Shaft. I do not see him. *Oates.* Look, he's there.

Shaft. What makes you pale? *Oates.* A sort of fear,

That damned Villains do inherit,

At the appearance of a Spirit.

At this a Voice was heard, and shrill,

Haste *Oates*, the Morning-air I smell;

Come! Mount: For lo methinks I spy

On Eastern-hills a paler Sky;

And Shades that dwell in gloomy Night

Cannot endure the Rays of Light.

F. f

Come!

Come! quickly come! the Day does break.

Otes. D'ye hear, my Lord, the Goblin speak?

Shaft. Yes, fare-ye-well, be not afraid.

Otes. I go. And so he disappear'd.

Mounted upon the back of Air;

To *Tong*, at *Fox-Hall*, does repair,

Where *Tony's* Notes upon the Plot

They into proper Methods put,

The *Narrative*, thus made complete,

Otes swore it 'fore a Magistrate,

Whose Name (if in full Length it pass)

Sir *Edmund Berry Godfrey* 'twas.

Before this Justice, *Tong* and *Otes*,

Thus made Discovery of their Plots;

A Bible tender'd, for ye know,

Things must be done in Form of Law,

On *Prophets* and *Evangelists*,

Otes lays his Sacrilegious Fists;

Changes the Colour of his Face,

To ghastly black, ill sign of Grace;

Gnashes his Teeth, foams like a Boar,

And chill'd with trembling horror, swore.

For yet remain'd in human Nature

A certain Horror at the Matter.

But maugre Nature, and what can

Be thought left in him yet of Man,

Malice prevail'd, the Monster swore

Such Lies as ne'er were heard before.

Which the amazed Justice hearing,

And the strange manner of his Swearing,

Believ'd that from the Villain's mouth

Came not one Syllable of Truth,

And therefore fear'd to act in what,

He'd heard relating to the Plot.

I'm sure (thinks he) this Villain lyes,

His Oaths are horrid Perjuries;

My Conscience tells me, if I be

Concern'd, I sin as well as he.

Sure

Sure it is better all things wave,
And for his Lying, check the Knave.

But then, again, on t'other hand,
Those of his Sacrilegious Band,
Will say, my flighting of the thing,
Is *Treason* in me, 'gainst the King.
Toft by contrary thoughts, the Man
Resolv'd, and un-resolv'd again,
Till tir'd. His undulating Mind
With and 'gainst Conscience inclin'd;
Sometimes on side of Justice bent,
Then to contrary side it went;
And here it stopp'd by thoughts that he
Acted, tho' ill, yet *legally*.
Resolv'd at last, away he goes,
And tells the Council all he knows,
Leaves *Otes* his Depositions there,
And home returns. But in Despair.

The Atoms that flew from his Spleen,
Jump'd into shapes of murder'd Men,
And wander'd up and down his Brain,
Already seeming to complain,
We're by your Plots, unjustly slain.
Foreboding, as he deem'd, what was
From *Otes* his Plot to come to pass.
Nor was he eas'd in sleep, for when
A seeming slumber shut his Eyn,
Strange Spectres seem'd to haunt his Dreams,
And startle him with dismal Screams.

Thus burthen'd with huge heaps of thought (*b*),
He dragg'd himself a while about,
Till at the last, born down with weight,
Resolv'd to die, and force his Fate,
His Body to a Ditch bequeath'd,
And in his Guts his Sword he sheath'd.

(*b*) See Sir Roger L'strange Histo. of the Times, part 3. on the
Death of Sir Edm. Bur. Godf.

A mile from Town, on *Primrose-Hill*,
 It was, where on his Sword he fell,
 The hilt, his Breast prest to the Ground,
 The Blade seem'd growing thro' the Wound.
 And thus for divers days he lay,
 Tho' he was fought for ev'ry day;
 During which time rose a Report,
 By *Cowper* spread, thro' Town and Court,
 That by the Papists he was slain,
 Tho' none knew how, or where, or when.
 But being found, the wiser sort
 The Malice smelt of this Report.

Cowper, who saw he could not warrant
 Its truth, to make it pass for currant,
 Without an Oath, or two, or three,
 And ev'ry one a whisking Lye,
 Fully resolves to spare no cost,
 In bribing wicked Knights o'th' Post,
 Proclaims, of Gold a good round Sum,
 For any one that would but come
 And let the Council understand
 How *Godfrey* dy'd, and by what Hand.

One Captain *Bedloe* (c), so he hight,
 From being 'gag'd by Whores to fight
 In Baudy-houses, as their Bully,
 To drive away some drained Cully,
 Gets wit of this, and hastes to *Toney*,
 In hopes by swearing to get Money.
 Welcome he was, and with old *Cowper*
 Was honour'd to sit down at Supper,
 Where Table-talk of Doctor *Otes*,
 And things relating to his Plots,
 Between 'em past, and now and then
Bedloe his own Exploits brought in,
 His Duels bragg'd, and Tankard-wars,
 And, to his credit, shew'd his Scars.

(c) There was a Proclamation emitted, a Reward of five Hundred pound promised, and William Bedloe was the first that leapt at the Bait. *L'estranger Hist. of the Times*, part 3. p. 95.

Cowper, scarce pleas'd with his vain Clatter,
Drew on more closely to the matter;
Captain, I know that you can Fight,
But can you Swear? We've things of weight,
That want an Oath. What say ye Man?

Bed. Swear can I? Ay I'gad I can,
Provided that I like my Pay.

Sh. What will you have? *B.* Ten pounds a day,
To be continu'd for a year,
Or longer, if I longer swear.

Shaft. Oaths at that rate are dearly bought.

Bed. D'ye think that I'll be damn'd for nought?

Shaft. No, here's five hundred pounds in Gold,
Shall down upon the Nail be told,
For ten or twelve great Oaths sworn stoutly.

Bed. Dam'-me, for that I'll swear devoutly.

But what's the matter? Tell me soon,
Or else the Money first pay down;
For on my Soul, I'm very needy.

Shaft. Thou'lt heard of *Otes* his Plot already,
And of Sir Justice *Godfrey's* death?

Bed. *Godfrey* did nought to me bequeath,
It therefore troubles not my Head,
Whether he be alive or dead.

Shaft. But prithee, Captain, leave thy Banter,
And grow more serious, dare you venture
To charge on Papists *Godfrey's* Murther?

Bed. That's nothing, I dare venture further.

Shaft. Well, after this, then join with *Otes*,
In evidencing all his Plots.

But, to Sir *Edmund's* death, let's hear
How you'll contriv't, and how you'll swear?

Bed. Th' Invention I'm afraid you'll laugh at,
I'll swear they hang'd him in his Cravat,
In *Somerset-house*, one Night when late,
And kept him there five Days in State;
His Lodging was beneath the *Altar*.

At last they loos'd his Muslin Halter,

And on a Horseback set astride,
 To *Primrose-Hill* they made him ride,
 His Feet bound fast beneath the Belly,
 Behind him sat a sturdy Fellow,
 And on each side there marched one,
 Thus all the way they propt him on,
 Till having got him out of Town,
 A full long Mile, they threw him down,
 And thro' his Body thrust his Sword.
 All this I'll swear; Will't do my Lord?
 D'ye think the Matter well contriv'd,
 To be by th' Council-board believ'd?

Shaft. The Board is temper'd well enough,
 To take for Currant any stuff;
 They swallow 'Tis, and *It is not*,
 So one side do but own the Plot.

Bed. But when all this is done, I know,
 One single Witness will not do,
 I'm sure there should at least be two.

Shaft. Well, Captain, leave all that to me,
 I'll get you Seconds two or three.
 Here's *Prance*, the Gold-smith, shall be one.

Bed. Poor Caitiff, he's as good as none,
 He dare not damn his Soul, I fear.

Shaft. I'll have him *tortur'd* till he swear,
 I'll make old *Richardson* torment him
 In *Newgate*, for I've thither sent him,
 Until he swear what Doctor *Lloyd*
 Shall teach him, whom I have employ'd
 To go and see him every day
 And tell him what to swear and say.
 And *Richardson* has promis'd me
 To torture him to that degree,
 That he should yield to Swear and Lye,
 Or under weight of Torments die;
 Thus far for *Godfrey's* death. But what
 Further relates to *Otes* his Plot,

Swear

Swear as you find occasions offer,
Or as new Circumstances differ,
Sometimes to this, sometimes to that,
For 'tis a daily growing Plot.
In short attend to my Direction.

Bed. I shall. But get me a *Protection*;
For my revealing of the Matter,
Must also prove myself a Plotter.
And it wou'd be a pretty Jest,
Shou'd I be hang'd in good earnest.

Shaft. I'll get a Pardon from the King,
Then may you swear to any thing.

All this was done, as they agreed,
And *Bedloe* swore, and *Tony* feed.

But now to *Oates*. Before the King
He came, and swore to ev'ry thing
That in his *Narrative* was found,
And ten times more than there is own'd.

He swore (*d*) he saw strange Letters, writ
By this and t'other *Jesuit*,
And all about seditious things,
As raising Armies, murd'ring Kings.

He swore that *Pick'ring* shou'd, with Gun-shot,
Have kill'd the King himself, at one shot.
But just as he was taking aim,
Came *chance*, a nimble-finger'd Dame,
And as he did his Trigger pluck,
Whips me his Flint out of the Cock.

He swore that *Groves* was also busy
A King-fowling, with per'lous Fuzee,
Till one day having in the Park,
In a fair fight, the Royal Mark,
He claps the Butt-end to his Shoulder,
Of murd'ring Musquet, fill'd with Powder,
Shuts his left Eye, and with his Right,
Like dext'rous Gunner, takes his Sight;
When, just as he was taking aim,
In happy time to Memory came,

(*d*) *Oates* his Oaths.

456 C A N T O IV.

That yet he had not loaded Gun
 With Bullet, as he shou'd have done ;
 The counter-charming *Silver* Bullet,
 He searches for, 'tween Lips and Gullet,
 For in his Mouth he'd wisely hid it,
 To have it ready when he needed,
 But found it not: For lucky Chance
 Which still preserv'd the Sovereign Prince,
 Had, none knows how, convey'd it thence.
 This Bullet, as learn'd *Titus* said,
 Was of the Lunar-metal made,
 'Cause champ'd Silver kills stone-dead,
 Such as are Musquet-proof 'gainst Lead.

He swore that *Wakeman*, skilful Knight,
 From *Night-Shade*, *Hemlock*, *Aconite*,
 From Galls of *Dragons*, *Adders*, *Asps*,
 From Stings of *Bees* and angry *Wasps*,
 From baneful *Mercury Sublimate*,
 And things more poisonous than that,
 All mixed with *Lycostonon*,
 And putrify'd in Horses Dung,
 Drew out a virulent Extraction,
 The Quintessence of Putrefaction ;
 So mortal that above a League
 It's smell would poison, like the Plague.

This, *Katy* was to give the King ;
 But *Phæbus*, who abhorr'd the thing ;
 Having his great *Elixir* by him,
 Came in the Night, when none cou'd spy him,
 And by a drop infus'd therein,
 Turn'd baneful Dose to Medicine.
 Which *Wakeman* knowing, when 'twas day,
 The Bottle broke and threw't away.

He swore that he had private holes
 Under the Ground, like other Moles,
 And that he wander'd to and fro
 Beneath, as Men above-ground go,
 To make Discoveries below ;

}
 And

And had in divers places found
Huge Popish Armies, under ground,
Well-disciplin'd, and fit for work,
As e'er drew Sword against the *Turk*.

He swore he saw in dead Mens Tombs
Grenadoes, Fire-balls, and Bombs.

He swore he liv'd in honest rank
A Pensioner at *Salamanc*;
By any in the School unseen,
Yet took degrees, as if he'd been
As visible as other Men.

Till he became more a Divine,
Than any *Scotus*, or *Acquine*.

He told the King, he had the Honour
To entertain *Don John* at Dinner.

And being asked what a one
He was? He swore a *tall black Man*.
At which the King and Courtiers smil'd,
To see fond *Titus* thus beguil'd.

He swore the Pilgrims of *St. James*,
Would sail from *Spain*, and fill the *Thames*,
Transported in their Schallop Shells,
And forty thousand good *Black Bills*
Were ready made, that when they landed,
They might not long stand empty handed,
But each grasp hold of trusty Bill,
And make what haste he could to kill;
But, that those Bills might not be found,
The Papists hid 'em under Ground.

He swore he took the *Sacrament*,
Before the *Jesuits* would consent
That he should of their Council be,
And swore an Oath of Secresy,
By which means he fish'd out their Plots
And dark Intrigues. *Oh, cunning Otes!*

He swore the *Jesuits*, e'er we mind 'em,
Steal in unseen, that none can find 'em,

And

And cut our Throats, and burn our Houses,
 And stop our Wind-pipes in close Nooses,
 As Country Farmers strangle Hares,
 And hurtful Pole-cats catch in Snares.

He swore, with flaming Faggot-sticks,
 In Sixteen Hundred Sixty-six,
 They through *London* took their Marches,
 And burn'd the City down with Torches;
 Yet all Invisible they were,
 Clad in thin Coats of *Lapland* Air.

“ That sniffing Whig-Ma’or, *Patience Ward*,

“ To this damn’d Lye had such Regard,

“ That he his Godly Masons sent,

“ T’ engrave it round the *Monument*.

“ They did so; but let such things pass,

“ His Men were Fools, and he an Ass.”

I did, swear *Otes*, fly once between
St. Omers and the *Strand* unseen,
 And with strong Pinions cut the *Welkin*,
 As swiftly as a *Norway-Falcon*;
 Till o’er the *White-horse* in the *Strand*,
 On hov’ring Wing I made my stand,
 And prying o’er the Roof of House,
 As Sparrow-Hawk for Titty-Mouse,
 I spy’d a little Chink between
 Two Tiles, that had ill joined been.
 At which I clos’d my Wings and fell,
 As *Lucifer* did once to Hell,
 And darting full-but at the Hole,
 Past thro’ the Cranny in the Wall,

And taking thro’ the Rooms my round,
 All fill’d with *Jesuits* I found,
 For there, in deep Consult, they met,
 About the managing the Plot.

I minded every thing they did,
 And went their Errands, when they bid,
 For their Debates were sent by me,
 From Company to Company.

Tho' thus officious, yet none saw me,
Nor not a Man of them did know me,
Nor knew they that themselves were there,
Nor did they to the *Inn* appear.

And what is stranger yet, not one
Knew at *St. Omers* they were gone,
For there they still their Places bore,
And acted as they did before.
The self-same time my Shape they saw
Move at *St. Omers*, to and fro
As I was wont, it ly'd and swore,
And Cuff'd the Boys, as't did before.

While I was at *Valladolid*,
I was the same time at *Madrid*,
Altho' an hundred Miles asunder:
At my *Ubiquity* you'll wonder.

I to the Bishop spoke of *Tuan*,
Tho' I can swear I never knew him,
Nor ever saw that Prelate me,
Yet we convers'd familiarly,

Thus *Titus* swore; and *Otes* his pay
For swearing; was eight Crowns a day,
Settl'd on him by *Senat's* Vote,
Paid by th' Exchequer to a Groat.
With daily Presents sent him down
From the *Whig* Party of the Town;
No doubt but from the Country too;
All took for Christ this perjur'd Jew,
And put a Gown upon his Back,
And Doctor's Scarf about his Neck,
To make him seem, in Eye of Rabble,
More God-like and more Venerable.
The Party, more to authorise
This Villain's Oaths and wicked Lies,
Entitled him, by Declaration,
The Blessed *Saviour of the Nation*,
And ev'ry word of *Otes* his Mouth
They voted for a *saving* Truth;

And

And who the contrary suspected,
Were held for *Popishly Affected*.

Nor was it *Otes* alone and *Bedloe*,
That thus they waged; but a *Medloe*
Of Knaves and Fools of ev'ry sort,
Flock'd from all Quarters to the Court,
Where they were list'd into pay
Of at the least, two Crowns a Day,
In Name of the King's Evidence,
Tho' neither truth they spoke, nor sense.
Mowbray, and *Smith*, and *Bollron* swore,
Tag-Rag-and-Bobtail, divers more,
As *Dugdale*, *Dangerfield*, and *Prance*,
And Sholes of *Irish Evidence*
Follow'd *M'Duffe* and *M'Guire*,
To get Preferment by the Swear.

Cowper, who kept the Swearing-Office,
Instructed wisely ev'ry Novice,
In what concern'd the swearing Art,
The blockish Teagues were least expert,
Yet he allow'd of all they said,
For all the blund'ring Bulls they made,
And at that day *Cowper's* Report,
Was Oracle to Town and Court,
So far, that all the grossest Fictions,
Nonsense and Bulls, and Contradictions,
If countenanc'd by him, past Currant
For *Truths*, as if on Scripture Warrant,

Tho' nought those Villains swore was true,
At ev'ry Oath a Halter flew
About some harmless Neck, nor mist,
Where e'er 'twas aim'd, the fatal twist.
Five holy *Jesuits* were Martyr'd,
And Viscount *Stafford* drawn and quarter'd,
Coleman and *Langhorn*, Reverend *Thwing*,
Groves, *Hill*, and humble *Pickering*,
Fell all within the reach of String.

}
Archbishop

Archbishop *Plunket* lost his Head,
And Father *Ireland's* Blood was shed.

Nor spar'd they Father *Posket's* Blood,
A Reverend Priest, devout and good,
Whose spotless Life in length was spun
To eighty Years and three times one,
Sweet his Behaviour, grave his Speech,
He did by good Example teach;
His *Love right bent*, his *Will resign'd*,
Serene his Look, and calm his Mind,
His Sanctity to that degree,
As Angels live, so lived he.

A Thatched Cottage was the Cell (e)
Where this Contemplative did dwell,
Two Miles from *Mulgrave Castle* stood,
Shelter'd by Snow-drifts, not by Wood;
Tho' there he liv'd to that great Age,
It was a dismal *Hermitage*,
But God plac'd there the Saint's abode
For *Blackmoor's* far greater good.

The holy Lives of those blest Saints should I }
Presume to write, and had a thought could fly }
Beyond the limits of the vaulted Sky,
Yet would my Verse ten thousand times fall short
Of their due Praise. Let Angels in Consort
Sing all their Virtues on celestial Lyres,
They are exalted to those peaceful *Quires*.
Stop then, my Pen, and to this Period come,
God saw them worthy of a Martyrdom.

Besides the Blood that thus was spill'd,
All Prisons in the Land were fill'd.
Five noble Lords did long endure
A close Confinement in the Tower.

(e) His Cell was upon a Lingy Moor, about two Miles from *Mulgrave-Castle*, and five Miles from *Whitby*. An Excise Man in hopes of getting twenty pounds [which he never did] apprehended him at *Whitby*, he was Condemned at *York*, where he Suffer'd not as a plotter, but only as a Priest. I knew him well.

Powis, and *Arundel*, and *Petres*,
 And *Bellasis*, remain'd in Fetters;
 And happy *Stafford*, unto whom
 God gave the Crown of Martyrdom.

The Mob ran round the Town in swarms,
 Under pretence to search for Arms,
 Headed by some Right-Worshipful,
 That to the Peace bore no good Will:
 For instance, one Sir *William Waller*,
 A Whig made up of Zeal and Choler,
 Would with his Rabble enter Chambers,
 And break up Chests and Trunks with Hammers,
 And what he lik'd, devoutly stole ye
 Under pretence that it was Holy,
 And blest for superstitious uses.
 I take 'em to prevent abuses,
 Cants he, and then the *Crucifix*,
 And *Chalice* from the *Altar* clicks;
 They're blest, says he, for use in *Masses*.
 Be't Bowl, Salt, Tankard, still it passes:
 Guineas are Medals, or Pope's Heads,
 And Necklaces of Pearl are Beads.
 This *Waller*, 'mongst his other tricks,
 Stamp'd under foot a *Crucifix*,
 As *Hollanders* are wont to do,
 When on *Japonish* shore they go,
 To shew they utterly detest
 All Christianity and Christ.

By this time those that lov'd the King,
 And saw the bottom of the thing,
 Convinc'd him that a turn of State,
 Was what false *Couper* aimed at,
 And that he set the Plot on foot,
 As the best means to bring't about.
Charles, saw it was no longer fit
 To seem insensible of it,
 Begins to ridicule the Plotters,
 To slight the Plot and their Abettors;

Releases

Releases from the Tow'r the Lords,
 And Papists treat with gentle Words,
 All Prison-doors fly open, and
 He frees the rest thro' all the Land.
 Disgrac'd the Plotters, and their Plots,
 And kick'd out *Shaftsbury* and *Otes*.

Old *Tony* griev'd to see his Cost,
 And Fruits of his Invention lost,
 Resolves that yet another Plot
 Should hit, what he had miss'd in that;
 And this was, by the help of *Senate*,
 To bring about Designs he then had;
 He and his Whigs move round the Town,
 As busily as Bees in *June*,
 And o'er the Nation Letters send,
 To put in Motion ev'ry Friend,
 That hated *Cæsar* and his Laws,
 And wish'd well to *The good old Cause*.
 Num'rous they were, and insolent,
 Revil'd the King and Government,
 Poison'd the Country and the Town,
 And drew Affections from the Crown.
 They got a House of Commons pack'd,
 Three parts in four, o'th' Whiggish Sect.
 A Parl'ament, much such a one,
 As that which sat in Forty-one.

They vote at first the tolerating
 Dissenters, and *Associating* (f)

(f) They joined in an Express League of Association to take up Arms against the King himself, and to lay Violent hands upon the Government. *L'strange Hist.* p. 147.

They did all they could to stop the Command of his Militia, and the Choice of his Officers. *L'str.* p. 147, and many other places.

They Voted that whatsoever had killed the King, the Papists should have gone to pot for't. They designed the murdering him themselves, and giving it out that the Papists had done it. The true Protestants were to kill the King and the Papists to be hang'd for't. *L'strange* p. 159. and other places. *L'strange* to the Times.

They did all they could to leave the King neither Money, Power, Credit nor Friend. They made it Penal even to Assert his Regalities, or to come near his Person. *L'strange Hist.* p. 147.

All *Seels* and *Schisms* in the Land.

This you may guess a loyal Band.

They Vote to have the martial Bands,
And Guards, turn'd o'er into their Hands,
That they for one and forty Days,
Might Rule the Nation as they please.

That wicked Whiggish Parliament,
Was so Maliciously bent,
To vote, that if the King should die,
Whatsoe'er the cause of it should be,
(Tho' Chance or Sicknefs stopt his Breath)
To charge the Papists with his Death,
And take from that pretence, occasion,
To Murther him thro' all the Nation;
Tho' at the same time, those Damn'd Elves
Design'd to Murther him themselves.

Another Piece of Senate's Work
Was to Exclude the *Duke of York*,
And force his Brother to declare
The Bastard *Monmouth* for his Heir.

Treason they Voted, it for any
To *Lend* or *Help* the King with Money,
Tho' he should stand in greater need
Than poor *Jane Shore* did once for Bread,
In hopes, by starving and defiance,
To hector him into compliance,
And make him sign the Bills they made,
Which when he did, they promis'd aid,
A *Tax* by Act of Parl'ament.

That bravely should relieve his Want,
And wou'd pour down the Gold in show'rs
For his Relief and all his W——s;
But if their *Bills* he would not sign,
They would not grant one Groat of Coin.

The King, displeased at their Votes,
Which drove at nought but Cutting Throats,
Cast all their *Bills* behind his Back,
And then dissolv'd the Faction's Pack.

Croft thus in their Designs, they now
 Resolved, without more ado,
 To kill the King and Duke, but how
 To bring't about they did not know.
 In divers deep Consults they met,
 Cabals were held in ev'ry Street,
 Each gives his Judgment in the Case,
 About the Manner, Time and Place.
Hone from *Bow-steeple* with *Cross-Bows*,
 Wou'd have them shot, as Men do Crows,
 But *Rumbald* held it better way
 To blow the *Play-house* up, when they
 Were in't: So end the Tragic-play.

Others, less cruel, thought it fit
 To shoot the Brothers from the Pit.
 Or, as returning to *White-Hall*,
 To lie in wait nigh *Bedford Wall*,
 And there to kill 'em in the Night,
 Maugre their Guards, and God's despight.

Or else, when in their Barge they were
 Upon the *Thames*, to take the Air,
 With a swift *Hoy* to over-run 'em,
 Or suddenly to come upon 'em,
 And with their Blunderbuffes charge,
 The King, and sink the Royal Barge.

Rye-House (g) at last was pitch'd upon,
 Where this black deed was to be done,
Rye-House two Miles from *Hodsdon* stands,
 I'th' Road, and then in *Rumbald's* hands.
 A single House, as you do from
New-Market up to *London* come.
 Here forty Men in Ambuscade,
 Arm'd Cap-a-pee, were to be laid,

(g) *Rye-house Plot*. I refer the Reader to the History of the *Rye-house Plot*. The Book is Entituled a true Account and Declaration of the Horrid Conspiracy against the late King, his present Majesty, and the Government, as it was Order'd to be publish'd by his late Majesty K. Ch. 2. Printed in the Savoy 1685.

When they should from *New-Market* pass,
 Close by the door of that arm'd place,
 Where an o'er-turn'd Load of Hay
 Was, for a while, to stop the way;
 And then the Rogues to fall out,
 And charge the Coach at either *Boot*,
 And *Rumbald* was to lead 'em on,
 And see the Execution done.

Whilst *Walcot* was to fight the Guards
 With *Blunderbusses*, *Pikes* and *Swords*.

As soon as ever News should come
 To *London*, that the Deed was done (*h*),
 The trait'rous Lords should rise from Table,
 And Armed go to head the Rabble,
 Who should, upon the beat of Drum,
 Down from their Garrets armed come.
 For thousands ready waiting lay,
 Against the now approaching Day;
 And flying Posts prepared were,
 To carry News thro' every Shire,
 For their Confederates to rise
 In numerous Armies in a trice,
 So that in turning of a Hand,
 They'd be in Arms thro' all the Land.

But *Providence*, that orders things,
 And hovers over lawful Kings,
 Secur'd the Brothers in her Arms,
 From danger of impending Harms:
 For from *New-Market* they retire,
 Forc'd by a providential Fire,
 That broke out in the Evening,
 Nigh to the Lodgings of the King;
 This made the Brothers come away,
 Two Days before th' expected Day.
 Thus was preserv'd the Lord's Apointed,
 Thus the damn'd Plotters disappointed,

(*h*) This Book being so Common, may easily spare me the Labour of Marginal Notes.

Remorse of Conscience now begins
 To touch some of 'em for their Sins:
 An Oil-man, one that hight *Joss Keeling*
 Was the first struck with inward feeling
 Goes to the King, the Treason tells,
 And clap'd the Traitors by the Heels.

Not all, for some, that durst not stay
 The Inquisition, sneak'd away;
 And others of their own accord,
 Declar'd the thing at Council-board.

Monmouth himself, came and confess'd (i),
 With *Rumsey*, *Shepherd*, *Blaney*, *West*;
 Some bonny *Scots* told all they knew,
 To save their Heads and Bonnets blue;
 Yet others of 'em, as *Argyle*,
 To *Holland* fled, and left the Isle.
Walcot got hid, but writ a Letter,
 In which he open'd all the Matter;
 In hopes thereby to save his Bacon,
 And own'd what he had writ (when taken.)
Bourn, *Holms*, *Rouse*, *Hone*, and crafty *Lee*,
 With sundry Traitors such as he,
 Confess'd, and some their Pardons got,
 When hanging should have been their lot.
 Some Noblemen confess'd the Matter,
Russel was one, a season'd Traitor;
Howard of *Eskrik* too confess'd,
 And so did divers of the rest.

Algernoon Sidney, when he dy'd,
 'Tis for *The good old Cause*, he cry'd,
 Nor any Signs shew'd of Repentance.
Armstrong protested 'gainst his Sentence,
 And to the last the Fact deny'd,
 Thus these two desp'rate Ruffians dy'd.

(i) See the Depositions of *Murra Laird Philiphaugh*, *Scot Laird of Gallow Sheel*, *Walter Earl of Tarras*, *Carstares Monroe*, &c. they and this whole Rye-house Conspiracy is found in the Book above named, p. 85.

Old *Shaftsbury*, who but so late
 Presum'd to sway the *English* State;
 That teeming *England's* monstrous Moufe
 Death seiz'd in a *Dutch* Coffee-house.
 The Earl of *Essex* cut his Throat.
 Thus ended they. Thus fell the Plot.



F I N I S.

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Harriet Tennyson
149 S. W. 67.

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By Mr. MOORE,
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